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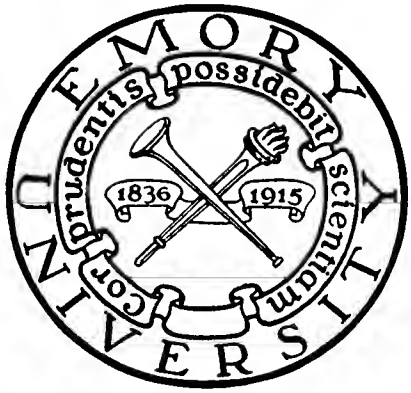

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GEN. W B. FRANKLIN.

CAPT. JOSIAH PORTER.

THE STORY

OF THE

FIRST MASSACHUSETTS

LIGHT BATTERY,

ATTACHED TO THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

A GLANCE AT EVENTS IN THE ARMIES OF THE POTOMAC AND SHENANDOAH, FROM THE SUMMER OF 1861 TO THE AUTUMN OF 1864.

BY A. J. BENNETT,

PRIVATE, FIRST MASSACHUSETTS LIGHT BATTERY.

BOSTON

PRESS OF DELAND AND BARTA.

1886.

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1886
By A. J. BENNETT.

TO

COMRADE OTIS S. NEALE,

LATE GUNNER

FIRST MASSACHUSETTS LIGHT BATTERY,

WHOSE GENEROSITY, TACT, AND ENERGY HAVE SIGNALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR ANNUAL COMPANY REUNIONS, WHO WAS ONE OF THE FOREMOST PROJECTORS OF THIS HISTORY, AND WHO HAS GIVEN TO THE WORK, FROM ITS INCEPTION, SUBSTANTIAL AID, AND TO ITS AUTHOR CONSTANT ENCOURAGEMENT,

THIS WORK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

A. J. B.

PREFACE.

THE author takes this earliest opportunity, to gratefully acknowledge his indebtedness to Comrade John W Bell, for valuable material contributed by him to the first and last chapters of this work; to Comrades Bussey and Kenney, for interesting matter furnished; to Comrades S. H. Reynolds, D. W. Ellis, and others, whose active sympathy and warm interest have materially aided him; to Gen. H. W Slocum, whose kind letter of recognition of the services of our company appears in this volume; and to Comrade Keefe, of the "Grand Army Record," for the favorable notice of the forthcoming of this history.

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GENERAL WM. BUEL FRANKLIN

Was born in York, Pa., February 27, 1823; graduating at West Point in June, 1843, he was assigned to the corps of topographical engineers. In the "Chihuahua Column" in the early part of Gen. Taylor's campaign in Northern Mexico, he served upon the staff of Gen. Wool. He was on the staff of the commander-in-chief at Buena Vista, and for "gallant and meritorious services" in that battle, was brevetted first lieutenant.

For several years prior to 1852, he was instructor in natural and experimental philosophy, at West Point Military Academy. He subsequently filled the same chair in the College of New York. He was engineer in charge of the Capitol at Washington, from November, 1859, to March, 1861. Naturally the services of a loyal, trained soldier, so accomplished as was the subject of this sketch, were in eager demand in the spring of 1861; he was appointed, May 14, colonel of the Twelfth United States Infantry, and three days later was commissioned brigadier general, United States volunteers. Gen. Franklin commanded a brigade in Heintzelman's division at Bull Run. During the period of organization of the Army of the Potomac, and until its movement in the spring of 1862, he commanded a division which was first assigned to McDowell's corps. The division was detached in April, 1862, and joined McClellan before Yorktown. Gen. Franklin commanded at West Point near the mouth of the Pamunkey, May 6, 1862, and during this month organized the Sixth Army Corps, which he commanded till the following November. During this period he commanded in the affairs at Golding's Farm and White Oak Swamp, June 27 to 30; commanded the left at South Mountain, September 14, his troops capturing Crampton's Gap; relieved Sumner's command in the afternoon of September 17, at Antietam.

In November he assumed command of the left grand division

(First and Sixth Corps), and in the battle of the 13th of December, commanded the left wing of the Army of the Potomac. In the following September, he commanded the expedition against Sabine Pass, Louisiana. In 1863–64, he commanded the troops occupying northern Louisiana. He was with Gen. Banks at Sabine Cross Roads; in this battle Gen. Franklin was wounded, and had two horses shot under him. It was he who conducted the retreat to Alexandria, and directed Col. Bailey to make arrangements for the relief of Porter's fleet by the Red River dam. Through the summer of 1864, on account of his wound, he was absent on sick leave. During this period *Gen. Grant urged the appointment of Gen. Franklin to the command of the middle military division.* The general, who retired from the service in 1865, resides at Hartford, Conn.

GENERAL HENRY WARNER SLOCUM

Was born at Pompey, New York, September 24, 1827. He entered West Point Military Academy in 1848. Graduating in 1852, he was appointed second lieutenant of artillery. Three years later he was commissioned first lieutenant, and served in the Florida campaign of that year, against the Seminoles. In October, 1856, he resigned from the army and entered upon the practice of law at Syracuse, N. Y. He was a member of the New York House of Representatives in 1859. Slocum was one of the first to tender his services to the general government at the outbreak of the Rebellion, and early in May, 1861, he was commissioned colonel of the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers. This regiment he led in the battle of Bull Run, being severely wounded on the 21st of July. A few days later he was made brigadier general of volunteers, and during the winter of 1861, commanded the first brigade of Franklin's division. In May, 1862, upon the formation of the Sixth Corps, he succeeded to the command of the First Division. June 27, his division was sent at a critical moment to Porter's relief at Gaines' Mill, and rendered important service. At Fraser's Farm, June 30, the record made by his division is historic; at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, it held

the right of the main line. He was commissioned major general of volunteers, July 4, 1862. He led his division in the victorious engagement on the left at South Mountain; and at Antietam, three days later, the timely arrival of Slocum's and Smith's commands of the Sixth Corps without doubt saved to the Federals the fortunes of the day. In October, he was assigned to the command of the Twelfth Corps, which he led at Chancellorsville, likewise at Gettysburg, where he commanded the right wing of the Army of the Potomac. The Twelfth Corps was afterwards transferred to the Army of the Cumberland, and in April, 1864, Gen. Slocum was assigned to the command of the district of Vicksburg.

* * * * * *

September 2, 1864, the Twentieth Corps, the advance of Sherman's army commanded by Gen. Slocum, was the first to enter Atlanta; thenceforth he participated in all the engagements of the "march to the sea," and of the northward movement in pursuit of Johnston's army. Upon the disbandment of the volunteer forces in 1865, he resigned and resumed the practice of law, in his native state. He subsequently served in the Forty-first and Forty-second Congress, and is at present, 1886, a member of the National House of Representatives from southern New York. He resides at Brooklyn.

ROSTER

OF THE

FIRST MASSACHUSETTS LIGHT BATTERY

October 3, 1861.

CAPT. JOSIAH PORTER, Commanding.

First Sergt.,
JOS. W B. WRIGHT.[1]

Quartermaster Sergt.,
JNO. B. MCCARTNEY.[6 7]

Clerk, JNO. W BELL.

Guidon, NICHOLAS G. LYNCH.

Buglers, FRANCIS HOYT,[6 7] THOS. S. HANICK.

FIRST SECTION — RIGHT.

LIEUT. WM. H. MCCARTNEY, Commanding.

(Commissioned Captain, Dec., 1862.)

First Detachment. — SERGT. JOSEPH BARNES; *Gunner*, Geo. Lawrence; *Chief of Caisson*, Thos. H. Daily.[3] *Privates*, Alfred Bunker,[2 5 7] Henry S. Hall, Alex. Harper,[2] Jno. Jaques, Jno. Carter, Benj. Richardson,[4 7] Ira Walker,[6] R. J. Isaacs, David Covell, Wm. J. Mills, Thos. F. Longley,[2 4] Edw. W Preston,[6] Michael Sullivan, Jas. Sullivan, Henry Tracy,[7] Robert Stacy,[6] Alonzo Sackett, Alfred Bloxham, Abel A. Fox.

Third Detachment. — SERGT. CHAS. H. FRENCH;[1 7] *Gunner*, Wm. H. Skimmings; *Chief of Caisson*, Jno. Chase. *Privates*, David S. Morse,[3] Robert Cunningham,[2] Alonzo Ranney,[2] Barney Hollis,[2] David Russell, Jno. Daly,[7] Willard Chaffin, Chas. Appleton,[3] Chas. Burley, Amasa H. Tolman,[2] Wm. J. Coye, James H. Kane,[7] Maurice Leavitt, Jno. McGee, B. F. Winslow,[6 7] Jno. Burnham,[2 4] Geo. Evans, Wm. Boyer, Chas. C. Cannon, Chas. Edwards, Wm. Hutchinson, Wm. F Wilbur,[1] Chester Ellis.

Chief of Caissons, LIEUT. ROBT. L. SAWIN.

(1st Lieut. 1862, on Staff of Chief of Artillery, 1863.)

---

1 Commissioned, later. 2 Received a warrant, later. 3 Killed or died in hospital. 4 Wounded. 5 Taken prisoner. 6 Discharged for disability. 7 Died since muster out.

SECOND SECTION — LEFT.

LIEUT. J. HENRY SLEEPER, Commanding.

(Commissioned Captain Tenth Massachusetts Battery, Sept., 1862).

Second Detachment. — SERGT. JAS. SINCLAIR; *Gunner*, Jas. S. Rowland;[7] *Chief of Caisson*, Harry Warren. *Privates*, Stephen H. Reynolds,[2 4 6] Geo. Blake,[2 7] Geo. V Brooke,[6] Wilbur F. Bates,[7] Amos Colby,[2] Alfred A. Young,[2 7] Wm. A. Ham, Chas. Lynde,[7] Thos. J. Covell,[2 6 7] Willard Pettengill,[2] Jno. Clark,[3] Thos. A. Deavitt, Wm. Scott,[5 7] M. V B. Cushing,[4] Benj. Daniels,[3] Jas. Cushing, Jno. Parker,[2] Joseph Pearson,[6] Patrick Sullivan,[6] Paul Sherman,[2] Geo. Barnard, Samuel E. Hook,[4] Chas. Cade,[2] D. Warren Ellis, Edwin C. Barrett, David B. Gerry, Chas. Wheelock (Bugler).

Fourth Detachment. — SERGT. JOSEPH H. MAREA;[3] *Gunner*, Wm. Caswell;[7] *Chief of Caisson*, Milbrey Greene.[1] *Privates*, Jno. Taylor, Wm. Humbey,[7] Jas. J. Muldoon,[7] Jas. Heywood,[5] Cornelius Slattery,[7] Otis S. Neale,[2] Jno. Copeland,[6] Jno. Carroll,[6] Wm. Hanscom, Calvin Currier,[3] Geo. Howe,[6] Harry Marsh,[6] Henry Carpenter,[7] Stephen Tucker,[6 7] Chas. Poore,[7] T. A. Johnson, Wm. F Ward, Henry R. Jenkins, Martin Barry,[6] Jno. Kelly, Chas. G. Milliken,[3] Benj. Brooks, Robt. G. Small, Robt. Macdonald,[5 7] Robt. Reade, Jas. S. Gordon, Edwin W. Pratt.

THIRD SECTION — CENTRE.

LIEUT. JACOB FEDERHEN, Commanding.[4]

(Senior 1st Lieut., Dec., 1862).

Fifth Detachment. — SERGT. MATTHEW ADAMS; *Gunner*, Reuben P. Charters; *Chief of Caisson*, Asa Smith.[1 3] *Privates*, Chas. B. Hill,[6 7] Jno. Ricker, Henry Smitherman,[2 7] Eben Cook,[6 7] Stephen Knowles,[3] Geo. B. White,[3] Nathaniel Trumbull, Charles Hawkins,[6 7] Edw. P Swift, Chas. Cummings,[6] Jno. Hutchinson, Geo. A. Smith, Silas Tarbell, A. J. Bennett, Jas. N. Dunn, B. F. Young,[7] Alvin Stevens,[6] Albert Gage,[3] Orrin Foster,[6] Frank Howard,[6] Ezra Baxter, Jr., Francis H. Conway,[7] Henry C. Hall, Sylvester Horton, Richard Allen,[4] Geo. O. Manning.[1]

Sixth Detachment. — SERGT. O. S. SNELL; *Gunner*, Jas. W Kenney; *Chief of Caisson*, Henry Williams. *Privates*, Daniel Cheney,[3] Wm. Quinn,[7] Wm. J. Quinn, Wm. J. Wheeler.[1 2] O. B. Bussey,[7] Wm. H. White,[2] Daniel Benham, Fred Gunther, Samuel Johnson, Jas. French,[7] Rufus Starbird, Joseph W Woodbury,[6] Joseph Yates,[6] Wm. A. Twiss,[6] Wm. Twilight,[6] Harry Langley,[6] Daniel Macomber,[6] Jacob Riedel,[6 7] Jas. Rogers,[6] Marshall P Goodwin,[2] George Howes,[7] Fred W. Frost, Chas. Gerry,[6 7] Emery Kempton,[7] Albert D. Morse.[7]

Artificers. — JNO. POOLER,[3] Eber Hill, Peter Roome,[6] Geo. Morse, Wm. Emery, Wm. Pinkerton.[6]

ADDITIONAL MEMBERS.

Allen, Erasmus D.
Beattie, Jas.
Bird, Chas. C.
Brusseau, October.
Carroll, Jno. W.
Clancy, Jeremiah.[4]
Clifford, Richard.
Cross, Fred K.[7]
Deveon, Clement.
Doolan, Patrick.
Dustin, Redford.
Dupee, Louis.
Ellis, Obed.
Essler, Jno.[7]
Esterbrook, Wm. H.
Eton, Edwin D.
Fannin, Joseph.
Fischer, Henry B.
Gardiner, Jno.
Galliff, Geo. H.
Gordon, Jno.[3]
Griffin, Ira.
Hall, Albert F.[3]
Hatch, Albert P
Helmer, J.
Herron, Wm.
Hewitt, Chas. B.
Higgins, Fred T.
Horrigan, Jno.
Horrigan, Michael.
Holden, Jas.
Hudson, Wm. J.
Huntington, Chas.
Irish, Millard F
Isaacs, Wm. H.[3]
Kelly, Michael.
Kelly, Patrick.
Kelly, William.
King, Z.
Laughlin.
Lemay, Peter.
Longfellow, Ernest.[1]
Libby, Geo.
Maine, Jno. W.
Maine, Joseph.
Martineau.
Millett, Geo. L.
Miller.
Mitchell, Lawrence.
Moore, Ira.
Murphy, David S.
Murphy, Jno.
Neville, Thos.[3]
Parlowe, H.[1]
Philips, P.
Pine, Smith.
Prouty, Robt. A.
Reagan, Timothy O.
Record, Horace.
Reddington, H.
Richardson, Jno. S.[4]
Right, Jno.
Rock, Louis.
Rowley, Jno. M.
Sallinger, W
Schwamb, Chas.[4]
Shannon, Edwin.
Shay, G.
Siddons, Geo.
Siddons, Jas.
Smith, Ansell.[6]
Smith, Frank B.[7]
Smith, Jno.
Smith, Jno. H.
Soper, Herman.
Stratton, Frederic S.
Sturdivant, Andrew M.
White, Chas.
Wilson, Daniel G.
Wright, C. M.

Nov- 3d 1885-

My dear Sir-

I had under my command in the Army of the Potomac, Several of the best and most efficient batteries in that Army- Porter's Battery of Mass was always "as good as the best"- I recalled to mind with great pleasure the history of that splendid Command- It was with me at West Point Mechanicsville, Gaines Mill Charles City Cross Roads, Malvern Hill, Crampton's Pass South Mountain Antietam and Gettysburg and on all occasions it was an honor to my command and to the old Bay State-

Very Truly Yours

A. W. Sloan

THE STORY

OF THE

First Massachusetts Light Battery.

CHAPTER I.

THE name of the literature of the great Civil War is Legion. During the two decades since our muster out as volunteers, a steady stream of chronicles, some general in their character, others distinctively reciting the story of particular commands, has flowed from the press. Yet there will be ever room for one more version of the story of the deeds of the Army of the Potomac, until the tale has been told from the point of view of every regimental and battery organization of that army, by some surviving comrade who may be inspired to perform the labor of love by the recollections of the past and the realization of the value of its lessons to the generations that have succeeded the men of that eventful period from 1861 to 1865. We feel, therefore, that no apology is necessary for this plain narrative of the army life of the First Massachusetts Light Battery, which involves a study of the career of the glorious old Sixth Corps of which our company was an element. In the minds and hearts of our surviv-

ing comrades we believe the incidents which we recall in our narrative are indelibly impressed.

> "Still o'er these scenes their memory wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser care;
> Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

To the general reader we trust they will be invested with interest, as contributions to some of the grandest pages of the history of our first century.

* * * * * *

In the summer of 1861, the old Boston Light Artillery had returned to Massachusetts, its three months' term of enlistment, under the 75,000 call, having expired. Josiah Porter of Cambridge, an experienced officer of the old battery of the Massachusetts militia, was commissioned captain of a company of light artillery, to be recruited in Boston and its vicinity, the nucleus of the company to be perhaps those of the old command who should volunteer, and its officers selected from the practised numbers of that efficient corps.

This, in brief, was the origin of the first battery of light artillery recruited in Massachusetts in response to the 500,000 call.

The little recruiting office, then situated on Hanover Street, where the majority of the original number comprising this command signed the enlistment papers, has long since been removed; but the old armory building in Cooper Street still remains, where one hundred of our number, having been found physically qualified, were, on the 28th of August, 1861, mustered into the volunteer service of the United States, for the period of three years or during the war. Receiving at this place our fatigue uniforms, knapsacks, and blankets, we proceeded that afternoon to Camp Cameron, North Cambridge. This was on a farm extending from the old Lexington pike, which crosses Winter Hill, and thence over the ridge in Somerville to Arlington, south to North Avenue in Cambridge, or to the old pike that leads from Harvard Square in Old Cambridge to Arlington, and there unites with the road from Somerville. The southern half of the farm in Cambridge was a plateau of perhaps ten acres, extending back from the Cambridge road, and falling off quite abruptly to a meadow through which

ran a little brook, a branch of the Alewife. On the northern border of this plateau, extending, with intervals between them, clear across the plain, were barracks. About midway in the range of buildings, and between the two middle barracks in the range, a road passed from the Cambridge road, north, dividing the plain in two, and crossing the little brook and the sloping field beyond, which was in Somerville. The barracks at the east of this bridle-road were occupied by the boys of the First Light Battery, and those on the west were, early during our stay in this camp, used by the men of the Twenty-sixth, of which the old Sixth, that went through Baltimore on the 19th of April, was the nucleus. Between the barracks and the Cambridge road was the drill ground, and a fine one it was.

Near the south bank of the little brook, and to the east of the bridle-road, was the commissary and quartermaster's department building, and to its left and rear, if you were looking south, were our stables. North of the brook and well up the slope to the west of the bridle-road, were the headquarters of the battery

Recruiting for the company continued both in town and at the camp, until the complement for light artillery was obtained.

Drilling on the light six-pounders, and in field battery manœuvres — our maximum number of men having been obtained — we remained at this place until October 3, when, at sunrise, we bade farewell to a camp where none but pleasant recollections lingered, and took up our line of march for the field of actual conflict. Having been for five weeks under the instruction of skilled and experienced officers, in the bright new uniforms of the red artillery furnished us by the state, we had then the appearance of soldiers.

All along the line of march,— through classic Cambridge, the streets of this dear old city, passing in review before the lamented Gov. Andrew at the State House, until arriving at the Old Colony depot,— from doorway, window, and balcony, and from every side, such an ovation was given us by the outpouring of the people as to make a pleasing and lasting impression on every heart. At the depot, a special train having been provided, our horses, guns, and caissons were quickly placed on board, husbands separated themselves with saddened hearts from their wives and children, sons from fathers or mothers, brothers from brothers

or sisters, and some from sweethearts,— nearly all leaving quiet and happy New England homes behind,— lingering adieus were said, and the First Massachusetts Light Battery, composed of five officers and one hundred and fifty-two men, was on its journey to the scene of action in Virginia.

Many of those brave hearts had said their last farewell. They were destined to see their loved ones no more,— no more to share the comforts and blessings from which they had separated.

Taking steamer at Fall River and reaching New York the following morning, we camped on the Battery near Castle Garden; remaining there until the afternoon, we marched to Washington Square, thence down Broadway, enthusiastic greetings being extended to us. In the evening of this day we embarked upon a steamer for South Amboy, New Jersey; reaching that place, proceeded across the state to Philadelphia *via* Camden.

In these days the patriotic ladies of Philadelphia maintained a refreshment room near the station of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, for Union volunteers who were passing to the front through the Quaker city, and here, ministered to by some of these motherly dames, we breakfasted on the 5th of October. There was opportunity, of which some comrades availed themselves, to write home.

There was a musical tribute rendered by a chorus of our comrades while waiting for the train, in appreciation of the attentions of the ladies; then adieus, and departure for Washington; through Wilmington before noon, and on to the bank of the Susquehanna. There, awaiting our train, was the huge railroad ferry-boat, the Constitution, the bridge from Port Deposit to Havre de Grace having been burned; this was said to be the vessel that conveyed Gen. Butler and his command to Annapolis when he took possession of that city in the previous spring. It was a a novel sight, the transportation of a train of freight and passenger cars with locomotive over the ferry. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the Baltimore station of this road, and thence marched across the city to the station from which we were to proceed to Washington.

In the evening we found ourselves ensconced in freight cars, and entered upon our forty-mile ride to the capital. It must for some reason have been very slow, inasmuch as it was past

sunrise when we debarked from the train, and marched to the Soldier's Rest, then near the Capitol. Having partaken of some refreshment, we proceeded to the freight depot, and, our battery and teams being unloaded, we harnessed and marched up the slope of Capitol Hill, out northeast of the Capitol, toward Anacosta Creek above the bend, and made a camp with other companies of reserve artillery, which were here receiving instruction, while awaiting assignment to some division of the great army, which was then being organized. There were also several thousand cavalry encamped hard by; and, during the week of our sojourn, there was a grand review of the mounted troops, ten thousand, we should judge, our battery among them. We embraced an opportunity one day before our departure from this place, to run out to Bladensburg, four miles or more away, to see the boys of the First and Eleventh Massachusetts, Hooker's brigade then lying along the range of the northern fortifications of the Capitol, which we believe they had helped construct. These bronzed pioneers of the quota of our old Bay State were just coming in from drill, when we arrived, and experienced a lively surprise, no doubt, as we met their glance in passing. When they broke ranks there was a hearty handshaking and welcome.

It was on the 12th of October, we believe, that we marched to the arsenal, and exchanged four of our guns, two rifle six-pounders, and two smooth bores of the same caliber, for Parrotts, retaining the two howitzers of the left section. Two days later, we marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, thence Fourteenth Street, over Long Bridge, across the Potomac, and for the first time this command was upon the soil of Virginia — a soil upon which the grand old Army of the Potomac, then organizing, was destined to suffer defeats or gain victories; to endure every conceivable hardship and danger; to prove itself, in the loss of about 150,000 of its rank and file, and in every emergency, worthy as the defender of the capital of the nation; to endure the unjust criticisms, the deep injuries, the cruel taunts of those in our rear who knew little or nothing of what they were talking or writing; to fight a desperate and stubborn foe, the very flower of the Confederate army, under command of their ablest generals, on over five hundred fields in that one state; and destined, when those surviving should become bronzed into veterans of hundreds of

fields, when their hearts, regarding hardships and dangers, should become hardened like the oak, and their nerves had become like nerves of steel, — at last to conquer.

We had been assigned to Gen. Franklin's division, which was then lying about four miles northwest of Alexandria, on the borders of Fairfax County, the division headquarters being at Fairfax Seminary, the New Jersey brigade then commanded by Gen. Kearney, and the First New York Cavalry, lying upon the slope of Seminary Hill, south of the Leesburg pike, a brigade commanded by Gen. Newton located along the pike north of the seminary, and a brigade commanded by Gen. Slocum lying northeast of Newton's brigade, and north of the pike, the camp of its nearest regiment, the Sixteenth New York Volunteers, being perhaps thirty rods from the road. These troops, with four batteries of light artillery, constituted this division in October, 1861.

When we arrived, there was a battery of New Jersey volunteers commanded by Capt. Hexamer in the vicinity of division headquarters, a battery in the immediate vicinity of Newton's brigade, a battery of regulars, D, Second U. S. Artillery, lying near the pike, and opposite, Slocum's brigade. This battery was located upon a plain, which the road from Alexandria reaches shortly after it crosses the run which makes its way from Arlington Heights southeasterly to Alexandria. The First Massachusetts Battery encamped in a piece of woods on the east side of this run and at the left of Slocum's brigade. In this camp, which was named Revere, we remained until winter. Our drill-ground was on the plain beyond Newton's brigade, on the north side of the pike, — of this field we shall have occasion to speak later. The inspection of the artillery by the chief of artillery of the army, and the review of the division, were made upon the high plateau west of the seminary.

Much time was given daily to drill, in the manual of the piece, field manœuvres, and sabre exercise. And while in this camp, the company went occasionally to target practice below Alexandria, upon the Potomac meadows; there also we were quartered when we participated in the first grand review of the army by Geo. B. McClellan. From this camp details frequently, during the fall, were sent with wagons to the vicinity of Mt. Vernon for forage.

We remember that the troops at this time lying farthest to the

left and front on this side of the Potomac, and on the line of these foraging expeditions, were the three brigades of Heintzelman's division, commanded respectively by Generals Sedgwick, Jameson, and Richardson. Thanksgiving was observed here in genuine New England style; an oven had previously been constructed by one of our masonic comrades,—for we had representatives of every useful and honorable craft,—and the cooks drew out of it at dinner time a turkey nicely browned, dumplings, pudding, and sundries indispensable to a correct Thanksgiving menu. Nor were the necessary pre-prandial exercises omitted. Lieut. Sawin, the reader *par excellence* of our official corps, recited to the officers and men, Gov. Andrew's Thanksgiving proclamation for the year A. D. 1861; and we venture to affirm that each comrade bestowed a benediction upon the old Bay State, ere he swallowed a mouthful of the cheer provided.

Civilian visitors, official and non-official, were occasionally seen on this ground; among the former we remember the chairman of the House Committee on the Conduct of the War, of the Thirty-seventh Congress, a Massachusetts man.

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At morning roll-call one day in November we were informed that the division would be marshalled upon the long field north of Seminary Hill, at the right of the Leesburg turnpike, to witness a military execution; the position of each regiment of infantry, the cavalry, and each of the four batteries, was defined, the route of the general and staff, the ambulance and coffin, the wagon in which sat the condemned with the priest, and the firing party. At two o'clock, as at a parade, we were drawn up in line upon the field, the artillery men forming the shortest of the three sides of a rectangle, or its eastern end, infantry forming the northern of the two long parallel sides, infantry and cavalry, the southern; presently Gen. Franklin and staff passed our front, within the rectangle moving around the front of the southern side; then came the mounted guard of the prisoner's own regiment, the Lincoln cavalry, followed by the firing party, also of his own regiment, and, on foot, twelve men with carbines, one of which was loaded with blank cartridges; then the ambulance bearing the coffin; and lastly, a wagon conveying the priest and the condemned man, whose face was the incarnation of misery and

helplessness; its abject, woe-begone expression was, if possible, heightened by his sallow complexion, light hair and eyebrows.

As this dismal procession passed the left of the artillery brigade, its commander read the charge, specification, finding, and sentence of the court martial: Wm. Johnson of the First New York Volunteer Cavalry had left his post on cavalry picket in Fairfax County, Virginia; had attempted to pass within the Confederate lines; and had communicated to a supposed Confederate officer, accompanied by his staff, information which was calculated to facilitate an attack upon our outposts.

If he were to be believed, he enlisted having such diabolical purpose in contemplation. "Sentenced to be shot to death by musketry." "For simple desertion the punishment is death; coupled with such treachery there can be no mercy." In the solemn stillness of the scene, you could hear this last refrain pronounced to command after command for one third of the length of the line. At length the wagon reached the spot, near the open end of the rectangle, where the execution was to take place. Johnson descended, supported by his chaplain; the firing party took its position, the general and staff being without the line and near the head. The condemned man, standing beside his coffin, said, "May God keep you, boys, from all such sin." Then the signal was given, a simultaneous discharge of twelve carbines followed, and Johnson was seen to fall beside his coffin. One by one the regiments and the batteries passed the fatal spot where he lay stark and stiff. A large black spot above and to the right of his right eye, made his ashen face seem paler by contrast. This was the first instance of the application of the death penalty for desertion in the Army of the Potomac. The "Confederate officer" whom Johnson interviewed was Col. Taylor of New Jersey, who was scouting in that section, being clad appropriately for the occasion.

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In December we moved over the run, across the Leesburg pike, and established our camp beside and west of the camp of D, Second U. S. Artillery. Substantial wooden sheds were built around a rectilinear plot, three sides of it; at the east end was one range of the sheds of the regulars. These were for the horses; within this enclosure, to which there was an entrance on

the northern and southern sides, were the company and headquarters; each detachment had a bell tent, which might shelter fifteen men; this was provided with a little box stove, which the boys took turns in supplying with wood.

The park was without the enclosure on the north side, and our sentry walking his beat therein, when he reached the eastern limits, would be but a few feet from the sentry in the park of Company D. Water for the two batteries, and we believe for the Sixteenth New York, was obtained from a well on the north side of the pike, on the farm of one Going, a tpyical North Virginian, long, lank, and sandy, perhaps sixty years old, who dwelt in a small and somewhat dilapidated house hard by; his family consisted of his wife, three stalwart sons, — one of them living with his family in a cot near by, one being up at Manassas Junction in the Confederate ranks,—and a daughter. Owing to the proximity of this family to our camp, we had a prime opportunity to observe and study the characteristics of the grade of population of which these people were representatives, and which formed, we dare affirm, the largest part of the rank and file of the Confederate army in the East.

Reviewing now the results of our observations in those days, and setting over against their defects and deficiencies certain sterling traits that they undoubtedly evinced, we find a very considerable balance in their favor. A few incidents of our meetings and conversation with them may not be uninteresting.

Sometimes, while eating in their kitchen the sweet potato pie which these women seemed to be adepts in making and by means of which they turned a penny, we would be questioned by the mother as to our homes in the North, how we lived,— why we left them. "Poor little boys," the old dame would say; "you should go home to your mothers." Then she would bring from a bureau in the adjacent bedroom a daguerrotype of a bright looking youth clad in Confederate gray, show it to us, and weep.

The daughter was a strapping girl of nineteen, a stanchly loyal Virginian from the Confederate standpoint. One day the mother remarked to some of us, that C., of the ——th ——, was going to be married to an Alexandria girl that evening. "She 'll be a Union gal then," said the old lady. "White-washed Union," retorted her daughter. "Why! why! are n't you a Union gal?"

"No, I am secesh to the backbone." "Oh, pshaw! gal." Some comrade here commended the girl's candor, and she, turning to him, asked if he really believed the Confederacy would fail; being assured that he had a strong conviction that it would crumble, she would laugh incredulously. The deportment of these sons and the daughter toward their parents, and the manners and bearing of children in the same walk in life, as exemplified in their intercourse with their parents, as they came under our observation in Dixie, were in the highest degree creditable, alike to parental training and to filial tractability.

As to the men in question, they were, for obvious reasons, less communicative than the girl in regard to their political sentiments. But they were no hypocrites.

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During this winter, we were called to mourn the loss of Comrade Carpenter, of Lowell, who was killed while on duty with his team. This was the first diminution that our ranks suffered. Before the army moved, however, Comrades Cook and Preston left us; the former was detailed for hospital service in Alexandria; the latter was discharged on account of disability resulting from protracted illness.

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We well remember the crisp, cold New Year's Eve of 1862; the band of the Jersey Blues near the seminary discoursed patriotic and sentimental music, until the last old page turned.

The month of January was passed in the usual routine of winter camp. A few days before the new year opened, Gen. Ord's brigade of McCall's division, lying on the upper Potomac,— being, in fact, the right of that portion of the army which was on the south side,— having advanced to Dranesville, was attacked by a Confederate brigade under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who was repulsed with a loss of over two hundred. This was an offset to the unfortunate affair at Ball's Bluff, in the previous October. In February, the army and the nation were deprived by death of the services of Gen. Lander, who commanded the extreme right division of the army in Virginia, in the vicinity of Romney. He was one who had given the highest promise of valuable service to the nation in its time of dire need. He will be remembered with Gen. Shields as one in whom Stonewall Jackson found a foeman worthy of his

steel. Early in February, our left section, the two howitzers and their cannoneers, the gunners, sergeants, and chief, had the honor of forming a portion of a reconnoitring party that made an early expedition to Annandale; and on the 10th of March the army was in motion. At this moment, its disposition and composition was as follows: Hooker's division on the extreme left, twenty-two miles below Washington on the east side of the Potomac; Heintzelman's division on the Mt. Vernon road below Alexandria; Sumner's and Franklin's on the right of Heintzelman, near Fairfax Seminary; McDowell's and Keyes's on the right of Franklin; then Porter's, and on his right, McCall's. East of the Blue Ridge there were no Federal troops in Virginia to the west of McCall; but on the Maryland side, in the vicinity of Edward's Ferry, was the division of Gen. Stone. At Harper's Ferry was Gen. Banks, and on his right, the division lately commanded by Lander. The evening of the 10th of March, 1862, found our division at Fairfax, C. H., bivouacking east of the village. The advance meanwhile had reached Manassas Junction, to find it evacuated by the Confederates, who, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, had retired behind the Rapidan. We tarried three days, we believe, at Fairfax. The army headquarters, we remember, during most of this time, were in a large mansion north of the village.

Then there was a return of our division along the line of march to the border of Alexandria County. It was now that the army corps were organized: Gens. Heintzelman, McDowell, Keyes, Sumner, and Banks,— each commanding one which included the division that had been previously in his charge. Thus, Gen. McDowell was assigned to the First Corps, consisting of his old division, now commanded by Gen. King, and of the divisions of McCall and Franklin. So we became a part of the First Army Corps, which, now that it had been determined to advance upon Richmond by the way of the peninsula between the York and the James, was supposed to be destined to cover the national capital, advance to the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and perhaps in time reach and join McClellan's force, which would then be operating south of the Pamunkey.

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On the night of the 5th of April, Franklin's division, then of the First Corps, was in the huts on Centreville Heights; the baked

clay of the fireplaces was made to crack with the heat of the rousing fires which the cold, night winds made extremely welcome. The comfortable night's sojourn in this quondam Confederate cantonment was a pleasant episode in our first severe march. The frost was working out of the red clay soil of this region, and the march of artillery was not made with such celerity as in later times in that year, and advancing too, it proved possible of attaining. Yet somehow on the 6th, it cut its way through the mud and the mire to Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run, crossed the tottering temporary bridge which had there been constructed, and drew over the broken land and plain to Manassas Junction.

Those were three days fraught with interest which we spent in the village of log houses at the Junction, examining the abundant evidences of Confederate military architecture, field-works and barracks, and unearthing many a relic of their winter's sojourn at this place.

We remember a quantity of wheat that some one discovered, which, though a trifle garlicky, nevertheless made a palatable mess of pottage, being boiled, and served as rice often is.

The railroad to this station seemed now in running order, for troops, infantry, at least, continued to alight at this point from platform cars that came from the direction of Alexandria, soon after our arrival hither. A storm, a genuine nor'wester, set in on the 8th, in the midst of which we abandoned the quite comfortable cabins at Manassas, and pushed on toward Bristow, the wind and sleet accompanying us and furnishing lively entertainment.

Then, before noon, we had snow for further variety, and it would encrust itself beautifully upon our ponchas, giving us a celestial appearance. But the air nipped "shrewdly," and you may be sure that it was a cold, damp, numb set of boys that were drawn up on the north side of Broad Run on that evening; besides, we were short of rations, and had no shelter. Yet as some philosophic comrade observed, "There is no situation so bad that it might not be worse;" and our stomachs were toned with a dose of quinine per man, which was administered by a hospital steward who had the most brilliant carmine beak that we ever beheld off the stage. Some one said he was a very clever chap, which a listener allowed might be true; but said he, "He never supports that nose on cold

water." After each one had partaken a taste of this specific preventive of chills and fever, and we had again assembled in line, the officer of the day informed us that three of the tents that had been used by the non-commissioned staff and for a guard house, or perhaps one of them for officers' quarters, had been assigned to us; so, procuring some straw in the vicinity, the hundred and fifty men, more or less, minus the guard which had been detailed, were billeted in these somewhat close quarters; but they lay snug and warm, if somewhat cramped, the various reliefs crawling out of the different masses of humanity as the corporal's lantern was flashed in their faces at different stated times during the night. We melted a goodly patch of snow, here and there, that night, with the bonfires which we kept burning; but one's back would chill, while his legs and chest were perspiring, as he stood beside the blaze.

In the afternoon on the following day we forded Broad Run and were nearing Bristow station, when in obedience to orders we countermarched, returned to the north side of the river, and marched at as good pace as the condition of the fields permitted, toward Manassas. One says, "We are going to join McClellan before Yorktown." Two days later, we were near Cloud's Mills and approaching Alexandria.

ROSTER.

GEN. W. B. FRANKLIN'S DIVISION.

Autumn and winter of 1861.

CAVALRY.

COL. MCWILLIAMS, 1st New York Volunteers (Lincoln Cavalry).

INFANTRY

First Brigade.—GEN. H. W. SLOCUM, 16th New York, 27th New York, 5th Maine, 96th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—GEN. JNO. NEWTON, 18th New York, 31st New York, 32d New York, 95th Pennsylvania (Gosline Zouaves).

Third Brigade.—GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY, 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th New Jersey Volunteers.

ARTILLERY.

Platt's Battery D, 2d United States, 6 Napoleon Guns.
Porter's A, Massachusetts, 4 10-pd. Parrott Guns; 2 12-pd. Howitzer Guns.
Hexamer's A, New Jersey, 4 10-pd. Parrott Guns; 2 12-pd. Howitzer Guns.
Wilson's F, New York, 4 3-in. Ordnance Guns.

CHAPTER II.

REACHING Alexandria at nightfall we encamped in the old town, on a waste tract which sloped from the Cloud's Mills road toward Hunting Creek. On the south side of this old pike, under the guns of Fort Ellsworth, nearly opposite the old slave mart, whose warehouse and dismal pen had served during the previous winter respectively for guardhouse and prison of the provost, we tarried three days while arrangements were perfected for our embarkation and departure.

As the paymaster appeared upon the day following our arrival, the camp soon presented a curious scene to an observer, who might have witnessed incidents suggestive of a country fair,—the boys in groups surrounding venders of sundry wares, purchasing of the dealers or chaffing and badgering them. "Variety is the spice of life," and doubtless the bold soldier boys realized that the modification of the regular camp diet by the pies, cakes, chocolate, and beer, and the furbishing of old jokes and games, or the institution of new ones, imparted piquancy to the brief enjoyment of the halt by the old slave-pen. Whiskey enjoys the bad eminence of exaggerating the idiosyncracies of individuals, more than any other alcoholic beverage: if, for example, an individual is naturally deficient in judgment when sober, so that he might chance to undertake an impracticable enterprise, only dimly perceiving the difficulties attending its execution, under the influence of half a pint of whiskey not a vestige of these difficulties remains to him; he essays his task with sublime self-confidence. We noticed during our stay here, an artilleryman of one of the corps in town at the time, fruitlessly endeavoring to drive a pair of horses, one of which he was riding, through the door of a grocery store. No doubt the width of the aperture seemed ample for the purpose. A comrade

who observed the attempt, said that he himself, when in a similar condition, had driven a team down a flight of steps in a court leading from one street to another in a northern city. He declared that the descent seemed to him at the time only a gentle slope.

On a bright, balmy April afternoon, characteristic of that month in eastern Virginia, we broke camp, moving through the town, passing the Marshall house where Ellsworth fell, and Suttles's warehouse, whence Anthony Burns, a few years before, fled from servitude; we embarked from a wharf east of the warehouse. Our commander and his lieutenants sailed in a steamboat which bore our pieces and caissons, and convoyed a fore and aft schooner which carried the non-commissioned officers and privates, and on whose decks our horses were picketed from the galley to the forecastle. In the hold where we slept were also hay and grain for our steeds, rations for the boys, and some ammunition. Scarcely a ripple stirred the bosom of the Potomac where in its course it skirts the old town. Below the town, where Hunting Creek enters, its waters are agitated by the contribution of those of that tributary. Now on our right was Fort Lyons, whose embankment enclosed nine acres, whose guns commanded the water-route to the capital, and the contiguous land approaches. On our left were the fortifications of the Maryland shore.

On we sped by Vernon's sacred banks, a passing glance at mansion and tomb being vouchsafed to us; by Aquia Creek and old Fort Washington, which we were destined more than once in our career to repass. Passing upon our left Budd's Ferry, twenty-two miles below Alexandria, where were quartered during the winter of 1861 the First and Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteers, we pursued our course during the night down the historic river, ever widening in its path to the Chesapeake.

Morning found us ploughing the waves of the bay, in a damp, misty atmosphere. At daybreak there was a thin fog which in an hour was burned off by the sun; then followed a variable April morning, with sunshine and shower, the air being sufficiently clear to allow us to see upon the shore the peach blossoms which curiously, to our New England eyes, were already unfolded upon thousands of branches.

At a point on the Virginia shore below the mouth of the York, perhaps one fourth of the distance from that river to Fortress Mon-

roe, is an inlet called Poquosin River. This indentation, which has a nearly southern trend, is flanked upon the east by a headland called Ship Point. In this bay and off this peninsula we anchored on the 27th of April. The shores of the bay are low and flat, the adjacent waters are comparatively shallow. There were no wharves or piers built out upon the soft marl of the flats. Our debarkation was effected upon the following day by means of scows or coal hulks, a series of which were moored broadside to broadside from the shore to deep water, thus forming a roadway from ship to shore. When our carriages and camp equipage had been landed, our horses having previously been led ashore, we harnessed up and moved into camp upon the gray plain hard by.

Yorktown, the first objective point of McClellan's expedition, which had preceded us some three weeks from Alexandria and had landed at Fortress Monroe, lay to the northwest of our camp, across Warwick Creek, which runs abreast of the town nearly across the peninsula.

On the west side of this stream, occupying a line eleven miles long, strongly entrenched, was Gen. Magruder, having under his command a force variously stated, from 5,000 to 13,000 men.

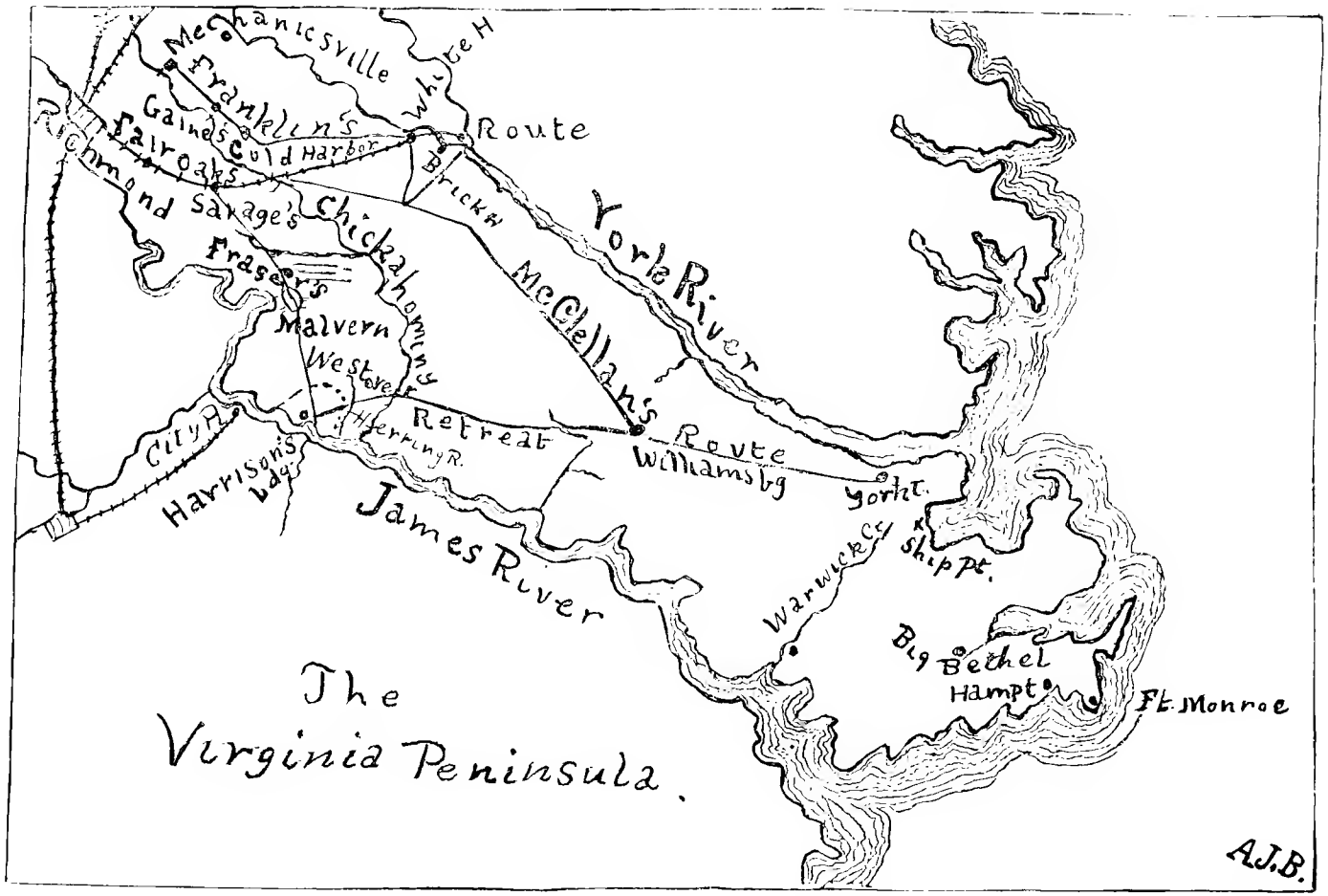
McClellan reached the vicinity of the east bank of this stream April 4, 1862. He seems to have employed the succeeding thirty days in planting breaching batteries, and in placing in position heavy guns which had been ordered from Washington. His force must have been 100,000 strong, for 58,000 preceded him to Fortress Monroe, and as many more soon followed. When he was ready to open fire, May 4, it was found Magruder had retired. The division commanded by Gen. Wm. B. Franklin, during the brief period after our arrival at Ship Point, had not moved out to take position in the line of the besieging force.

Our battery had been occupied much as an artillery company in camp is wont to be: there were battery drills at stated times, there were the inevitable fatigue and police duty, the care of the horses, and the moments of absolute idleness. The drivers will well remember daily threading the mazes of the swamp thickets, distributing by three pairs and four, to find pools for watering the horses. A facetious comrade relates, that, being at the rear of the column of pairs of horses in charge of the officer of the day, he found, on reaching the watering-place, some distance from the

road, that the pools of water were all in the possession of other pairs, and he was obliged to wait until some had withdrawn to give his horses an opportunity. By the time his steeds had quenched their thirst, the other drivers, having reached the road and reformed, were on the return to camp. Our comrade avers that his off horse was so enraged at finding himself thus deserted by his fellow equines, that he set off at a gallop, and the driver, vainly endeavoring to hold him in, was obliged to spur on the saddle horse, so they made rapid progress for a few rods. Rounding a curve in the wooded road, the lieutenant, who was in ambush there, lurking to intercept any one who might be running his horses, hailed him, saying: "I 've caught you; report to me when you have picketed your horses; you shall ride the harness-pole for this." The officer then trotted along to camp, leaving the driver following. The latter, reaching the picket-rope and hitching his horses, perceived that his superior was about to sit down to dinner; doubting the propriety of intruding upon the officers' mess, and deeming that his offence would be treated more leniently after the officer's appetizing meal, he deferred reporting till after dinner. The result fully justified the conclusion he had reached as to the mollifying effect of a full stomach; for after dinner, the lieutenant listened placidly to the man's explanation of the dust-raising, and dismissed him with an admonition, in lieu of the harness-pole.

Both cannoneers and drivers will recall the bathing in the bay, and the gathering of oysters from the flats.

We were upon parade, Sunday forenoon, May 4, when a general's orderly approached Capt. Platt, Company D, Second United States Artillery, chief of the artillery brigade of our division. After a moment's interval, the latter rode up to Capt. Porter, who was in position in front of his company; some words were exchanged, and Capt. Platt rode away. Our commander turned to his chiefs of sections, and with a smile exclaimed: "Yorktown's evacuated! By piece from the right, front into column!" The remainder of the day was a busy season, being steadily employed in embarking the army corps upon such transports of various kinds suitable for the different arms of the service, as were available at this time and place. It was after nightfall and quite dark when the last of our horses was picketed upon the deck of


Mechanicsville
White H
Franklin's
Gaines's
Cold Harbor
Route
Fairoaks
Richmond
Savage's
Brick H
York River
Chickahominy
Fraser's
McClellan's
Malvern
Westover
Retreat
Herring R.
City R.
Harrison's Ldg.
Route
Williamsbg
Yorkt.
James River
Warwick Cr.
Ship Pt.
Big Bethel
Hampt
Ft. Monroe
The Virginia Peninsula.
A.J.B.

one of the old barges, to which we have alluded as having been used on our arrival for the improvisation of wharves. The uneasiness of the horses and the occasional breaking loose of an animal; the breathless curiosity of the men as to the destination of the corps; the dark haze through which surrounding objects were dimly viewed, — all tended to make the half hour preceding our departure a singularly impressive period in our history as a company. But the calm bearing and kindly manner of Col. Richard Arnold, Fifth United States Artillery, then inspector general of the corps, who superintended the embarkation of the artillery and its disposition on the transports, were inspirational, and the details were completed with surprising absence of friction, and without apparent difficulty.

Whither were we bound? Northward first, since our initial movement was in that direction. Later, we seemed to be leaving the Chesapeake. It must be York River that we have entered. Daylight removed any doubt that might have been entertained as to our whereabouts. And what a picture presented itself from the deck of any one of our transports, — the central feature being the motley array of crafts: grim black gunboats with frowning cannon, steamboats convoying schooners and barges at the end of long cables, upon the broad river which extended before and behind us like an inland lake, whose northern shore was a shifting panorama of undulating, verdant plantation and village, in sharp contrast to the nearer southern bank with its bluffs, now bare, now crowned with growth of wood. At this moment over and beyond these bluffs, half-way to the James, where McClellan's advance had been stopped near Williamsburg by works called Fort Magruder, Gen. Hooker's division was in action, stoutly resisted by Magruder's force. Ultimately the Confederate position was flanked by Gen. Hancock of Sumner's corps. But during nine hours, while we were sailing up the York, the ever brave men of Hooker's command, among whom were the First and Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteers, fought desperately and lost heavily; the Federal loss during the day is said to have been 2,228. Magruder retired during the night, leaving 700 of his severely wounded. The direction of his retreat would be necessarily northwest.

At sunset, when we approached the right bank of the York,

near the mouth of the Pamunkey, the gunboats having anchored somewhat below the point whither our transports were tending, the forces must still have been engaged at Williamsburg. It would then seem that the object of the expedition up the York, and the engagement of Franklin's division the next day, on the right bank of that river, must have been to intercept the Confederate force retiring from Yorktown, and to form a junction with McClellan's main army. A conversation audible to men in the vicinity of the speakers, between Gen. Franklin on the side of a steamboat and Col. Arnold on a barge alongside, rendered it probable to listeners that up to that moment no scheme for landing the artillery had been projected, unless in the mind of the colonel. But he proved himself then and afterward fertile in expedients, and he briefly detailed to his chief the main particulars of a plan which was subsequently carried out.

Now we saw from one of the foremost vessels, infantry and engineers landed in boats ; the latter doubtless opened the inclined pathway up the side of the bluff. We saw later, cavalry horses let over the side of a vessel and taken one after another to the shore; so this arm of our corps must have been upon the plateau early in the evening, and have been deployed from the Pamunkey across to the York, where the gunboats lay.

Gradually the barges were moved into position as at Ship Point, so that, the infantry having gone ashore during the night, the guns, caissons, and all the wagons were landed.

At daybreak, our carriages, being upon the beach, were drawn up the side of the bluff, several pairs of horses other than those usually attached to each piece or caisson, being required for the purpose; this business was speedily despatched, when "Boots and saddles!" was heard. We marched to the east, leaving the Pamunkey behind us, having the York upon our left, and before us across the open country was a thick wood.

Seemingly in less than one half-hour we were in position with infantry, and more artillery upon our right and left, and were ordered to shell the wood in our front. While our guns were thus engaged, the gunboats in the York were sending through the air their huge projectiles, which sounded in their course like the thundering noise of a heavy freight train. After an interval of rapid firing, during which time a captain of infantry with his

company reported to Capt. Porter under orders to support our battery, our captain directing him as to the disposal of his men, we were ordered to cease firing.

Breakfast had now been sent us from the landing. Later, firing was resumed at intervals. We occasionally saw ambulances coming from the direction of the wood, with their burdens. Sometimes a wounded soldier appeared, supported by two comrades; this practice, we fancy, was not long suffered to obtain. We retained our position till night. This was the first time our guns had been pointed at the enemy, and though he was invisible to us, never having reached our line, the innermost one, our company did all that it was commanded to do. The Federal loss in this affair is said to have been 200.

We encamped May 7, 1862, in a meadow four or five miles northwest of our position, on the day of the engagement, and relatively farther up the Pamunkey. On the following day, officers and men were gladdened by the sight, in camp, of Massachusetts soldiers of other commands, which had now reached this vicinity; for example, some officers and men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second Volunteers. No doubt much correspondence, detailing the past incidents of their campaign, was indulged in by the privates, and perhaps by the officers. To-day we received notice of the organization of the Sixth Army Corps. We were now about thirty-five miles east of Richmond. Our next movement was to Brick House Landing, upon the Pamunkey.

The boys were in excellent health and spirits; the cheeks of most of them were ruddy and bronzed; their countenances bespoke hope and confidence. Undoubtedly they seemed capable of making more fatiguing marches, and of enduring greater hardships than had yet been required of them. For though a majority of the command were boys in years, we question if there were, as a whole, a hardier body of soldiers in the First Division of the Sixth Army Corps. The hopefulness and the general contentment grew out of a nearly universal confidence in our commander and his lieutenants.

The boys will remember the somewhat exciting sport, incident to pig-hunting and slaying in the reedy, sedgy, muddy marsh, along the Pamunkey, at the rear of Brick House, — unfortunate porkers, victims first of surprise, then of assault, and finally of the frying-pan or the camp-kettle.

It was during our halt previous to marching to Brick House, when, as we have remarked, comrades of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second Massachusetts were in our camp, that McClellan's main army in its advance from Yorktown had reached a point near Roper's Church on the Williamsburg and Richmond road. These men belonged to Gen. Porter's Corps (Fifth), which, with the corps of Generals Sumner and Franklin (Sixth), was to form the right wing and to proceed by the way of Cumberland and of Whitehouse on the Pamunkey, striking the Chickahominy at New Bridge, while the left wing, consisting of the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes, kept the Richmond road to Bottom's Bridge farther down the Chickahominy Swamp.

During the next eight or nine days the advance guards reached these points, May 16, 17, 1862. The First Division of the Sixth Corps, consisting of twelve regiments of infantry, a regiment of cavalry and four batteries, one of which was the First Massachusetts, about the 17th of May was passing Whitehouse, hard by the landing which was to be our depot of supplies until the change of base.

Those in the column who were familiar with the story of Martha Custis and Washington's wooing, doubtless looked with interest upon the weatherworn and decaying building; but we fancy that a livelier attraction for the mass of the boys as they moved by in column, presented itself in a unique group of children, perched upon the fence in front of the mansion; the little elves actually had red, curly hair, along with mulatto features and complexion. Here was a strange phase of physical evolution occurring amid the direful revolution of the social system which produced these little creatures.

Our next camp was in the vicinity of Cold Harbor. The boys can see it now: a tract of ground sloping northerly from the road down to a swamp, in the edge of which was a spring; stunted pines grew here and there in a sterile soil. Two years leatr we struck the same ground and spent the night there. We thus anticipate, for comrades noticed the coincidence in 1864.

By the 20th or 21st of May we had advanced to Gaines' Farm. This place is nearly due west of Cold Harbor, on a broken plateau between the bottom lands of the Chickahominy and Pamunkey; it lies east of north from Richmond, on the road

leading from Bottom's Bridge up the Chickahominy *via* Cold Harbor to Mechanicsville, thence to Hanover court-house.

At this time Gen. Naglee's brigade of Keyes's corps crossed the Chickahominy near Bottom's Bridge and pushed forward without serious opposition to within two miles of the James, and within the next five days the entire left wing of the army occupied selected positions upon the south side of the river. On the 25th Keyes's corps was one mile in front of Savage's Station, which is on the York River Railroad. Keyes's position was fortified. Three days later, Casey's division of the Fourth Corps moved to a line which extended through a point one half mile beyond Seven Pines, where a new line of rifle-pits was commenced and timber felled in front of it. This corps, the Fourth, therefore, was not only on the extreme left, but occupied, at this moment, the most advanced position in McClellan's line. The Third Corps, which had been moved to a position within supporting distance of the Fourth, was in the rear of the latter. It was the advanced and seemingly isolated situation of the Fourth that doubtless led to the Confederate attack three days after Casey's advance.

Between one and two P. M., May 31, Naglee's brigade, after a spirited defence, was forced back from its position toward Seven Pines, by a division of the Confederate force which attacked it early after noon. A heavy rain fell the day before, swelling the waters of the several channels into which the swamp-creek is divided, and rendering the roads in the vicinity difficult of passage. A messenger who was sent to the commander of the left wing, Gen. Heintzelman, is said to have been delayed so that it was five o'clock before Kearney's division arrived, and after dark before the arrival of Gen. Hooker from White Oak Swamp.

During these days, while the movements of the left wing upon the south side of the river were conspiring to bring about the battles of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks in which they culminated, the right wing was still upon the north side, Sumner's Corps being upon the left of Franklin, six miles above Bottom's Bridge. This force consisted of the divisions of Generals Sedgwick and Richardson, each division having a bridge over the stream opposite its position.

At two o'clock on the 31st, these troops were ordered to cross without delay, and they immediately pushed forward to the

support of Gen. Heintzelman. In the meantime Naglee's brigade, reinforced by artillery under Col. Bailey and by a part of Peck's brigade, had been again forced back by overpowering numbers, and, after a gallant struggle, beyond the position in the morning of the troops commanded by Gen. Couch, which was far in Naglee's rear, and at this moment it was learned that a heavy column of Confederates was marching toward Fair Oaks station. This column was engaged by Gen. Couch with a portion of his division of Keyes's corps, but he was obliged to fall back one half mile; here learning of Sumner's approach, he at once formed a line facing Fair Oaks and prepared to hold it. It was now five P. M.; brave, impetuous Kearney now arrived before Seven Pines, deployed a brigade to the left so as to have a flank fire upon the Confederate lines, which retarded the pursuit in that direction, held the position until after dark, then, being separated by its movement from the main body, the brigade fell back, circuitously, the commander bringing the force in good order within the Federal lines. At six o'clock Gen. Sumner reached Gen. Couch's position, with Sedgwick's division; before his arrival, Gen. Devens, from the centre of Couch's line, made gallant efforts to regain portions of the lost ground. The road was so muddy that only one battery of Sedgwick's division (Kirby's) could be got in position; the First Minnesota being detailed for protection of the flank, the remaining infantry of the division was formed in line with the aforesaid battery in the centre. Now a tremendous fire was opened by the Confederates all along the line, and charges were made by them, though repulsed with heavy loss upon our side. At length Gen. Sumner ordered a charge, which was made with such vim and effectiveness that the opposing force was driven in disorder from his front. It is said that it was at this moment that Gen. Joe Johnston was wounded. Sumner's other division now appeared upon the scene, but night brought cessation from further strife on this day.

During the night, Kearney's, Couch's, and a portion of Casey's division were massed in the rifle-pits on the left, at Seven Pines, Hooker bivouacked in their rear. Sedgwick remained relatively in the same position as at dark; all his artillery that could be moved was brought up, and Richardson was placed on his left to connect with Kearney. French's brigade was placed along the rail-

road. Howard's brigade formed a second line, and the Irish brigade, a third.

How at five o'clock on the morning of June 1, 1862, Confederate skirmishers and cavalry appeared in front of Richardson and were repulsed; how the Confederates, later, came on in full force, approaching rapidly in columns of attack, supported by infantry in line of battle on either side, appearing determined to crush, by this signal onslaught, the devoted troops that withstood them; how the Federal force sustained this shock as an immovable wall; how the indomitable Hooker, supported by Birney's brigade, attacking from the left with two regiments, pushed the Confederates before him, and a final charge being ordered, they fled, abandoning their arms; and finally how a bayonet charge from the right, led by Gen. French, completed the discomfiture of the Confederates,—are well known to the country; the result of all this being that our lines were re-established in their position of the 30th. If an opportunity presented itself of striking a decisive blow which would have given us the Confederate capital, it was not seized. The most trustworthy accounts make the loss on either side between five and six thousand.

Why the Sixth and Fifth Corps, mustering more than 30,000 men, were not brought from the north side of the river, has never been explained. The former, at the time Sumner crossed the river, lay upon his right; the first division at Gaines' Farm. Here was a hospital, in which were Confederate wounded, some of them severely injured, lying upon cots; others, whose condition was less serious, might be seen sitting about. They were physically a splendid set of men, and seemed to bear their misfortunes and sufferings with admirable fortitude. We recollect particularly one man who was wounded in the head, whom we saw lying upon the ground in the shadow of an old barn; he evidently suffered great pain, but not a groan escaped him; there was an occasional grating of the teeth, nothing more.

At this time, as earlier and later, from Union homes, boxes containing preserved fruit, salt fish, cakes, cheese, sometimes tobacco, and from country homes, perhaps, stockings and underwear, would reach some volunteer father, husband, brother, or son. Often, unfortunately, the contents would be spoiled by exposure during the inevitable delays in transporting them to the

front; but when they arrived in good condition, it was pleasing to see the generosity which prompted the recipients to share these luxuries from home with their comrades. At such times a flood of memories of the fireside would arise, and an interchange of kindly sentiment would occur, that would soften the asperity of camp life, and, altogether, cause the best side of human nature to present itself.

The management of the commissariat in these days seemed susceptible of a good deal of improvement, both in respect to preserving in good wholesome condition the bread and meat, and in regularly distributing it at necessary intervals. We shall have occasion to contrast unfavorably the seeming inefficiency of the subsistence department in this period, with its workings at a later time, when we were cut loose from our base of supplies, and were provided with no more ample means of transportation than in 1862.

Still, the very annoyances to which soldiers were subjected, in the way, for example, of bad biscuit or defective meat, were the means of developing much wit and linguistic sprightliness that otherwise had remained dormant. Some wag would declare that B. C., on the cracker-boxes of the time, denoted that the hardtack was made before the Christian era, and kindred jokes abounded at the expense of salt junk and desiccated vegetables. So also was culinary ingenuity stimulated; a variety of delectable dishes resulted,—army scouse, dingbats, flippers, succotash, etc.

Preventive measures enjoined upon the commands by the medical department, and, in the main, well carried out, in regard to cleanliness, the depth of sinks, and the burial of offal, were undoubtedly instrumental in lessening, comparatively, the disease and mortality rates in the camps along the Chickahominy; but the region is generally miasmatic, and the fact that the manure of the plantations had been dumped in the runs tributary to the river, and that a similar disposition was made of that which accumulated in the corrals of the army, would seem to indicate that immunity from disease must have been purchased by great vigilance and care.

Many soldiers will recall with gratitude the gifts, during this and later periods, of the United States Sanitary Commission; considering the peculiar diet of the men during the peninsula

campaign, the pickled onions, chow-chow, and other anti-scorbutics sent out by the Commission, were very valuable.

But this particular camp of our company at Gaines' Farm was healthy, despite the intensely hot weather of the day and the damp air at night. It was high and dry, and there was an abundance of pure water at hand. Later experience in the swamps of the south side taught us to set a reasonable value upon this site, as well as upon that at Mechanicsville, to which place we were ordered during the first week in June. This place is five or six miles farther up the Chickahominy. You have been generally ascending as you have come hither from Cold Harbor, crossing runs which make their way through winding ravines; each crossing brings you to a ridge relatively higher than the preceding. At length, crossing the road which intersects the Cold Harbor road and which, proceeding to the bottom lands, leads over Mechanicsville Bridge, you have before you and at your left, a hill which rises up boldly from the south, breaking off gently toward the Cold Harbor road and then slightly elevating toward the south side of that road. The section between the brow of the hill and the road is completely masked by the fore ridge and a piece of wood on the left. In front of the ridge, there is an unobstructed view for three miles or more, through an open country; across the Chickahominy one sees a similar ridge confronting the hill on which he stands. The blue pickets and the gray are ranged along the banks of this sluggish stream on their respective sides.

On this elevation our guns were brought into position. A redoubt constructed of earth and rails was built before each piece. The work of placing the posts and rails, and of throwing up the banks, being suitably distributed and completed, our camp was made in the edge of the woods to the left and rear. We rode out northwest on the Hanover road, down to one of those runs such as we had crossed in coming hither, to water our horses; we met two negroes of the neighborhood bearing on their shoulders bags of hoe-cake and bacon, which we purchased of them, the rogues asking with a grin, before seeing the money, if it was "silber." The hoe-cake forcibly suggested cold, unseasoned hasty pudding. Returning to camp, there was a little leisure to examine a long and very tall tobacco shed, which we, on our arrival, had observed near the road. The lower story seemed to

have been used for housing carts or wagons. Sixteen feet or more from the ground and thence to the gables, there were beams or stringers crossing at different stages ; these in turn at each stage were themselves crossed at right angles by rods or poles, designed to hold the little shooks of tobacco that were laid astride them.

Whether a climb among the upper beams would reveal any of this useful article was immediately tested, and soon more bunches of clean, dark yellow, pure leaf than many of us had ever seen before were brought down, and eventually wrought into cigars and twists.

It was on the afternoon of the second or third day that the guns of a Confederate earthwork or small fort, plainly visible on the opposite ridge, began to play upon us, throwing shot over our guns to the lower ground, where were our shelters and baggage. The detachments were immediately called to their guns, which were loaded, and the compliments of our friends returned.

The aiming of our guns, and the firing, were under the direction of Lieut. Commanding McCartney. There was a lively interchange of civilities for a half hour. The shots from the other side, for the most part, passed over us, striking the ground in the rear. We saw two of the shots sent by our guns, when aimed by the lieutenant commanding, fall, as it appeared to us, pat, within the Confederate earthwork. At all events, after the shots in question from our side, there was silence on the other. We were ordered to cease firing. On Sunday, June 8, on the ridge across the river, to the east of the earthwork, there was a continued movement of Confederate troops along and over the ridge, which attracted the attention of the Federal troops which occupied a position on a hill east of the Mechanicsville Bridge road. We saw a crowd of Federal officers and soldiers watching from this hill the singular spectacle across the swamp. What was the significance of it, we never knew. It did not immediately result in any change of position on our part. It has been conjectured that this was a part of an ostentatious movement of troops, designed to convey the idea that Jackson was to be reinforced in the valley; while really Gen. Lee was contemplating the withdrawal of that army to augment the already large force which, drawn from the seaboard and elsewhere in Virginia, he concentrated, with Johnson's army for a nucleus, in front of Richmond.

ROSTER.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, Commanding.

In the Peninsula Campaign, 1862.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJ. GEN. H. W SLOCUM, Commanding.

First Brigade.— COL. A. T A. TORBERT, 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th New Jersey Volunteers.

Second Brigade.— COL. J. J. BARTLETT, 16th and 27th New York, 5th Maine, and 96th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. JOHN NEWTON, 18th, 31st, and 32d New York Volunteers, and 95th Pennsylvania (Gosline Zouaves).

ARTILLERY.

Platt's D, 2d United States, 6 Napoleons.
Porter's A, Massachusetts, 4 10-pd. Parrotts, and 2 12-pd. Howitzers.
Hexamer's A, New Jersey, 4 10-pd. Parrotts, and 2 12-pd. Howitzers.
Wilson's F, New York, 4 3-inch Ordnance Guns.

SECOND DIVISION.

MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM F. SMITH, Commanding.

First Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. W. S. HANCOCK, 5th Wisconsin, 49th Pennsylvania, 43d New York, 6th Maine.

Second Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. W H. BROOKS, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Vermont Volunteers.

Third Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. DAVIDSON, 33d, 77th, 49th New York Volunteers, and 7th Maine Volunteers.

ARTILLERY

Ayres's F, 5th United States, 4 10-pd. Parrotts, and 2 Napoleons.
Mott's 3d New York Battery, 4 10-pd. Parrotts, and 2 Napoleons.
Wheeler's E, 1st New York, 4 3-inch Ordnance Guns.
Kennedy's 1st New York Battery, 6 3-inch Ordnance Guns.

CHAPTER III.

NOTHING unusual occurred until the middle of the week, when "Boots and saddles!" sounded, and, the camp being speedily broken up, we found ourselves moving down the river toward Cold Harbor.

During the previous weeks, the engineer corps of the army had been busy in performing various works which the wisdom and skill (conceded by the military world to be profound) of the chief of engineers had planned. One phase of this work was the trestlework bridges, rendered indispensable because the wings of our army were separated by the morass of the Chickahominy. There were now eleven of them, seven being available for heavy teams. One of these, constructed by the engineer brigade under Gen. Woodbury and called Woodbury's Bridge, completed, we believe, on the 14th of June, we crossed.

We desire to briefly describe this triumph of military engineering, as an illustration of one of the manifold phases of talent that were utilized by the government, in its struggle for existence.

The approach to the bridge on the north side from the foot of the hill, was of earth raised perhaps three feet, deep lateral ditches being made, the last and upper stratum of earth being thrown upon a layer of brush. There were perhaps twenty cribs built upon the swampy shore and into the stream, and, beyond these, six framed trestles. On the other side there were probably twenty more cribs, or firm, compact log piers. Stringers extended from cribs to trestles, and from trestles to the cribs upon the other side of the stream. Upon these timbers, for the floor of the bridge, were laid logs of nearly uniform size, and these were ballasted on either hand by sticks of timber which extended parallel with the stringers. The driveway between these timbers, which

was eleven feet wide, was covered with earth. The approach to the bridge from the south side was of raised corduroy. The length of the whole structure, including the approaches, was 2,200 feet. The length of the bridge proper was nearly 1,100 feet.

Having crossed, we moved forward over the corduroy, through the wood, into the open country. The surface, as you proceed southerly from the river, varies from low bottom land with patches of morass to undulating swell; this again is broken by shallow valleys, through which sluggish rivulets flow, fed by springs along their banks. The annual slow decay of the rank vegetation on the banks of these low, damp water-courses, which were the natural outlets of the drainage of the camps, contributed to make this section south of the river a busy place for the hospital steward, and to increase the number of respondents to sick-call. Into this region we were now moving, and an observation of the infantry and artillery, that during the day were along the route with us, led us to infer that the remainder of the right wing was being brought across the river. This inference was, however, hasty. It was only Franklin's corps; Porter's remained on the left bank till after the battle of Gaines' Farm. It was the Sixth Army Corps, that was being moved out to positions on the right of the advanced forces, which had been for weeks on the south side of the river. In the disposition of the corps on a line drawn northwest of Fair Oaks, Slocum's division occupied the right, Bartlett's brigade and our battery being on the right of Slocum's position.

Among the troops of this brigade were the Sixteenth and Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers, who had been with us ever since the reorganization of the army in the fall of 1861. The latter regiment had been led at Bull Run by our brave and able general of division, Slocum, and later had been commanded by our gallant general of brigade, Bartlett.

In front of the infantry of this part of the line was a tract of hard timber, and through this wood, three fourths of a mile away, a portion of it along the banks of a ravine which led to the north, was the right section of our picket line. From these pickets, ranged along the ravine, Richmond would be about west perhaps five miles away, their posts being probably the nearest approach they had yet made to the Confederate stronghold.

Some of us, who were one day detailed to accompany a sergeant and artificers out into the woods a short distance in the rear of o[illegible] icket-line, to construct, under the direction of Col. Arnold, a [illegible]out, had an opportunity to observe the position of a portion [illegible] this section of the vedettes. Having arrived at the spot where it was designed to build the structure, we were set to cutting timber, from which stout steps or rounds of a ladder were to be fashioned by the artificer, which it seemed were to be secured to a huge old oak on the one hand and on the other to a tall standard which was to be planted in the ground, perhaps three feet from the base of the tree. The colonel, after giving necessary orders as to the work, directed us, in case of the falling back of the pickets, to retire; and as he was about to leave us to our work, he remarked that when in want of water we could fill our canteens at a spring in a ravine in our front, indicating the direction by pointing. So, later in the day, several of us went to the spring, which we found to be well down the left slope of the ravine, a basin of pure, cold water bubbling from many a vent in a bed of clean white sand. A rivulet made its way from the spring to the creek which ran through the ravine. As we reach the bank of this valley we see beyond, on the other side, a clearing in which is a cornfield, through which extended the Confederate picket-line. Occasionally an individual was seen plainly enough, but there was no firing in that part of the line; indeed, it was said that previously, the spring, by the then position of our pickets, was between the lines and was visited by the boys from both sides; at any rate there were the boys in gray a few rods yonder, and all was quiet as would be a Sunday ramble in a Maine wood.

The intensely hot weather during this fortnight in June had a various influence upon the different temperaments and dispositions of the soldiers in camp. Some were quite enervated and despondent, seeming to catch through the veil a glimpse of misfortune to our arms; some who were constitutionally irascible were heated to contention; others, and the greater number, were warmed into a glow of patriotic ardor, and were impelled to express their faith in the commander of the army and the triumph of our cause. The veil that hid the disaster, now near at hand, was impenetrable to all, but the volunteer ever seeks to pierce it with his inevitable, ceaseless conjectures, which are born

GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM.

of restless impatience of restraint, and flights of fancy, in which camp life often gives him leisure to indulge. Sometimes there would arise ludicrous, petty differences between officers of different arms of the service, as to the limits of their camps, and most amusing charges of encroachment upon one another's domain. We have observed Gen. Slocum called in as arbitrator, walking beside the appellant, blowing a thin cloud of smoke from his cigar. We have overheard a comrade exclaim, as he watched the pale, thin, quiet face, "Well, is n't he the coolest man you ever saw?" This remark was recalled on the night of June 30, when we saw the general stirred with righteous anger which had anything but a cool effect on those upon whom it was justly visited.

Rumors of every sort were rife during this time, of movements made at other points in the Federal line, and of those about to be made from our front. Newspapers found their way into camp with tolerable regularity, which gave us their versions of the doings of troops on the Rappahannock, in the valley, or on the Mississippi. Speculation, baseless indeed, was active in the minds of the privates; but nothing palpable had occurred to indicate the subsequent change of base.

Supplies continued to be sent from the Pamunkey to Savage's Station, east of us, our immediate depot. The hackneyed phrase "All quiet along the Chickahominy," had become well worn. Sometime during Thursday forenoon, June 26, the company being assembled, general orders congratulating the troops upon advantages gained in a conflict the day before, which were said to "augur well for our final triumph," were read by Lieut. Sawin, officer of the day; the account, however, was so vague as to make hardly a transitory impression upon us. It was a kind of appeal to the faith that the Union soldier was supposed always to possess, through all fortunes, in our ultimate success.

The battle indistinctly alluded to was that of Oak Grove, on the day before (25th), about a mile in advance of the battlefield of Fair Oaks. This was an effort, that succeeded, to drive in Confederate pickets in the woods, before the Federal left, in order to give the Union forces command of cleared fields, still farther in advance; the fighting continued all day, from nine A. M. The brunt of the contest was borne by Hooker's division. This was the inauguration of the seven days' campaign.

At length, after midday on the 26th, the stillness was broken, when across the river, up the left bank, there was an incessant cannonading for hours; evidently there was a terrible artillery combat in progress. Porter must be engaged. With what troops? Have they been withdrawn from our front to crush him, or has Jackson swooped down upon him from the valley? Or is the gallant Fifth Corps contending, single-handed, with the combined forces of Jackson and some corps drawn from our front? These questions were in some degree to be answered on the morrow.

On the morning of the 27th, one of those camp rumors, whose source no private can fathom, but whose story almost always gains credence, said that a Confederate corps had marched by, beyond the right of our line on the south side, had crossed at Meadow Bridge, not far from Mechanicsville, and had fallen upon Porter at that place, while Jackson, who two days before had arrived from the valley, had marched from Ashland, fifteen miles away, formed a junction with the force that had crossed at Meadow Bridge, and was now moving toward Whitehouse, our base of supplies on the Pamunkey. If this story were substantially correct, then the long-continued fire of yesterday afternoon and evening must have been at a terrible artillery fight at Mechanicsville.

Authentic advices subsequently confirmed this. It was learned that the Fifth Corps, with the Pennsylvania reserve which shortly before had come down from McDowell's department, had repulsed a furious attack by A. P. Hill upon the Federal intrenchments near Mechanicsville, that it was the most terrible artillery battle the war had yet known, and that the Federal batteries, from the nature of their position, wrought frightful loss upon their assailants. This was the second day of the seven.

If Jackson is moving toward Whitehouse, if a large Confederate force is confronting Porter alone on the north side, perhaps the bulk of their army, we surely shall move to-day. The regiments and batteries since morning had been under marching orders. We heard an infantry officer, before a sutler's tent, say to another, pointing to some of the Sixteenth New York, who were standing by, "These men are all liable to arrest for being out of camp; and some of the men retorted in an undertone, "So are you."

Where are we going? Is it a retreat towards the James?

"Boots and saddles!" we are off somewhere. No, not immediately; we remain in line expectant; the contiguous infantry with arms stacked are similarly waiting. Hark! there is firing across the river. It seemed to be in the neighborhood of the camp we occupied in May, at Gaines' Farm. 'T is past noon; we are still waiting at one o'clock. There is a rumor that heavy guns, wagons, and teams, have been crossing to this side of the river during the night and moving toward Savage's Station. That looks like a movement towards the James. Two o'clock: there is a stir among the infantry; there 's a messenger,— an orderly,— no, an aid, going to headquarters. Soon comes the order, "Drivers, mount," and we move out toward the river, whither already some of the infantry of Bartlett's brigade were moving, whither more infantry and artillery of the division were following.

Now the firing is louder and more rapid as we approach. This route seems the same by which we came to the camp which we have just left. The roads show that heavy teams have lately passed over them. The firing seems to be continuous along a curve from Gaines' Mill, on the left as we are facing, far on to the right, toward Cold Harbor.

It must have been past three when the infantry and artillery of our division reached the field upon the other side. The Federal line, with its left upon Gaines' Mill stream, was evidently severely pressed. If only Porter's corps up to this moment was on this side, he must have been contending against fearful odds. The entire second line and reserves are engaged. They have evidently been moved forward to repel the continued assaults along the line. Some of the infantry and a battery of our division which have just arrived are pushed directly forward. There go a regiment and a battery to the left toward Gaines' Mill stream. One would get the impression that Slocum's division was being divided and sent hither and thither to points where the need of support was extreme. Now, midst the din and confusion, the screaming of shot and shell, the shrieking of minie balls, Bartlett's brigade and the First Massachusetts Battery were sent to the right, where Sykes' division and Griffin's brigade for more than an hour had firmly held their ground against repeated stubborn attacks. Never was a reinforcement more welcome. Speedily we moved up and onward to the right, where, forming the right section of an

arc, partly in the woods, and partly in the open ground reaching toward the rear of Cold Harbor, the troops of Sykes and Griffin were desperately stemming the tide. Bartlett's regiments are brought into line. Our guns are unlimbered, and caissons move to the rear.

It was without doubt the material aid afforded by Gen. Slocum's reinforcement of this part of the line, at this juncture, that saved the Federal right. Let this fact be remembered to the credit of the Sixth Army Corps and the gallant commander of its First Division, whose command in an equal emergency at Antietam helped retrieve the failing fortunes of the day, and who himself afterward commanded the right wing of our army at Gettysburg.

It was perhaps five o'clock, when, upon the left of our position, seemingly in the centre of the Federal line, as we try to picture in our minds a line drawn along the crest of the range of heights from Gaines' Mill to our position on the right already described, the heavy firing indicates that the enemy is trying the same tactics that have failed upon the right. The sounds do not settle back toward the river, so we judge that the centre stands firm. For half an hour this continued, when the din of conflict seemed to be transferred to the extreme left. Now the sounds seem to be floating to our rear. Have the Confederates massed their forces upon the right of their line, to destroy Porter and McCall? The infantry contiguous to us seem to have been ordered to fall back; we limber up and move toward the left and rear. Still the cannonade upon the left continues. As we draw nearer, there comes to our ears a yell that suggests that there is a charge in progress on the Confederate right flank; but, drawing yet nearer, there was a scene of confusion in the rear of the left. Infantry seemed to be retreating to the river. Batteries were withdrawing, not at a walk, but overrunning the infantry. Our approach added to the confusion. But at this moment, a column from the south side of the river appears upon the scene; they have Second Corps badges; 't is French and Meagher. They push through the retreating masses; the latter are rallied, and with new courage follow behind the fresh brigades, ready to meet a new attack.

The enemy seemed to be aware of the arrival of reinforcements; there was a brief exchange of shots, then a lull, as darkness settled upon the field. It is said that when the Federal line broke on the

left, Porter had called into action all his artillery, and was effectively checking the Confederate advance, while at the same time withdrawing, under cover of the artillery fire, his infantry; when the horses of Gen. Cooke's cavalry, which had been attempting to charge the enemy, becoming unmanageable, wheeled about and galloped among the gunners, who, being without infantry support, and supposing a charge made upon them, the batteries were hastily withdrawn.

This perhaps explains the scene of confusion which met the eyes of French's division and the Irish brigade, when they reached the field.

During the night, the Federal forces were withdrawn to the right bank. The last of the rear-guard, crossing after daylight, destroyed the bridge behind them. It was in the thick darkness that immediately precedes day, that our company reached the camp which it left before the battle, and where yet was its necessary baggage and some commissary and quartermaster's stores. It needed the light of dawn to exhibit the weary, sober troops; Private M. V Cushing was wounded, Rogers and one other man were missing. The horses were clamorous for fodder.

Much needed refreshment and a brief rest for man and beast were hardly enjoyed, when our command and all the troops in that vicinity were again in motion, this time toward the south-east.

This hot, gloomy Saturday morning was quiet as an old fashioned New England Sabbath. There was something ominous in the stillness. No one of the rank and file knew the true condition of the army, or its destination, but the surmise was general that we were going to the James. Indeed, the Confederates must have been hours in possession of Whitehouse and the York River Railroad up to the Chickahominy. In the light of subsequent events, it is now evident that we were at this time creeping along between Magruder's force in front of Richmond, and the great bulk of the Confederate army on the north bank of the river.

About nine o'clock, Confederate batteries on the north side of the river, posted in the vicinity of Porter's position of yesterday, launched forth a heavy fire upon our troops, who held a fortified position opposite on the south side. This was of brief duration. There was no meeting of contending forces that day, but a painfully

slow, agonizing motion of endless trains of artillery, army wagons, and ambulances with their sad burdens. But where were those wounded who could not bear the jolt and swaying of the ambulances? Are the hospital tents with the faithful nurses abandoned to the enemy? It may be that the safety of the army demands it. "This is the time that tries men's souls." So, various were the reflections of men of diverse temperaments and physiques. Now we hear from a dust-begrimed veteran with sleepless eyes, an optimist to the core: "I have not the faintest doubt of the final triumph of our cause, and I have the firmest faith in our commander-in-chief." Then an officer replies to another, who asks: "Where are we going?" "To the James, to take transports to Fortress Monroe. The southern Confederacy will be recognized within a week."

Certainly the awful suspense of Saturday, June 28, and the night following, were more trying to the spirit of the soldier than the combats that ensued. The narrow ways were choked with cavalry, teams, and infantry. The monster procession moved at a snail's pace; the day wore away. We cannot say where we passed the night of the 28th. We were evidently a part of the rear guard. At daybreak we were in the vicinity of Savage's Station. We found upon reaching Savage's Station, commissary stores and quartermaster's supplies smouldering in piles, and the scattered débris of army property. A locomotive derailed was poised upon the embankment, its smoke-stack leaning like the Tower of Pisa. But there was yet some property undestroyed. At this time the contending forces were at no point a mile apart, while Sedgwick's division was but a few hundred yards from the Confederates; they had undoubtedly divined McClellan's purpose. They must flank White Oak swamp and get possession of the New Market cross roads before the Union army can pass through the swamp, at the same time that they are prodding our rear, or it will be too late for flanking movements to avail them anything. The commander of the extreme Federal rear guard had been ordered to retire slowly and hold the enemy in check.

At Peach Orchard it was necessary for the rear division to turn and confront the Confederate van. For four hours the contest was waged with great vigor on both sides, the advantage being

with the Federals, in so far that they were enabled, the enemy falling back, to retire to their main body. When they arrived, past noon, at Savage's Station, they halted to complete the work of destruction. The troops in our rear at this moment were commanded by Gen. Heintzelman. At four o'clock, Magruder's force, which had hung upon Henitzelman's steps for two hours, made a spirited attack. From the first onslaught, the heroic soldiers of the Federal rear held their pursuers in check, fighting and retiring until dark. Under cover of night they passed through White Oak Swamp.

In the meanwhile, the long trains of artillery, wagons, and ambulances, and the advance troops, had crossed the swamp during the day and were moving along the Quaker road which led to the James. While Magruder was pressing the Federal rear on this Sunday afternoon and evening, the fifth of the seven, Longstreet was making a detour of the swamp, with the design of striking the Federal force at the junction of the nine mile road with that along which McClellan's army was travelling.

We camped that night in a small clearing in the woods along the line of the Quaker road. Loud peals of thunder were heard in the north far over the swamp, suggesting a night storm or a deluge on the morrow. But the morning of the sixth day was dry and sultry, the heat during the forenoon was oppressive in the extreme. No breeze found its way into the thick, low woods. The company camp had much of the air it possesses when a protracted halt is made. Details had been made for various purposes, and the boys included in these calls were executing their tasks.

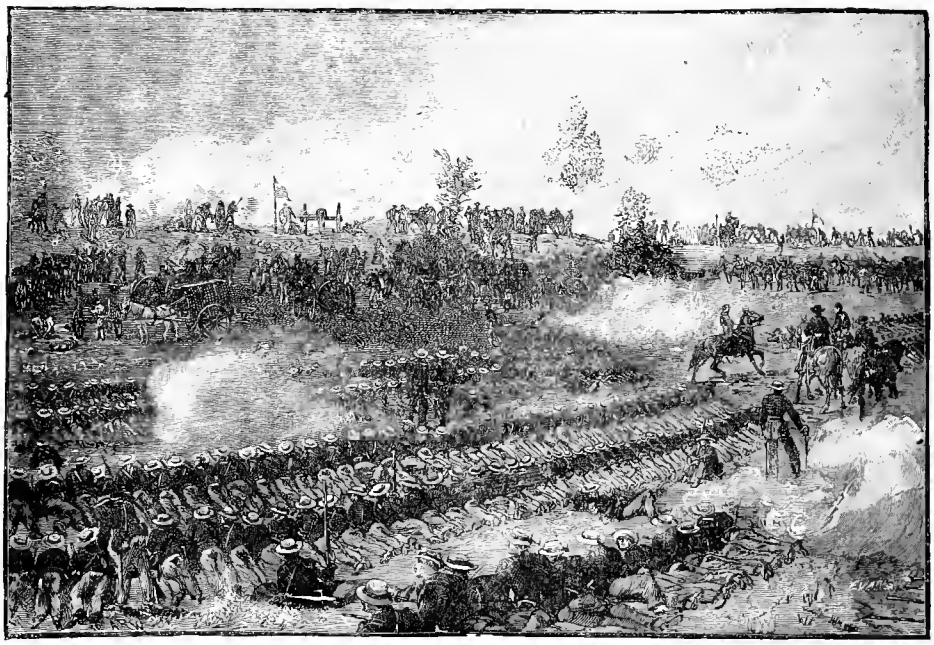
We recollect on this forenoon, that Comrade Daniel Cheney and another of his detachment were bringing water in camp-kettles to the cook's fire, and that Cheney was singing, "The cottage by the sea," smiling at us, as we were watching him. He, poor fellow, seemed to have no premonition that before sundown he would be numbered with the slain. And Comrade Thomas Daly, whose genial countenance was seen no more after this day save in memory, in camp, line, or column, mortally wounded in the afternoon, and our boys captured that day,—all were cheerful, not contemplating the future. At noon, artillery firing was heard in the swamp. Jackson had repaired and crossed Grapevine Bridge. He has perhaps joined his force with that of Magruder, who was

pressing our rear so persistently yesterday. His plan is, to push across White Oak Creek, through the swamp, and unite with Longstreet and Hill, who are making the detour of the swamp, hoping to reach the junction of the New Market and Quaker roads and intercept McClellan.

How to prevent the consummation of the plans of these Confederate chieftains was McClellan's problem. His extreme advance had reached the James, this morning; the artillery, much of it, was parked on Malvern Hill. Leaving Franklin, with the divisions of Smith and Richardson, and Naglee's brigade, and artillery under Capt. Ayres, to guard the passage of the swamp, he hurried the remainder of his army along the Quaker road.

Our command has evidently been waiting with others, until the movement had made such progress as to render it practicable for other bodies to be set in motion. Fortune favored McClellan, for when Jackson reached White Oak Creek, the bridge was destroyed, and batteries on the south side effectually swept the crossing. This was the firing which we heard at noon. Again and again did the Confederates attempt to cross the creek, and as often were they repulsed by Smith's division of the Sixth Corps. After noonday we moved along. Longstreet was at this time upon the New Market road, south of the swamp, a mile from the cross roads, i. e., from the point of intersection of the New Market and Quaker roads. He found the junction in the possession of the Federal forces. There was little probability that he could gain this point and cut the Federal army in two, unless he could unite with Jackson; the latter never came. But tenacity of purpose and courage are qualities that often impel men to cope with serious disadvantages, and sometimes enable them to win success. Longstreet and Hill seem to have determined to pierce the Federal line within hearing of Jackson, who could not participate in the fearful venture; but there were in front of them troops which, though inferior in numbers, were not only equal in the particulars of discipline, personnel, and courage to their own, but were led in divisions by men of equal courage and firmness of purpose with the Confederate generals themselves.

Across the New Market road, on a line parallel with and in front of the Quaker road, extended the Union forces, commanded by Hooker, Sumner, McCall, and Kearney, awaiting the attack of



SLOCUM'S ARTILLERY ENGAGED WITH HUGER'S AT FRASER'S FARM.

the Confederate host. McCall covered the point of intersection; Sumner and Hooker were on his left, and Kearney was on his right. Longstreet's corps confronted our left; A. P Hill's our right.

It was perhaps three o'clock on the afternoon of June 30, 1862, when, moving through the woods a short distance in the rear of the cross roads, we found upon our left a little acre of partially cleared land, falling off from the road to the wood; and here the forge and battery wagon and spare horses were left, while the guns and caissons moved to the front. Here, a part of the time under a cross-fire, these teams remained until night. Occasionally a wounded man was brought into this nook, and occasionally a horse with his leg broken and dangling would hobble into their midst, and, strange to say, commence to crop the herbage.

Our company had scarcely emerged from the woods before an attack was made upon the centre of the Federal line. It is the Pennsylvania Reserves that are engaged yonder. Off the road, across the field, as it was bidden, our command moved in battery and came into position and action at this juncture, as part of the artillery contingent of the centre. The battle now raged with fury. Evidently the most desperate attempt is being made by the enemy to turn McCall's left, and at the same time there are furious assaults upon the Union batteries in the centre, and on the right. Our guns are having a baptism of fire; we seem to be exposed to the steady fire of artillery in our front, whose shots fly now by, now over, the heads of our gunners; there is a rattling hail of shot between us and the opposing battery. Now is work in earnest; officers and men seem instinctively to feel that their company is an element of the forlorn hope that has been extended to the centre of the Federal line, and seem to be animated with the spirit of devotion to duty. Calmly and quickly passed the orders from chiefs of sections to sergeants, and from sergeants to gunners.

There falls a cannoneer in the sixth detachment; the wheel of the piece, in recoiling, several times jostles roughly his dead body lying prone behind it. It was stalwart Dan Cheney. It is said, "Tom Daly is hit." Now nearer the guns are moved, and if possible more rapidly discharged. So, incessantly through the afternoon was the command engaged; now moving forward as

there was a momentary surging back of the infantry, then a recovery of their position. Now a hail of shot from the foe, and a deafening response from our guns, and quickly repeated volleys from the infantry of our brigade. Now was severely tested the pluck and endurance of the Fifth Maine, and the Sixteenth and Twenty-seventh New York, and grandly was the test met. The drivers of our pieces and caissons, had plenty of food for contemplation, and ample opportunity to exercise patience and self-control.

Now our howitzer section under Lieut. Sleeper is hastily despatched to the right, where it is said that Gen. Kearney has need of more short-range artillery. The boys reported that, coming into action near a rail fence, the Confederate shots in their front made an exceedingly lively shower of slivers, as the section commenced work in its new position. During the heat of the action, the conduct of our officers was superb. The calm resolution of Capt. Porter, the sanguine energy and inspiring self-confidence of McCartney, the sprightly cheerfulness of Sleeper, the quiet attention to duty of Federhen and Sawin, will be remembered by the boys while memory endures.

Now two regiments of Confederates charge upon Randall's battery, then there is a desperate hand to hand fight with the supporting regiment; there is no unemployed infantry to be sent to its aid, and the battery is captured. Now there is another Confederate onslaught upon McCall's left; it wavers; the flank is turned! A yell and a rush of Confederates ensue, as they attempt to follow up their success. But suddenly one hears a resounding cheer — unmistakably Union; farther to the left, Hooker has taken the grays, in turn, by a flank fire. They are driven across Sumner's front, and before and along McCall's centre, and forced back. It was during this part of the action that shots from the front and left went thudding into the enclosure to which we have alluded, where were wounded men, spare horses and teams. Now, as sunset is merging into night, the sounds on the right and left indicate that Hooker and Kearney are respectively gaining ground.

Night has come on; the vigor of the Confederate attack seems scarcely abated. Now again is a quickened movement in our command, and we participate in repelling a last attack in our

front. Then for an uncertain period there was a lull, an anxious rest. At last we limber up and draw out upon the road.

Capt. Porter rides in the darkness into the enclosure, and in a low tone bids the drivers of the teams and the men in charge of the spare horses to move on after the company, at the same time enjoining silence; just then some mules close at hand gave a prolonged blast of their unique music, so that the otherwise serious effect of the captain's injunction was ludicrously spoiled. We have no doubt this was appreciated by the brave captain, for he next inquired, in his usual tones, for some one who was missing, and receiving no definite information, remarked that the one in question would "go to Richmond." The company was now moving along at a rapid pace. So dark was it, that we could not judge from observation whether we were in the general column on a pike, or were a portion of a corps that was making its way by a bridle-path through the woods. Certainly, narrow and crooked enough for an hour the way was; there appeared to be considerably more than the usual interval between the teams. The drivers had to employ all their skill to prevent locking their wheels with the trees. At length a carriage was held fast; its right hind hub was flush with the trunk of a large tree, and was plumb against another. The drivers of the following team dismounted and sought to render assistance, grasping the wheel, lifting, and endeavoring with the aid of the horses, whose drivers tried to back them, to throw the wheel away from the tree. No officer, commissioned or non-commissioned, was at hand. It required more strength than was afforded by the willing men present. Now the pickets came along, their canteens rattling as they walked, and the drivers besought them, in vain, to lend a hand; they were intent upon making as good time as possible. As they strung along, the drivers would fruitlessly repeat the request.

At last, an officer who had evidently been superintending and hastening forward the pickets, and looking personally to the movements of the rear on this retreat, rode up in time to hear one of the last appeals of the drivers. "A half dozen of you men hand your muskets to others, and take hold here," said he to the pickets. The infantry-men, doubtless, in the darkness supposed him to be a lieutenant in charge of the teams, and paid no heed. As the order was repeated, one of the men said: "We don't belong to the

artillery." The officer rose in his stirrups, and in a tone in which was no palaver, said: "Don't belong ——! Put down your gun and lay hold of that carriage, or I 'll shoot you." Six muskets or more were instantly passed to other men by their owners, who lifted the carriage with the aid of the other drivers, and the officer who had dismounted, leading his horse, came to put his shoulder to the wheel. We saw and recognized his features; it was Gen. Slocum. Our march was unimpeded for the rest of the way through the woods, although it was dark for some time longer. The road was slightly ascending, as though we were gradually making progress toward the summit of a hill, or to a table-land, where the army would be again at bay to-morrow.

Just after daybreak, we drove out of the woods, to find ourselves on the brow of a ridge with a vale stretching along its front and winding among the ridges down to the James. Across the mead was the elongated superior elevation called Malvern Hill; up there we saw the troops that had preceded us during the night,—artillery, their guns in position frowning from the height; infantry, some in line resting upon their arms, some being moved to positions they were destined to occupy; aids and orderlies riding to and fro; cavalry moving toward the lower end of the hill. The whole array seemed invested with an air of weary expectation.

We moved across the valley, then obliquely up the hill, then along the crest through batteries and companies of infantry. When we had halted and unhitched, we rode our horses back again down to a brook in the vale, to water them. A drove of cattle, probably intended for slaughter that morning, was being driven around the foot of the hill. We had just climbed the side of the hill on our return, and were riding along its crest, toward our carriages, when lo! looking to the left, from which direction we had just come, there on the brow of the ridge we had crossed a half-hour since, was the van of the Confederates. They too, must have made the best use of the night, from their standpoint. To attack the Union force holding such a position with sufficient artillery, and with all these advantages, palpably threefold in its favor,—this, to a casual, unprofessional observer, standing in the vale or upon the lesser ridge occupied by the Confederates, would seem to be an enterprise costly beyond all comparison, to the army acting on the offensive. Perhaps the Confederate com-

mander counted upon a demoralization of our troops, as a result of the six days' campaign just concluded. Perhaps he was forced to make a concession to generals and troops who, flushed with the victory at Gaines' Farm, burned to wipe out the defeat sustained yesterday and the day before.

The condition of our company guns, owing to the undue enlargement of the vents by the melting of the rims, was such the morning after the affair at Charles City Cross Roads, as to render them temporarily unserviceable. Nevertheless, though relieved about noon from the position occupied since morning, our command was again in the afternoon placed in position farther on the right. While marching in column along the brow of Malvern Hill, toward the right and rear of our line, the enemy fired at us from the lower ridge before alluded to, their shots passing harmlessly over our heads, and beyond us. This did not provoke any return from the Federal batteries which we were passing.

While we were reaching this position in the afternoon, July 1, 1862, the French princes were flitting down the river, having taken abrupt leave of Gen. McClellan, on whose staff they had served during the campaign which was drawing to a close. Having come hither to pursue a full course as students of military science and art, they seem to have contented themselves with a single term's instruction.

The battle of Malvern Hill was peculiarly illustrative of the superior advantage which that one of two equally brave and ably commanded armies possesses, even if numerically inferior, which acts upon the defensive ; and this advantage is enhanced in proportion to the natural strength of the position assailed.

The left and centre of our line was on Malvern Hill, with part of a division in the low ground to the left of the eminence, watching the road to Richmond. The right was along a line of ridges, to the east, bending back toward the river. Before this part of the line, timber was felled and the roads were blocked. It is said that, when at four o'clock the attack was made upon our lines, Jackson, with the divisions of D. H. Hill, Whiting, and Ewell, in the order named, struck our right, weakest in its natural defences, while Longstreet, A. P Hill, and Magruder essayed to storm and carry the hill held by our left. Till half-past five, the Confederates, with characteristic ardor and stubbornness, advanced by regiment

and battery to reap the terrible slaughter which was inevitable from the superiority of the position which McClellan had chosen for his last stand. At sunset they retired from our front, through the woods toward Richmond.

During the night and on the following morning, Tuesday, July 2, our army was moving down the James to Harrison's Landing and the vicinity. Copious showers during the night, with floods of water collecting in pools in every shallow depression, and then streaming over the surface and down slopes, had rendered the sacred soil both divisible and adhesive; and as the clouds still lowered over the roads and fields, the sun's rays failed to evaporate the moisture and dry the mud, so the feet of the men, the hoofs of the horses, and the weight of the wheels, ploughed through the muck and mire of the roads, and converted the sward and turf of the fields into a paste. Yet the freshened vegetation along the route, moist with dampness, was odorously agreeable to our senses.

We plodded along at various rates of speed: now a walk, now a trot, then a halt, then a slow, hardly perceptible movement, then a rapid motion, as if we were struck with compunction for having tarried at all, and felt bound to make amends.

The topography of the north bank of the James, below Malvern Hill, is not unlike that of the south bank of the York: reedy, marshy bottom lands extend along its shore, now and then breaking into the high upland, inland; the river throwing an arm into this marshy indentation, back, irregularly, for miles; the arm being met at its head by a stream, — the whole system constituting a tributary of the great river. Below Harrison's Landing, and north of the mouth of the Chickahominy, the bottom lands this side penetrate the shore for several miles, bending northwest from the river, skirting, on the northwest, high bluffs grown up with oak, holly, and wild cherry interspersed with underbrush, with magnolias growing at the swampy base. Through acres of this marsh land extends Herring Run Creek, for a large portion of its course clinging closely to the foot of the bluff on its north side.

On this bluff, or rather on the open plateau whose shoulder it is, was the right of McClellan's army, during the weeks that intervened between the battle of Malvern Hill and the northward movement of Lee's army. Ascending from the river road to the

cultivated uplands on our left hand, and moving back to make room for the hundreds and thousands of the different corps that were pouring in to halt here until assigned to a permanent position, we enter, about noon, with the infantry and artillery of our division, an immense grainfield. The stalks now sweep about our waists; before night not a green spear or a root is discernible; the whole field, by the ceaseless tramp of soldiers and steeds, has become an area of gray paste, which adheres so tenaciously to the soldier's shoe, that when the foot sinks deeply, on seeking to extract itself, it comes forth shoeless; the leather is locked in the embrace of the mud, and the soldier must needs sound for it. On the second of July, we moved to the position in the line which we occupied during this stay, in 1862, of the Army of the Potomac on the James. To the Sixth Corps was assigned the section of the line which rested on the banks of Herring Run, at a point on Westover Heights, northeast of Harrison's Landing and nearly due east from Malvern Hill. This was the right of a line, soon strongly fortified, which, extending due west for a mile, then obliquing gradually to the southwest for several miles, finally bent due south to the James.

The heat rays of old Sol, on the 3d and 4th of July, struck the sacred clay with such intensity that the gray paste became a gray crust. The next transformation will be the dry, powdery dust into which the inevitable tramping of the hosts shall grind it, and the spades, picks, and shovels of the fatigue parties that shall break, lift, and pile up the soil in earth banks to-morrow. This was the staple employment for the next fortnight, for details from some or other of the commands which stretched along the front of our army. Our company contributed a fair proportion of its muscular force to the undertaking which resulted in a system of ponderous barriers from the old church on Westover Heights on the bank of Herring Run, along the position of our line as heretofore indicated, to the James. It was dig, dig, dig — lift and throw — until the bank reached the height of the embrasures and platforms for the field pieces; then the work was varied for some who were to fill grain-bags with earth, which, piled in tiers, were to constitute the sides of the embrasures.

So the army found itself, before the middle of July, strongly

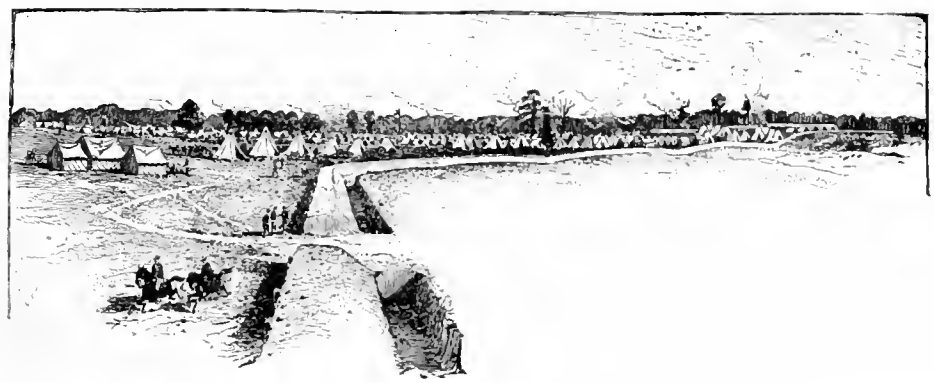
intrenched, awaiting the attack of a foe who never came ; he had a better plan. But the digging did not cease.

> "'T was dig, dig, dig, till the flesh begins to creep;
> 'T was dig, dig, dig, till the stars begin to peep.
> Oh! general gallant and young, oh! general wise and brave,
> 'T is not the foe you are wearing out,
> You are digging a nation's grave!"

At the first six embrasures on the right of this long barrier were our guns. Behind them were our corral and our company quarters, and near at hand, its camp systematically arranged, was our supporting regiment.

We were now, those of us who were well and hardy, (which in spite of all was a majority of us,) jogging along to the routine tune of camp life. But this, in the rests between the whole notes, permits of many episodes in the course of a week. We watered our horses regularly in Herring Run, twice a day, and we, nearly as regularly at a different hour, dove and swam in its waters.

An incident, one of several that we shall relate in the course of our history, that illustrates the versatility of our boys, occurred during one of our daily baths in Herring Run Creek. One evening a squad of Vermont boys, of our corps, and as many of our own company, had just waded into the creek, when comrade Flukins exclaimed, "I 'll wager I can stay under water longer than any man here!" Suiting his action to his word, he dove and disappeared; the Vermonters, few of whom swam, waded and paddled around, our boys swam about, ducked under, and gambolled in the water; at last, said one of our Vermonters, "He 's drowned; no one could stay under so long." His own comrades were a little mystified, but their confidence in Flukins' aquatic genius lessened the alarm they might otherwise have experienced. But a minute more and another elapsed, and his comrades asked: "Where is Flukins? Must we run up to camp, give the alarm, drag the river?" "Wait awhile, my boys!" said a voice behind us and sure enough, up the bank, peering from the thick underbrush, was the head of Mr. Flukins, looking like a merman's, the water dripping from his beard, and a brilliant globule suspended from his nose. He had swam back some rods under water, and quietly climbed up the bank.



SECTION OF THE FORTIFIED CAMP AT WESTOVER.

The boys will remember their independent explorations in the fields and woods, in front of our line,— the large cornfield, the stalks as high as a horseman's head, not a weed among them, only now and then a sassafras shoot, or a blackberry vine; then the blackberry patches beyond, with plenty of fruit; the woods, the old logs and stumps on which lizards crawl that reflect the color of whatever they are upon, large fellows with serpent's head and tail, and a body shaped like a baby alligator's; an occasional snake, too, like one for example that comrades M. and L. found coiled under their gum blanket one morning before first call. It will be recollected that L., on being asked what they did on first seeing the reptile, replied: "I guess, by Guy, we got up."

But whims, vagaries, and jokes float upon a troublous sea. Happy he who may be wafted along upon them. The serious side of life inexorably presents itself during our gayest moments. Our beloved comrade, Geo. B. White, model soldier and admirable man, reached this place worn and exhausted, his fund of vitality so low that he could hardly make his way with slow, uncertain steps to the surgeon's quarters. Yet he strove for a time to perform assigned duty until he was obliged to succumb. It was sad to look upon his pale, emaciated face, but inspiring to behold his patience and hope. It was but a day before his death that he was removed to the hospital tent. On the eve before the final event an elderly comrade said, "He 's struck with death." We buried him within the shadow of the old church, one of the oldest in Virginia. The elms wave over the grave we made, upon which, after Lieut. Sleeper, responsive to the chaplain's words, had sprinkled a handful of dust upon the coffin, we piled earth and sods, and a platoon of infantry discharged their farewell shots. A comrade prepared a neat headboard, on which was carved the name and age, the name of the company of the deceased, and the legend, "Peace to his ashes." Lieut. McCartney was heard speaking in the highest terms of the deceased to the chaplain, paying a just and kindly tribute to the memory of the quiet, modest, and brave soldier.

Comrades Cummings and Langley are weak and debilitated; the shadowy appearance of the former is touching to contemplate. Comrade Currier has made his last march; one of the lithest, most active fellows was he, not an ounce of loose flesh upon his frame,—

a good soldier. His death was reported to us later from Fortress Monroe. A slow fever is consuming poor Brother Knowles, who has passed the meridian of life,—a sturdy patriot, a brave old man. We fear we shall leave him along the route on our next move.

During July Abraham Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac,—Abraham Lincoln, who, even as the Roman Senate thanked the consuls in the hour of defeat for not despairing of the republic, sent words of hope and cheer to the Army of the Potomac after each reverse, and who at this time rode with the commander-in-chief and his staff through the principal streets of the vast camp, amid the plaudits of the soldiers. We seem yet to see that rugged form towering above general and staff, and those massive, benignly grand features of our war president.

CHAPTER IV

THE first weeks of August found us still lingering here. Newspapers had given us Pope's somewhat grandiloquent address to the army of Virginia, and their version of the battle at Cedar Mountain, in Culpepper County; from which it would seem that the ubiquitous Jackson is again near his old stamping-ground. Where is Lee? It must have been as late as the 20th of the month when the Sixth Corps commenced its march across the peninsula towards Williamsburg. We made speed as if it were a forced march. To drop from the column was to be left behind; yet excessive thirst compelled men to hasten through wood or field to fill canteens. 'T was pitiful in the extreme to see some fever-stricken comrade from a wagon beckoning to the bearer of a canteen. So saw we oft during the day poor Knowles making the sign. We reached the lower Chickahominy in the afternoon, and crossed over the pontoon bridge two thousand feet long. As we design to describe the yet more famous bridge of bateaux thrown across the James two years later, we will simply remark that this surpassed in constructive skill and capacity anything of the kind that had been attempted in the annals of military bridge-building.

We passed through the melancholy village of Williamsburg, by the deserted halls of William and Mary, out through the dust of the dry waste plain, by the dismantled redoubts, the scene of carnage in May; by the western outlying fortifications, now relics of the past, of Yorktown; and halted for night and rest hard by the York, in front of the solitary hip-roofed old mansion, which stands upon the bluff overlooking the river, flanked by a peach orchard of a dozen acres. Though there was a super-abundance of that fruit, it must have been a late variety, since not a ripe peach could be found; all were as hard as military bread, and much more

unpalatable. But though we did not "see the folks and get some peaches," some of us who went down upon the beach during the evening, saw the waves of the York glistening with phosphorescent beams; a singular, and to the most of us then, an unaccountable, spectacle. So then it was away to blanket, to sleep, to dream of waves ignited and ablaze, and extinguished by the early bugle-call. Then in quick succession, stable, feed, and water calls, and southward, ho! along the swamps, now doubly historic, but perpetually miasmatic. Near mid-day we pass down to ill-fated Bethel; then up and on, now south, now east, to the shore of Hampton road.

A night upon the shore near Fortress Monroe, embarkation on the morrow, lying all that day in Hampton road, an inexplicable tarry of our transport fleet for another twenty-four hours, and 'tis the eve of the 28th of August, 1862. Then, when the mind of the average private is as blank of conjecture as the white clapboards of Hygeia Hotel yonder, we sail up the Chesapeake. Our method of transportation is much the same as that employed last April to bring us to Ship Point. We were two days in reaching Alexandria, the weather during the voyage being fine.

The skill of the cooks on the schooner which carried the drivers and their horses and Lieut. Federhen, was exercised more than once in concocting a delectable mess called "scouse," which, on these occasions at least, was prepared by placing in the kettle layers of salt beef, potatoes and onions, and hard-tack, in the foregoing serial order. A cupful of this, smoking from the kettle, was indeed appetizing, for the air of the bay induces a keen relish for wholesome food. One of our cooks had made no little complaint of the meanness of the skipper's wife, who, he said, begrudged him a few minutes' use of the galley stove. And he further said that she was continually nagging the stable-guard because he was not sufficiently alert in keeping the heads of the horses which stood next the galley, out of its door; the guard, in walking his beat, being sometimes two-thirds the length of the schooner from the door. This account of the woman having been heard by one of the boys who was to go upon the third relief, the lad looked somewhat askance at the lady as she appeared at the door, when he turned at the farther end of his beat, and perceived her watching

him as he approached. Just then two nags thrust their heads toward the door and were repulsed by the woman, who then beckoned to the boy to approach, which he did, expecting to receive a rating. To his agreeable surprise, the good woman unfolded a clean towel, displayed a nice loaf of fresh bread, and handed it to him, asking if he had been to dinner, and remarking that he might share it with some of his comrades. We, who later enjoyed the loaf with him, could relate many an incident of woman's kindness in the District and in Secessia, to those soldiers who were civil and respectful to her as was her due.

We have seen a woman bestow a handkerchief upon some poor fellow who was wiping the perspiration from face and eyes with his blouse; and we have heard another cordially invite two soldiers to her board, scantily furnished as it was, and was likely to be for many a day, since her man was in Dixie. We suspect our friend the cook had been too officious, and mayhap too loquacious, while he was a tenant-at-will in the galley.

On the morning of the 30th we were lying beside the Mt. Vernon road, just outside of Alexandria, and not far from the bridge over Hunting Creek, having spent the night there after debarking from the transports. The death of Brother Knowles, which happened during the night, was reported to us. Our sorrow for him was mingled with heart-felt sympathy for his wife and daughter, whom we saw bide him farewell last October at Camp Cameron.

Just what was the status of Gen. McClellan at this moment, we knew not; a portion of his army, Porter's corps, which had preceded us from Fortress Monroe, had been sent to reinforce Gen. Pope, who had been for several days menaced by the larger part of the Confederate army of northern Virginia. Heintzelman's corps, weary and footsore, now numbering but 10,000, had also joined the forces of Pope, but their artillery, horses, and wagons could not yet have arrived. Where were the commands of Sumner and Keyes?

The Sixth Corps is here at Alexandria. To what army does it belong? Why was it not landed a week ago at Aquia Creek, and despatched to the plains of Manassas? Pope's army, at best, can number no more than half that of his adversary. Why do we not hasten to his aid? We cannot say.

In the course of the forenoon, the corps moves along the Fairfax, C. H., road, but it seems to us very leisurely. After a long halt at Annandale, our ears betimes greeted with the sound of cannonading beyond Centreville, it was near sunset when we marched over the heights at that place, and pushed on toward Bull Run.

In the wooded plain beyond Cub Run, we met a most singularly mixed crowd of infantry, wagoners, ambulances and cavalry, moving helter skelter toward Centreville. "What's this?" asked some one of us of a man in the throng. "Another Bull Run!" he said.

It was growing dark as we pushed through this surging mass, and we now saw some cavalry forming in line across the plain, evidently endeavoring to stem and turn the disorderly tide setting northward. Now we heard a drummer say to a fifer, "Come, strike up, I 'm going to sound a rally!" and suiting his action to his words, he beat a lively call. It might have been twenty minutes later, during which time we had been steadily moving forward through an incongruous mass of humanity, when our column, probably in pursuance of orders, countermarched and moved back toward Cub Run. It was ludicrous, that crossing of the run. There was a bridge we had passed over, but on the return, some crowded upon it, some passed below, others above it; some struck the path, some insensibly deployed to the left, others strung along to the right of the road. Sometime in the night, we halted at the base of Centreville Heights, on the north side.

The 31st of August was a quiet day at Centreville. Our battery occupied one of the round forts on the heights, our guns being in position to sweep the road at the base, but the Confederates made no demonstration against this place. Their next movement would be an attempt to pass around our right. The result of this was the engagement at Chantilly on the morrow.

* * * * * *

During the morning, men of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, and of other commands not belonging to the Sixth Corps, came in, who related that Heintzelman's corps had, on the morning of the 28th, forced Jackson to retreat across Bull Run, by the Centreville pike; that McDowell had succeeded in checking Lee at Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run mountains; but that Jackson, having

been attacked on the 29th, near the old battleground of 1861, was reinforced by the combined strength of Lee's army ; that Porter's corps was for some reason not engaged, and that the battle was renewed on the 30th, lasting all day. It was further averred that, despite the appearance of the curious crowd which we encountered at Cub Run, Pope's force, that was engaged all day upon the 30th, retired in good order during the night, from before a foe doubly outnumbering them. While this conversation was occurring, Gen. Phil Kearney came riding down the north side of Centreville Hill ; this was the last time that he was ever seen by other than his own troops or the enemy. He was killed the next day at Chantilly.

CHAPTER V.

THE Sixth Corps moved to Fairfax, C. H., where a brief halt was made. On the afternoon of the first of September, we passed Fairfax Seminary on the edge of the county, four miles from Alexandria, and a few minutes later crossed the field to the Leesburg pike, through our last winter's camp. We noticed a tiny Union flag flying from a pole nailed to John Going's gable. As it was alleged that John had said he would rot in Fort Ellsworth before he would raise the Union colors, and as John was not at home, it would seem that some one had kindly planted the flag for him.

We crossed Cameron Run, and marched across the country at though making for Arlington Heights; but when in sight of Fort Albany we moved east, along the line of the Alexandria and Loudon Railroad, struck the Washington road, and crossed Long Bridge into the capital.

We moved through the "city of magnificent distances," over Georgetown Heights to Tennallytown. How many times and on how many different errands, did we, during our career as an element either of the Army of the Potomac or of the Army of the Shenandoah, pass through or rest at this little village? The turnpike gate on the west side is one of the landmarks figured in memory.

It was now evident that there was or was about to be an invasion of Maryland. Our course the next day led us through Rockville, in the midst of a thrifty agricultural region in harvest time, when the fruit, cereals, and cattle were a sight to tempt to desperation the Confederates, if, as was often affirmed, their subsistence store sorely needed replenishment. We halted beyond Rockville. The several divisions of infantry, and the batteries belonging to

the Sixth Corps, were seemingly to wait here, unless some emergency were to hasten them on, until their wagons should overtake them with supplies, (we had not yet commenced to forage here, issuing quartermaster's vouchers,) and first of all, probably, to await further development of the enemy's plans.

He certainly has not crossed with any considerable force, east of the Blue Ridge. Had he crossed into Cumberland Valley, we should not be resting here. Our corps is being led by our old commander, Gen. Franklin. There seem to be no other troops along our line of march ; probably the other corps have pursued a line farther north, taking the same general direction west. What may be the special mission of the Sixth Corps in the next eight days, will be manifest in good time. In the meanwhile it is positively stated that Little Mac has resumed the command of the Army of the Potomac. The news was almost universally welcomed in the Sixth Corps. The effect of it, as in the case of a rumor of his return, a year later, was a stimulus to the ardor and patriotism of the troops.

We need not resort to invidious comparisons of our first commander with his successors, or indulge in carping criticism of the war department during 1861 and 1862, in a vain endeavor to fix the responsibility for the misfortunes of that period. We should first remember the successes of that epoch, and the glory of our arms; then, whatever conclusion may be reached in regard to McClellan's conduct of the Peninsula campaign, these facts will still remain, perpetually incontrovertible: He was the wonderful organizer who developed from a chaotic mass of raw levies, during the fall and winter of 1861, the splendid Army of the Potomac; he was invested with a subtle personal magnetism, that inevitably impelled toward him generals and troops, and awakened their enthusiasm to the last; he drove back the army of Lee, with its prestige of a victorious march through northern Virginia, before it had hardly gained a foothold on Maryland soil; he turned over his command at the mandate of the department, amid the universal regret of the army and its corps commanders. Posterity will do him justice.

On the morning of the first day after our arrival at the camp beyond Rockville, our teams came up and our mail-carrier, Comrade Marsh, rode in with a full pack. We recollect Capt. Porter's

greeting of the carrier, and the captain's characteristic smile which was a part of the greeting. A smile that shines through clear spectacles is peculiarly attractive, if the eyes behind them are in a genial face, as they were in this case.

During this and succeeding days, the boys who had any scrip visited farmhouses in the vicinity, and purchased loaves of home-made bread and canteens of milk. At this time, one of our men mysteriously disappeared and was seen no more by us for one year. Whether he was kidnapped by some of the secession sympathizers and conveyed to Dixie, or whether he went home by the underground route, or went into a trance, only awakening on the eve of the Wilderness campaign, we never knew. We left this camp, in painful uncertainty as to the fate of our friend, and during the next five days by easy stages, on a generally western course, made our way to the foot of that section of the Blue or Kittatinny Mountains, called in Maryland the Kittoctan. It was on the morning of the 12th of September that we moved over their crest and commenced the descent on their west side. What a panorama of autumn landscape, grandeur and loveliness, lay before us!

'T was Pleasant Valley. An earthly paradise, if anywhere there be one, lies in Maryland between the Kittoctan on the east, and the Blue Ridge on the west. There were the slopes of the mountains on either hand, now rounded in outline, now broken and craggy, now approaching their bases, descending in gentle declivities. There was the broad valley stretching up from the Potomac, on the east, miles of undulating curves; on the west, miles of intervale; over the face of all, farms, almost perfect pictures of thrift and plenty; orchards groaning with fruit of many varieties; broad acres golden with the ripened grain; groves of timber clean of underbrush; snug farm cottages and capacious barns, giving just the necessary variety to the scene; there were sheep on the hillsides, and herds of cows in the meadows; there were fine horses feeding in pastures. There away through the intervale extended the Monocacy like a broad ribbon of silver. All this, bathed by a healthy, stimulating atmosphere, and gilded by the rays of the September sun, was presented to our view. We seemed by some mental process, without conscious analysis, to grasp each of the elements of this wonderful picture at the moment the whole was presented to view when we

came over the summit. A deep voice behind us exclaimed: "Is not this superb!" We turned and beheld the speaker, Lieut. Col. Platt, U. S. A., riding with Gen. Franklin and his staff. The eyes of the general and of all his suite were bent in admiration upon the scene before us.

Through this valley for nearly a week Jackson and Hill have been marching and countermarching, for the irrepressible "Stonewall," leading the van of the Confederates, crossed near Point of Rocks on Friday, the 5th of September, and at ten o'clock, A. M., on the next day, his advance is said to have entered Frederick, its bands playing "Dixie" and "My Maryland." On Sunday he is said to have attended service at the Presbyterian church. On Monday, the 8th, troops have been continually coming in. Gen. Lee is reported to have opened recruiting offices for the purpose of obtaining Maryland volunteers, he having issued a proclamation, in which he said that he had entered the state "to rescue its people from thraldom." On Tuesday, the 9th, a large portion of the army of northern Virginia must have been lying in and around the town of Frederick.

On the 10th, two days ago, Jackson moved over South Mountain, the Maryland section of the Blue Ridge, to Cumberland Valley beyond. We shall hear from him to our mortification and chagrin, later. A division commanded by Gen. Walker is said to have returned down Pleasant Valley along the Monocacy and to have recrossed the Potomac. A force under McLaws and Anderson is reported to have moved along South Mountain yonder, toward Maryland Heights. It was a part of this last corps that we encountered two days later at Crampton's Gap.

It would appear then, that our slow movement since the 5th of the month had been to keep in a position to cover Washington and Baltimore, and, while observing the movements of the invaders, to permit their march into the interior sufficiently to secure their stand when attacked, at a point far enough inland from the Potomac to render their escape impossible without severe punishment and crippling their strength. Now we are moving into Pleasant Valley as part of a force which is being thrown between Lee and the lower fords of the Potomac. We camp in the undulating fields along the line of roads from Frederick to the Potomac and the road that crosses these nearly at right angles, leading to

Burkittsville and thence over the mountain through Crampton's Gap. The farms seem not to have been plundered. Indeed, except the wear and tear of the roads, there is little to denote that an army has recently passed through. It was doubtless the policy of the southern commander to prevent the least act of devastation in pursuance of his avowed purpose of awakening the slumbering patriotism of Maryland, and of winning the state to the Confederacy. The people of western Maryland seem not to have been in the least attracted by the "pomp and circumstance" of the Confederate troops during their brief visit. The effect of this movement of the Sixth Corps, and of other movements of the army made in conjunction with it, was the hasty departure of Lee from Frederick on this day, the 12th, he crossing the mountain by the pass opposite that place.

On the 14th of September, Sunday morning, we were again in motion. A portion of our army under Burnside was known to be in front of Turner's Gap near Frederick. All the troops in the vicinity of the Potomac except those at Harper's Ferry, are in Pleasant Valley.

The Sixth Corps, about mid-day, moved through the little hamlet of Burkittsville abreast of Crampton's Gap. There on the crest, holding the pass, was a Confederate force of uncertain number but occupying a position that seemed impregnable. On reaching the base of the mountain, lines of infantry, ranged across the road which winds up the declivity through the gap, were pushed up the side.

Bartlett's brigade of Slocum's division, comprising the Fifth Maine, Sixteenth and Twenty-seventh New York, and Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania, was upon the right of the road, companies from these regiments supporting two batteries, one of which was the First Massachusetts. We moved steadily over the rising, uneven ground, brush and stones impeding the way. Perhaps one third of the distance up the side we were met by a solid line of grays, and a murderous discharge of muskets. They receive an equally cruel return, backed by a broadside from the batteries. Their gaps are closed, their dead lying at their feet. They pour forth another volley; this is met by one from our lines, and more artillery fire. Their line wavers. Our right now presses hard their left, and turns it in and upward. A bevy of grays in our front

are forced into the hands of our infantry, and are taken to the rear. Then the Confederate line falls back, firing as it recedes.

There is a lively forward motion of our infantry, and a round of shots; now an artillery discharge, and both have reached a belt of the mountain side, that is like the top of a terrace. Here is a stubborn contest for an hour, and bloody work; here on the morrow the corpses lie thick, and the leaves and turf are stained. The engagement lasted three hours, and resulted in driving the enemy from the pass. They were many of them Georgians, brave, hardy fellows, not a few of them quite young; none of them seemed old. Among the prisoners was a young man whom we saw a year after in Pennsylvania, he having been again captured at Gettysburg. He said in answer to our inquiry if we had not seen him at South Mountain, that he was taken prisoner there. The next day, as we lay upon the side of the mountain, a detail of the prisoners was employed under the direction of a non-commissioned officer, in burying their dead. A large trench was dug, and a large number of bodies were carefully placed in it, their feet toward the foot of the mountain. We saw some young fellows lying among the trees, whose countenances even in death looked fresh and wholesome, and actually seemed to have a glow of color; some had their name and the name of their regiment pinned upon their shirts. Some bodies were inky black, and frightful to behold.

It goes without saying that the prisoners were well cared for, and the men engaged in the burial of their comrades were pronounced in their expression of their satisfaction at the treatment they had received. They were in truth good fellows, and our company comrades, who had much conversation with them, learned to appreciate the fact, and to regret that a different training, and a different scale and trend of educational means, had arrayed them against us.

To-day brings ill-starred tidings. There come into camp some paroled Union Maryland prisoners from Harper's Ferry. That place surrendered to Jackson yesterday, while the battle was raging here and at Turner's Pass, abreast of Frederick. In fact, away at the southern end of this South Mountain, where we are, on Maryland Heights, were Anderson's and McLaw's commands, from which was drawn the force which we encountered yesterday. Eleven thousand men by this surrender are lost to us.

We spent the following day, the 16th of September, on South Mountain, and we had some further opportunity to examine on this Tuesday the character of the surface and soil of the lower slope of the ridge in this vicinity. This we found to be cultivated here and there; we particularly recollect a field of sweet potatoes, the vines being thrifty, and the roots three fourths matured. There is excellent water here, if one is only habituated to the use of it. The rock formation on which the soil rests, through which the water percolates, is limestone, or magnesian rock traversed by limestone; this region, therefore, and that on the other side of the mountain, is especially adapted to grain-growing.

Turner's, or South Mountain Pass, is several miles north of Crampton's Gap. There, on the 14th, Hooker and Reno were hotly engaged with a portion of Lee's army, which disputed the passage of the Federals at that point. The enemy was dislodged, driven from the pass, and fell back to Boonesboro, which lies at the base of the mountain on the west side of the pass; the next day they moved toward Williamsport on the Potomac. But the victory was purchased with the lives of the gallant Reno and several hundred brave men. There were wounded, here and at Crampton's Gap, eighteen hundred and six, and the Federal dead on both fields numbered four hundred and forty-three. The enemy, in retreating from South Mountain, crossed Antietam Creek and retired to Sharpsburg. The Antietam, from a point near Boonesboro, runs nearly parallel with the South Mountain, five or six miles from it; there is a bridge over it, west of Boonesboro, on the Hagerstown road which comes over the mountain; there is another near Keedysville, which is situated as to Crampton's Gap relatively the same as Boonesboro is to Turner's or South Mountain Pass. By this latter bridge and a ford near it, Hooker's corps crossed on the afternoon of the 16th in pursuit of Lee. Hooker's orders were to attack, and, if possible, turn the enemy's left. Arrived in position on the high ground southwest of Keedysville and north of Sharpsburg, the Pennsylvania Reserves, the head of Hooker's corps, became engaged in a sharp contest with the enemy, which lasted until dark, when it had succeeded in driving in a portion of the opposing line, and had held its ground. Mansfield's corps was sent in the evening to support Hooker. At daylight the contest was renewed. Hooker's attack was

successful for a time, but masses of the enemy thrown upon the corps, checked it. Mansfield's corps came to its aid, and the two corps drove back the enemy. But the veteran Mansfield fell, and Fighting Joe Hooker was wounded and carried from the field, where his services had been indispensable.

Within an hour afterward, Sumner's corps arrived, and on its general devolved the command of the right. Sedgwick's division and that of Crawford penetrated the woods in front of Hooker's and Mansfield's corps; French and Richardson were placed to the left of Sedgwick, thus attacking the enemy toward his left centre. The battle now raged around a cornfield surrounded by woods, to which Hooker had in the beginning driven the enemy Crawford's and Sedgwick's lines yielded to a destructive fire of the Confederates in the wood, suffering extremely, and, their leaders both being wounded, fell back in some confusion; yet they rallied in the wood.

It was now one o'clock, P. M.; at this moment of extreme need Gen. Franklin arrived with Smith's and Slocum's divisions of the Sixth Corps, and their artillery. We had come through the gap, over to Keedysville, across the Antietam at that place, arrived between twelve and one at Brownsville, and then pushed forward to the aid of the right wing. The destructive fire of the artillery now prevented the enemy from pursuing his temporary advantage at the moment that Crawford's and Sedgwick's lines rallied. These were immediately replaced by the two fresh divisions of the Sixth Corps, whose infantry, advancing steadily, followed by its artillery, which came into position in the cornfield beyond the belt of woods on its north side, and swept over the ground just lost, now permanently regained. Smith's Vermont, Maine, and other regiments, went forward on the run, cheering vociferously, fell upon the troops in the wood in their front, and in less than a quarter of an hour cleared and held it. Slocum's Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin regiments, were sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of the hills occupied by the Confederates, and poured a storm of shot into the opposing lines, driving them back from their foremost position. Franklin now sent his batteries forward in the cornfield; they blazed away upon the woods in front and right. We seemed about to carry those woods; if there were any batteries there at

this moment, they were either disabled or without ammunition. It is said the order to advance the infantry at this stage was countermanded, because of a message from Gen. Sumner to McClellan, that if Franklin went on and was repulsed, his own corps was not sufficiently organized to be depended upon as a reserve.

Nevertheless, at four o'clock our guns were still active; every ridge along the line was enveloped in clouds of smoke. It is said that at this moment there were four miles of battle. For an hour thenceforward there is artillery practice on the right. As the sun went down we were in possession of the cornfield which had been four times lost and won. But what a harvest lay garnered there! Literally winrows of dead,—the blue and the gray. Like as the rows of bound sheaves before they are stacked may lie one line above another on a hillside, so lay the bodies in lines from the lower belt of woods on the north side, over the rise to the upper range of wood on the south. Frightful indeed was the spectacle of those blackened corpses, already commencing to decompose under the influence of the hot sun. Now a head which a shell had crushed was seen deprived of its contents, like an empty case; here was a stark form, its hand clutching the strap of a canteen; there a headless body,—corpses piled upon corpses. Independent of the frightful evidence of human slaughter which met the eye on every hand, the field itself suggested to one a recent visitation of a hell-storm; the cornstalks broken, blighted, bloody; the ground, torn, and stained; toward the west side lay a bull, which, maddened by the sound of his own bellowing or by the thunder of the battle, had rushed onto the field to be destroyed.

From General McClellan's report we have the following account of the action during the day, upon the left:—

"The effect of Burnside's movement on the enemy's right was to prevent his further massing of troops on his left, and we held what we had gained. Burnside's corps, consisting of Wilcox's, Sturgis's, Rodman's and Cox's Kanawha division, was intrusted with the difficult task of carrying the bridge across the Antietam at Rohrback's Farm, and assaulting the enemy's right, the order having been communicated to him at ten o'clock, A. M. The valley of the Antietam, at and near the bridge, is narrow with high banks. On the right of the

stream the bank is wooded and commands the approaches both to the bridge and the ford. The steep slopes of the bank were lined with rifle-pits, and breastworks of rails and stones. These together with the woods were filled with the enemy's infantry, while their batteries completely commanded and enfiladed the bridge and ford and their approaches.

"The advance of the troops brought on an obstinate and sanguinary contest, and from the great natural advantages of the position, it was nearly one o'clock before the heights on the right bank were carried. About three P M. the corps again advanced, and with success, driving the enemy before it, and pushing him nearly to Sharpsburg.

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"With the day, closed this memorable battle, in which perhaps nearly two hundred thousand men were for fourteen hours engaged in combat. We had attacked the enemy in position, driven them from their line on one flank, and secured a footing within it on the other. Under the depression of previous reverses, we had achieved a victory over an adversary invested with the prestige of former successes, and inflated with a recent triumph. The Union forces slept that night on a field won by their valor, and covered with the dead and wounded of the enemy.

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"From the time the Union troops first encountered the Confederates in Maryland, until the latter were driven back into Virginia, we captured thirteen guns, seven caissons, nine limbers, two field forges, two caisson bodies, thirty-nine colors, and one signal flag; the Union army had lost neither gun nor color."

* * * * * *

We slept that night on the field; it was very dark, and one of our comrades, coming off post at relief, made his way, as he supposed, to the spot where his chum lay under a blanket; as he lay down, he asked his bed-fellow to move along and give him more room, but receiving no satisfaction he went to sleep; four hours later he was waked up, to find himself stretched beside a dead man.

Gen. McClellan had ordered the attack to be renewed in the morning; but at that hour the Confederates asked for an armistice to bury their dead, which was granted. We therefore remained

amidst this ghastly scene all day, the motionless Confederate pickets looking down over the field from the edge of the woods. All the forenoon, surgeons with staffs were moving, as best they could pick their way, over the field; seeking among the motionless forms for those in which life was not extinct, and ministering to the severely wounded who had not been removed. The burial parties will have a long range of duty. In the road, bodies lay scattered all around, and the stench that arose from their decomposition was wellnigh unendurable. Along the line for not more than a single mile, fifteen hundred lay unburied. Yesterday has been called the bloodiest day that America has ever known; and the determined character, terrible in its determination, of the contest on the Union right and Confederate left, in the forenoon, may be judged from the fact that Hooker and Jackson there confronted each other.

During the night of the 18th, Lee withdrew his forces from the Federal front; this had probably begun and been continued under cover of the operations for which the truce was obtained. On the morning of the 19th, the thin line of grays which was visible to us yesterday has disappeared. On the 20th, the Sixth Corps marches to Hagerstown. Our company lay for a week, just south of the village on the Boonesboro road, near the Antietam. There was at this point and at the rear of our camp a large grist-mill, and behind it a whiskey distillery; whether any tanglefoot could have been obtained at this mill during that week, we do not know, but the existence of the still gave rise to a facetious yarn at the expense of one of our corporals. It had been his unpleasant duty to adjust an eccentric soldier upon a spare wheel of a caisson, where he was to sit upon the hub a couple of hours. The story was, that the eccentric one, knowing the road to the mill, blindfold, and being an expert at untying knots, set himself free from the wheel, spent an hour away, returned, tied himself again upon the wheel, and was never missed by the corporal, the latter never distinguishing the eccentric boy's knots from his own.

In a day or two after our arrival, we were visited by one of those severe thunder-storms that largely have their origin in the condition of the atmosphere after a great battle, and which invariably follow a protracted burning of gunpowder. This settled into a two days'

rain, which drenched the camps and their inhabitants, soaked the roads and fields, and swelled the Antietam and its little tributary which ran along the north end of our camp.

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During the week, citizens from the northern states, even from New England, visited the Union camps. There came to our headquarters two gentlemen, residents of a Boston suburb, who were fathers of two of our comrades. The next day after their arrival, they visited the battlefield of Antietam with their sons. One of the boys, ruuning to the wagon with his father's umbrella, caused considerable merriment, such a utensil in a soldier's hands being as anomalous as a linen collar upon his neck.

A week after the battle of Antietam, a reconnoissance in force was made upon the Virginia side, in the neighborhood of Shepardstown, to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy; this reconnoitring party, consisting of one brigade, part of another, and a battery, fell into an ambush, after driving back a battery which commanded the ford, and escaped with difficulty and considerable loss across the river under the fire of the enemy. This movement seems to have resulted in setting in motion the whole or a part of the Sixth Corps, for we set out in the evening of the 24th and were upon the road all night; just what was the significance of our movement, we do not know. We found ourselves in the morning at St. James College, in Washington County; we remained here through the day and during the next night, and on the following day marched to Bakersville. This is north of Williamsport in the same county; we lay upon the high ground, over and down which, to the south, extends the road to the Potomac. There is a valley to the north of this ridge through which flows a small stream, which furnished sufficient water for all the camp purposes; but it seemed to contain ingredients which were productive of chronic diarrhœa, which prevailed, during the fortnight's sojourn at this place, to an extent and in a degree never equalled before or afterward. It was pitiful to observe the condition of many of the boys during this period; not a few of them were emaciated as well as feeble. Privates who had not answered sick-call since the army moved in April, were now obliged to succumb for a time to the ravages of this debilitating scourge.

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It was during our tarry at Bakersville, that our commander, Capt. Josiah Porter, was compelled, by pressure of family bereavement, and business affairs growing out of it, to accept leave of absence. As he never returned to this command, we wish to give testimony here to his worth as a gentleman and a citizen, and his honorable reputation as an officer of artillery and soldier of the Union. There was general regret at his departure. We were, however, as a battery of light artillery, left in able hands, our first lieutenant commanding being, in point of pluck, zeal, and what is called *esprit de corps*, the equal of any volunteer battery commander in the service; this without disparagement to the gallant volunteer captains of this arm, in the various artillery brigades of this and other military departments. Under his command we marched in the middle of October to Williamsport, on the Potomac, near the mouth of Conochocheague Creek. Our guns were in position on the ridge west of the town, overlooking the Potomac. The infantry who accompanied us thither, and ourselves, seemed to have come there as a corps of observation, and to have taken a position that commanded the ford at this place. How much force there might have been upon the heights beyond the river, we do not know; probably not a vast number, as it is now known that Lee's main army was leisurely making its way to the Rappahannock. There were troops, however, visible over there, and citizens of the village who strolled out to our camp would point to them, and make some uncomplimentary remark. But this was a possible gateway of invasion, inasmuch as Lee subsequently crossed here; hence we presume a corps of observation, with additional troops within supporting distance, was despatched to this place. This village in 1862 had a somewhat dilapidated and non-progressive appearance, this probably due to its unfortunate geographical situation. Whiskey, which seems to be about the last supply to fail in the decadence of a village, was abundant here, and, notwithstanding strict orders forbidding the sale to privates, was obtained by some of them too frequently. Our stay here was uneventful. October was wearing away, and one evening, six weeks after the battle of Antietam, after a two days' march from Williamsport, we found ourselves at Berlin, below Harper's Ferry.

CHAPTER VI.

A PONTOON bridge had been thrown across the Potomac at this place, over which we passed and climbed the high banks on the Virginia shore. We marched up Loudon Valley, which is a continuation in Virginia of Pleasant Valley, in Maryland, lying between the same ranges, which, under different local names, cross the state of Virginia. Somewhat more than a day's march from Berlin, the Sixth Corps, having bivouacked on a farm which lies in the north central part of the valley, stretching from the pike down toward Goose Creek, rested there the following day and night. On the morning after our arrival we were sent to forage, hay being needed for our horses. We were directed to the barns on this farm, which stood on a ridge perhaps half a mile east of the highway, and in the vicinity of the mansion, negro houses, storehouses, and other buildings of the farm. Before we mounted we espied the cavalry on the ground with feed bags, evidently bent on obtaining grain if it were to be had, and as we got under way, the infantry, seemingly prospecting on individual accounts, were streaming along ahead of us. As we rode up to the establishment, we found some of the cavalrymen who had filled their feed bags with grain, watching with evident signs of interest the infantry chasing pigs and chickens. The proprietor himself seemed to enjoy the affair so long as the foragers failed to catch any game. But when at last some fleet-footed and nimble-fingered infantryman fastened upon a young porker, his rage was enkindled, and he imprudently declared that he "would like to see the d—d Yankee hung." Natural and pardonable as was his indignation, the imprudent expression of it was the spark that ignited a big blaze for him, for they denuded the place of pigs and chickens and negro stores; all this either before any

guard arrived, or in spite of the guard. The hay and grain were carried away by necessity, there being mounted troops enough in the vicinity to demand for their horses a much greater supply. Was this justifiable? Oh, no! not morally justifiable. But it is doubtful if war has any ethics. If it has, it is of the utilitarian school, its two leading maxims being: "The end justifies the means," and "All 's fair in war."

Moving up the valley from this place, where we had rested thirty-six hours, we passed over the height of land between the headwaters of the streams that flow into the Potomac from this valley, and those which are tributary to the branches of the Rappahannock, and in the last days of October we were at White Plains, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, west of Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run range. Though these plains are in the "sunny South," the air "bites shrewdly" on them on a morning in late October, and early frosts are incidents of that season in this region, likewise nipping winds from the face of the Blue Ridge. The day before we started to cross the Bull Run range to the plains east of the mountains, the ground was covered with snow, the branches of the shrubbery and wildwood along the run were encrusted with flakes, the waters of the stream looked black and dismal, and a good stiff breeze was blowing from the Blue Ridge some miles to the west. The exterior aspect of camp and surroundings was cheerless, certainly, but a "soldier's life is always gay," and the influence of a good fire and a dipper of coffee was such upon the inner man as to render him fit and willing the next morning, especially if mounted, to splash through the run at the ford, and then plod along all day over the twisting, muddy, half passable mountain roads that lead to the Warrenton pike on the other side of the range.

This Bull Run range is nothing else than the Virginia section of the Blue or Kittatinny, the most eastern spur of the Appalachian, which commence in New Jersey. It is a very interesting region from a geographical or geological point of view. Some of the most wonderful natural scenes are embraced in this system along the thousand miles of its extent. Rivers cut their way through from the west in winding channels between lofty wooded banks. The veins of the rock structure of this range contain, in its long course from Jersey to Georgia, a wider variety of minerals

than any other region of similar area in the world. The gold fields of Virginia and North Carolina belong to this region.

In northern Virginia it has two noted passes: one at Aldie, and the famous Thoroughfare Gap, between Loudon Valley and Manassas Plains. Through the latter extends the Manassas Gap Railroad, to Manassas Junction. The course of the pass is from the southwest to the northeast; our course being to the southeast, as we are moving toward Warrenton, we do not go through the gap, but pass the mouth of it, and climb the mountain-side east of Salem.

The ascent was difficult, and the progress slow, over the broad summit, whose surface is broken and irregular, like that of the valley which we had lately traversed. In following the mountain roads, you jog through the same soft soil as that of the fields, which the rain has rendered plastic. Here and there, to the top of the mountains and down the eastern descent, families had settled, and had established homes in this wild section. We would pass, now and again a rude cottage, having in front and around it a vegetable garden. We recollect one in the midst of the forest, high up on the crest. The proprietor was sitting on the threshold. Some soldiers came running through the garden before the door, and some of them stopped to pluck something from the grounds, the man expostulating with them. Some chap told him he should be a Union man if he did not want his garden plundered. "That don't make any odds," said he, "I was Union; I never got any protection; it 's no use to be a Union man, you have to suffer from both sides." These assertions were mingled with some profanity, which no doubt relieved the outraged spirit of the mountaineer. We were impressed by the large grain of truth in the man's asseverations.

It was near night when we came down to the base of the mountain on the eastern side. "What place is this?" asked one of our number of a soldier who had arrived earlier. "New Baltimore." "Where is the village?" "I don't know; somewhere about."

We were now once more in the heart of old Virginia. The army lay on the great plain that extends south of Bull Run to the upper Rappahannock, and thence west into Culpepper County. Army headquarters were at Warrenton, which lies west of the great

Midland Railroad, then called Alexandria and Orange, and is connected with that road by a branch. We seem to have been at this stage, upon the right and rear of the army. It was now in the first days of November, and the woods and fields were in autumn guise; the nights were chilly, and the mornings crisp and cold for an hour after sunrise.

During the two or three days next preceding the 8th of November we were scouring the west side of the mountain, which we had crossed, for haystacks, and with considerable success; a lieutenant with forty mounted drivers, more or less, and their sergeants, would ride through the woods and across the open fields or along the cross-ways, in quest of feed; and, when hay was found, each horseman would make up two bundles as large as he could conveniently carry, which were secured with halter shanks, whose ends were tied over the horse's back, so that the bundles hung one on either side, like panniers; a troop loaded in this wise, defiling down the side of the ridge, the ponies striving occasionally to draw a wisp from the packs that brushed their sides, or shying when tickled or prodded by a straw, afforded quite an amusing picture to an observer. We were returning from one of these expeditions in the forenoon of the 8th of November, when, striking at the foot of the mountain the main road that comes over it, we observed a commotion in the camps alongside,— men rushing to the street, and a cry, "Bring out the colors!" "What 's the matter?" we inquire. "McClellan is taking leave of the army." And sure enough, there were Generals McClellan and Burnside riding along the great road. Little Mac, bareheaded, was bowing right and left amid the clamorous applause of his late comrades. We believe that none of our company had any previous intimation of the change of commanders.

From the time of our crossing the Potomac, five miles below Harper's Ferry, in the last days of October, McClellan, in his course southward guarding the passes of the Blue Ridge on his right, through which he threatened to issue, succeeded in concealing his intention so far that, on our arrival upon the plains around and to the north of Warrenton, one half of the Confederate army of northern Virginia was at Culpepper, having moved parallel with the Army of the Potomac; the other half was scattered through the Shenandoah Valley. It seems to have been

our general's design to throw his army between these widely detached portions of the Confederate army, moving obliquely from Warrenton. But last night he was ordered to turn over his command to Gen. Burnside. Burnside reluctantly assumed command in obedience to the mandate of the war department. He halted here on the plains around Warrenton, reorganizing the army upon a novel plan. The six army corps were consolidated into three grand divisions, the right, centre, and left, respectively commanded by Generals Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin. The Sixth Corps now formed a part of the left grand division, and was commanded by "Baldy" Smith, the First Corps by Gen. John F Reynolds.

The right grand division arrived at Falmouth November 17. It is said that at this time, Fredericksburg was occupied by but one regiment of cavalry, four companies of infantry, and a light battery, and that the river before the town was fordable. Burnside, however, it is alleged, declined to give orders to the right grand division to cross and take possession of the heights behind the town, "until his communications should be established." Burnside's intentions were now clearly manifest to the enemy; Aquia Creek his base of supplies, Fredericksburg his first objective point, and ultimately a forward movement along the "air-line road" to Richmond. The delays of the next twenty-three days gave the enemy ample time to disturb these plans of the Federal commander. The Sixth Corps moved obliquely to the southeast from the vicinity of New Baltimore; the First Division, to which our company had always been attached, was now commanded by Gen. Brooks, a stern disciplinarian and able soldier, Gen. Slocum having succeeded to the command of the Twelfth Corps. The division artillery organization remained substantially the same; but Company D, Second U. S., the one regular army battery of the four attached to this division, was in charge of Lieut. Williston. Our battery commander had not yet received his captain's commission, though a vacancy existed by the resignation of Capt. Porter. Lieut. Federhen was our junior first, and Lieutenants Sawin and Greene (the latter raised from the ranks by the commission of the governor of his state) were respectively our senior and junior second. Sergt. French, previously of the first detachment, had been made orderly sergeant,

and was next in order of promotion to the junior second lieutenancy. The company, by means of two batches of recruits during the year last past, had now nearly the original complement.

The line of march of the several divisions of the left of the army, seems to have been chosen with reference to their subsequent position in the battle of the 13th of December, — the First Corps, whose badge was the circular disk, red, white, and blue, respectively, for its three divisions, marching at the extreme left, toward Belle Plain and Potomac Creek; the Sixth Corps, whose badge was the "Greek Cross," red, white, and blue for the First, Second, and Third Divisions, respectively, moving to the right and rear of the First Corps.

It must have been as late as the 18th of November when we reached Stafford, C. H., northeast of Falmouth, the divisions of the First Corps lying to the left and front, and both corps ranged before the base of supplies at the inlets of the Potomac. It was said that the pontoon trains that had been ordered from Washington had not yet arrived. At all events, there was now a delay of about three weeks after reaching Stafford, C. H., before our command again broke camp; during which time there was a gathering of the Confederate clans, far and near, on the south side of the Rappahannock, and undoubtedly the heights behind the town were rendered impregnable.

In the vicinity of Stafford, C. H., was an abundance of wood, much white oak, which makes a slow-burning, hot fire, and leaves a white ash. Our company and the First Maryland, which lay side by side, had their experience in working up for fuel more or less of this tough-fibred material. It was amusing to see the variety of axes employed, that had been through various stages of use in a multiplicity of hands. But the use of some of them that were unwedged, or improperly wedged, was a serious matter. We observed one day one of our boys go down to the spring, which lay in the hollow between our camp and that of the First Maryland, both being upon rising ground sloping to the run. Two Maryland boys were chopping, a couple of rods from the spring; just as the Massachusetts man stooped to dip water, his head being on the plane of the brink of the spring, one of the axes came flying from the helve and fell upon the ground on the bank, just near enough to neatly clear the man's head. Mingled fright and

amazement rendered the three men dumb for a moment, when the Massachusetts man said, "You had better wedge that axe!"

Our junior bugler, by the discharge of his companion, was now our chief musician, and, being quite an enthusiast, in his desire to perfect himself he made the woods ring in these days, with the practice notes of his instrument. It was during this wait at Stafford that we received, each man, a nice, warm, woolen, knit blouse; these were said to have been part of the cargo of a captured blockade runner. They were gratefully appreciated by the boys during the ensuing winter. The date of the New England Thanksgiving passed while we were here. Winter, as it is experienced on the lower Potomac, and in that belt of Virginia in which lies Stafford County, was now upon us: rain, drizzle, damp, moist air, then a freeze; little snow for any length of time upon the ground, but occasional falls, covering the earth and quite rapidly disappearing, leaving the roads in such condition as to render corduroy indispensable to the continuous movement of the trains from the landing.

A cold wave settled over this region in the first days of December, with a steadily low temperature for a week. It was about the 8th of December when we moved to the vicinity of Belle Plain. This is a basin extending inland from the Potomac, surrounded on all sides, except the east, by hills. Its position with reference to the camps, then and during the whole winter, made it a convenient base of quartermaster's supplies. There was a very noticeable rising of the temperature of the air on this afternoon, and during the evening; and on the following morning, the stretch of plain and the hills around and beyond it were white with snow.

The sun shone bright and warm; there was a hum and a bustle in the camps that lay thick at the base and upon the sides of the hills, on the west and south of the plain. Gen. Brooks's headquarters were upon a comparatively high hill to the south of us. We observed in their vicinity several men lugging rails upon their shoulders, evidently for disciplinary exercise. What had they been doing? At another place, several teamsters were standing upon barrels, this also for punishment. But the rogues were disporting themselves in their limited circles as though they did not feel very keenly the disgrace which is thought to attach itself to

such conspicuousness. In this part of Virginia, a very common tree is the persimmon, whose wood and foliage resemble the wild black cherry, but whose double-stoned fruit bears a close exterior likeness to the red horse-plums which abound in northern New England. These persimmon plums, when ripe before the frost, are red, sweet, puckery, and unpleasant to the taste, suggesting choke cherries. But after the frost, the outer skin has a bluish cast, and they are delicious; no fig or date can equal them. On this forenoon in question, the persimmon trees in the fields lying over the brow of the range of hills about Belle Plain, hung full of fruit, looking at a little distance like nut-trees with a wealth of nuts ungathered. It is said, "the longest pole rakes the persimmon," but the boys, having no poles at hand, climbed the trees and shook a shower of plums into the snow; there was a general feast of them. Hearing cries as of lamentation in a hut which we were passing on our way to the camp, we peeped in and found a dejected-looking, gray-haired old negro, and a mulatto girl perhaps eighteen years old, who were bewailing the loss of bedding and other household indispensables which some miscreant in the absence of the inmates had stolen. "Oh, dear! what will de old woman done, when she find de bed gone? I dunno!" The fireplace was empty, but for a few cold ashes; the bare walls, which were of logs chinked with clay, looked dreary enough. "I never saw such a picture of extreme poverty," said Comrade L., and surely the scene was calculated to impress one with the force of the adage, "One half of the world knows not how the other half lives." Try to conceive of a log hut, perhaps fifteen by eighteen, with a diminutive L or wing built of the same material, and plastered with clay for a fireplace and a chimney; the cracks between the logs pointed with clay; the floor, if there be any, of the loft between the gables and under the roof, of poles or logs; a scuttle in this floor reached by a rude ladder; the log roof of the cabin thatched with a coarse grass; and you have an approximate notion of an abode of a free negro or a buckrah in *ante bellum* days in those sections where either genus was indigenous.

GEN. WM. F SMITH.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the 10th of December, there was a general movement of the left grand division toward the Rappahannock. On the 11th, Thursday, the rear of the Sixth Corps moved across the road that runs from Falmouth to the Potomac, *via* White Oak church, passing the church, which is perhaps three miles from the town, and as far from the brow of the height which overlooks the valley of the Rappahannock a couple of miles below Fredericksburg, on the opposite side of the river. From White Oak church southerly to the brow of the highland of this section, the country was more or less wooded, the surface broken by knolls, ridges and ravines among them,—all of which contributed to conceal the movements of troops from the enemy upon the opposite shore of the river.

Over this ground, gradually coiling itself up, so as to occupy a comparatively small area, the left grand division had been moving for a day and a half. Engineers with the pontoon trains and with supporting infantry, had been pushed forward over the height to the plain which extends along the high banks of the river, and by noon a bridge had been thrown across, and a roadway had been cut through the steep bank from the plain on the left side, and another through the steep bank to the great plain on the right shore.

Thursday night and the following forenoon were consumed in the passage of the river. The Sixth Corps, which was the right and centre of Franklin's force, crossing on the 12th, moved nearly south from "Franklin's Crossing," over the plain which extends for miles east of Fredericksburg. There was little firing on Friday. The battle of the 13th of December was, in effect, two distinct, terrible combats: the conflict of the Federal left wing

with Jackson, and Stuart's cavalry and horse artillery, on the east; the sublimely bold, but humanly hopeless and cruelly fruitless assault of the Federal right and centre upon the heights behind Fredericksburg, held by Longstreet's corps.

Of the latter, where a division went into the fight 6,000 strong, and at night its general could count but 1,500; where desperate valor, never surpassed on any field, made its six frantic dashes against an almost impregnable position; where 6,000 men fell before a fatal stone-wall,—history has already spoken with a sense of the hopeless inadequacy of descriptive language. Concerning the former, in which the contestants fought upon more nearly equal terms, we venture with no little trepidation to pen a line.

The heights behind Fredericksburg, which at that place are perhaps one third of a mile from the river, take below the town a gradually southeastern course farther and farther from the river, having to the east of the town, between them and the river, an extended plain, perhaps six miles long, and in width, from the river bank to their base, varying from half a mile to two miles. The heights themselves diminish in elevation toward the southeast, finally losing themselves in a low region called Massaponax Valley. These heights were thickly wooded, and upon them were the Confederate batteries. On the Confederate right was Early, with Walker's artillery in front and Stuart's cavalry and horse artillery on his right. On the left and nearer to Fredericksburg was A. P Hill, and behind him D. H. Hill in reserve. The turnpike to Fredericksburg crosses the plain half a mile from the river, and between it and the heights extends the railroad.

Confronting Early and Stuart was Reynold's corps, with the Pennsylvania Reserves on the extreme left. Opposed to A. P Hill was the Sixth Corps, with Brooks's division on the right, with the batteries of Williston, Hexamer, Walcott, and McCartney, the last named being supported by the Fifth Maine Infantry.

The plan of the attack as determined on the previous night, 12th, was for Franklin with his force and a part of Hooker's to make the attack in force on the left, while Gen. Sumner's attack upon the heights behind the town was to depend upon Franklin's success. A misinterpretation of instructions received by Gen. Franklin on the morning of the 13th, however, it is said, led that general to conclude that the commander in chief had altered

his determination of the previous night, and now only contemplated an armed reconnoissance with a single division. It is also alleged that Generals Reynolds and Smith, in concurrence with their superior, placed the same construction upon the orders of the morning of the 13th. This morning the plain and the heights were enveloped in a thick fog. The battle commenced at ten o'clock, when the fog was lifted so as to disclose to each other the position of the opposing forces.

The engagement was opened by the batteries of the Sixth Corps, their fire being directed against Hood's division, which was immediately to the left of A. P Hill's division. At the same moment, the Pennsylvania Reserves, with Gibbon's division in reserve upon its right and Doubleday in reserve, advanced upon the left, encountering a fire from the Confederate horse artillery in the copse, which was silenced by Meade's batteries, and the division continued forward, shelling the woods in the front.

Now a vigorous fire was opened by the batteries of Early's and Hill's divisions, met by the simultaneous discharge of all the Federal batteries of the left grand division ; not one was unemployed. Amidst a fire of shell and canister Meade continued his advance, the artillery of the Sixth Corps still actively engaging the attention of the force in their front, drawing their fire and preventing the detaching of any troops from that section to the aid of Early. Now Meade's division drives three Confederate batteries across the railroad track, and, attacking the division next in front, turns back both wings of that force and captures two hundred prisoners.

Gen. Meade was in truth making a reconnoissance in force, but the movement was a phase of the battle that was now being participated in by the entire left of the army. Now the batteries of Brooks's division fire incessantly, their shots directed by the jets of smoke issuing from the guns of their antagonists. As volley succeeded volley, and shot and shell plunged and thundered from the ridge over the plain and from the plain to the ridge, it seemed as though each battery was exposed to an enfilading fire.

Comrade Richardson is wounded ; we are short of ammunition ; two of our caissons are sent to the rear, for a further supply. "Sergeant," said Gen. Brooks, "put those caissons over the ground, if you ever did!" Twice the infantry of the Sixth, ably handled, dashed against the lines of A. P. Hill, but the position of the

latter is impregnable. He must have been reinforced from the enemy's left. Still a terrific canonnade from our artillery. Our brave comrade, Sergt. Stephen H. Reynolds, commanding the second detachment, is wounded in the leg, and borne from the field; amputation having been found necessary, he leaves the limb on the shore of the Rappahannock.

It would seem that the enemy in our front have been augmented by troops drawn from the rear of the town. The condition of the First and Sixth Corps is critical. But reinforcements are at hand; Gen. Hooker has sent us Birney's division. Once more the tide is turned from the plain to the ridge; the Confederates seek their old position.

From almost the earliest moment of the engagement till near noon, there was one gun upon the Confederate right, probably a smooth-bore twelve-pounder, that was aimed with great precision, making sad havoc with the Federal flank. Three Federal field batteries were at one time brought to bear upon it, and it received the fire of a heavy battery across the river, yet for a long time was not silenced.

Sunday, the 14th, was quiet. No doubt Stonewall Jackson attended service in the morning and afternoon. But Federals and Confederates were mainly engaged in burying their dead, and caring for the wounded. Nor was the position of our army on Monday materially changed; but the heavens gave token of a slowly gathering storm. These symptoms became yet more imminent as this tedious and uneventful day drew to a close. The rank and file had made such preparations as were possible in the situation of things, for passing the night upon the field. Some comrades who had been to the river, reported that hay and earth were being strewn upon the pontoons. "What is it for? Are we going to back out of this?" asked Sergeant ——. It seemed so. A boisterous south wind, full in the direction of the Confederate lines, had arisen, and on its heels came a storm, a fierce one. In the midst of the gale and blizzard we withdrew to the river. The night was decidedly favorable for a "masterly retreat," as all sounds were borne north on the blast, and away from the Confederate encampments. The dark, dismal night was consumed in the crossing,— troops of all arms crawling across, troops of all arms huddled upon the bank awaiting their turn to follow.

While a portion of our column was upon the bridge, we were brought to a halt in the pitchy, inky darkness, which rendered it impossible to see the sides of the bridge, or to peer ahead to note the movements of the leading teams. Some pontoons near the north bank had become separated. There is a swaying of the floating mass of boats, a period of anxious suspense for those upon the driveway. There is an adjustment of the difficulty by the engineers, and we move on, climb the bank, cross the plain, and ascend the heights on the north side. There in the woods and open patches, among them and beyond the brow of the hills, the army coiled itself as it crawled from the river, similarly as it wound its folds together on the same ground preparatory to springing across the river five days ago.

In the forenoon, when our retreat and safe return to Stafford Heights was apparent to the enemy, he began to fire over, perhaps hoping to do some damage to the rear of our force, portions of which he could doubtless discern upon the brow of the heights, and in the edge of the woods. Our heavy artillery along the ridge, which had been more or less active on the 13th, responded in such a way that the tail of the retreat was pretty effectually covered, little if any loss resulting, beyond the expenditure of ammunition by our heavy guns.

Gradually, during the two following days, the grand division was brought into the position it was destined to occupy in winter cantonment, the heart of the force being drawn back, perhaps two miles from the brow of Stafford Heights, facing the river. The First Corps was upon the left, the Sixth on its right, and nearer Falmouth, the First Division of the Sixth lying around White Oak church.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR company lay in the rear of the church, and Hexamer's Hoboken Battery lay upon our right. The next week was diligently employed in preparing as comfortable winter quarters for men and horses as available means would permit; and the ingenuity and industry of the individuals of the several detachments soon reared a village of small log cabins with stone fireplaces, with their shelter-tents for the roofs of their dwellings, that was interesting to behold. A corral for the horses, the most comfortable and convenient that we ever saw in a winter camp in this army, was contrived by clearing an oval space in the clump of evergreens, and by further sheltering it from the blasts by a tall, thick, brush-work fence of evergreen boughs. The picket-rope was stretched around the oval, at sufficient distance from the fence to allow the horses to stand with their heads facing in upon the plot. It was undeniable that few companies of the mounted service that participated in all the campaigns from the spring of 1862 until January, 1863, could show during that period a better record in regard to the care and preservation of army horses than ours. This was due to the selection of experienced and faithful stable sergeants and assistants, who, under the direction of Lieut. Federhen, who was a lover of the animal, pursued a careful system of feeding, watering, and grooming. So, under the keen supervision of Commander McCartney, who was familiar with and watchful of every detail of the work, our stable always presented a first-class appearance, and our complement of horses, in the field or on the march, was among the most efficient.

During the week in which we were engaged in preparing winter quarters and were busily working up the details of the arrangements for spending some weeks at this place, an address from

CAPT. WM. H. McCARTNEY.

President Lincoln was read to the company at the five o'clock roll-call, in which he commended the bravery of the troops in the action of the 13th of December, and sought to comfort and encourage them, saying, "It was not a defeat, but a mistake." The reader will remember our allusion to his visit at Harrison's Landing, and our remarks upon the hopeful patriotism of Old Abe.

We believe this period, from December, 1862, until the following May, may be termed the darkest hours of the Army of the Potomac. The death rate in the camps during the winter must have been higher than during any other season of cessation from active duty in the field or on the march. This was not due to any circumstances of the situation of the camps; these deaths and the diseases from which they often resulted, were the culmination of the excessive fatigue, hardships, and wounds of the three campaigns, hastened by the despondency which the immediate military situation engendered. Every afternoon we heard the "Dead March," and every afternoon saw some funeral cortege moving to the little cemetery at the rear of White Oak church. We had but one death in our company, although several were discharged, whose disability, in the judgment of the surgeons, rendered it improbable that they would again be serviceable soldiers. We believe the number of these did not exceed four. One comrade who passed "over the river" at this time, deserves more than a passing notice. John Pooler, our chief blacksmith, a skilful mechanic, a good soldier, an upright man, succumbed to a fever which must have been malignant indeed, to overcome a constitution so strong as our comrade possessed. We lost a man whose place was difficult to fill; for, beside the constant requisition upon his services for horse-shoeing, and for repair of our equipments, there were emergencies often arising in our career when very much depended upon this artificer's genius to contrive and skill to execute. Comrade Pooler's character compelled the respect of officers and men. The eulogistic remarks of the venerable chaplain of the Fifth Maine, who officiated at the funeral, remarks which must have been inspired by our commander, attested how thoroughly the latter appreciated the deceased.

Some days before New Year, evangelists, under the auspices of the United States Christian Commission, began to hold meetings

in old White Oak church. From the regiments and batteries around about, a large concourse of auditors would be gathered in the evening and on Sunday. These occasions furnished an opportunity for vocal exercises, elocutionary and musical, by the soldiers of the Sixth Corps, the results showing that this command could furnish a delegation which would possess a wide range of talent. There were, moreover, among the evangelists, some young men whose presence and whose evident adaptation to the work of their mission, conjoined to undoubted good moral character, doubtless made them efficient agents for good. One of these gentlemen was one evening descanting in a popular way upon the Commandents, when a rattle-brained fellow passing the door, bawled out, "Go to hell!" The self-possessed exhorter, abashed neither by the shout nor the sensation which it created in the audience, quickly made of the incident a text, upon which he preached a brief sermon on profanity, relating at the outset the now threadbare yarn about Beecher's "'T is a d — d hot day."

Colporteurs and exhorters, and even revivalists, were plentiful in the camps in the winter of 1861 and 1862; and the humorous traditions of that period have among their leaves an account of a jealous or zealous colonel, whose emulation being excited by a revivalist's representation that seven men in a neighboring regiment had been baptized, cried to a sergeant to detail fifteen men to be baptized, adding that he did not propose to be outdone by Colonel —— of the —— th.

Sutlers were also numerous, even as crows and buzzards. Occasionally one's team, loaded with goods, would by mistake drive into our company street, and our commander would hasten it to the right about; the sutler would palaver, hinting at favors; the captain would silence him, saying, "We live upon rations here, not favors!"

Christmas was enjoyed here with something like old-time festivity, and a bill of fare quite in the appropriate line of holiday feasts was arranged and discussed.

One week later the army and the nation were thrilled by the advent of the "Emancipation Proclamation." Every contraband who might be waiting upon an officer's mess, or cleaning an officer's horse, every colored servant, every African mule-driver, on the morning of the 1st of January, 1863, became at once as

completely a new object of interest to the average soldier, as if the black man had just dropped from the clouds before his startled eyes. The various comments of the press of that day upon this measure, may be taken as representative indications of the various shades of sentiment with which the immortal proclamation was received. There were men in every company of the Army of the Potomac who perfectly comprehended the relation which slavery sustained to secession, and who had foreseen the necessity of an emancipation measure when the first gun was fired. There were others who looked upon the measure, this day, as a dangerous expedient.

Long before we had entered upon the new year, Capt. Porter had resigned, and it was inexplicable why the governor of our state had not forwarded to the efficient commander of our battery his captain's commission. How well he had led his company hither, on the toilsome marches from Antietam, how ably he had handled his company on the 13th of December, was sufficiently evidenced by the indorsement of his corps, division, and brigade commanders. But when at last there was a tardy recognition of his merits and his rights, another vexatious mistake must needs occur to disturb the equilibrium of our company existence. By the promotion of Capt. McCartney, of course his lieutenants would be severally moved forward one step, thus leaving a vacant junior second lieutenancy. Our orderly sergeant, a thorough soldier, with qualifications for command, should have been immediately elevated to the lieutenancy, but curiously enough our governor commissioned a comparatively recent recruit. We believe this official act was resented by the whole command; not that there was, so far as we are aware, any prejudice against the recipient of the governor's favor; he certainly was an exemplary young man; the resentment was an instinctive protest against an act of injustice to the soldier who stood first in the line of promotion.

New Year passed, and three weeks of varied winter weather followed, time replete with incidents of camp life, as checkered as is usually the stream of events in a large community; when, on Wednesday, the 23d of January, the left grand division was once more in motion. This time the columns moved to the west. The air had been so cold during the previous week, and the

frosts so keen, that the roads seemed as firm as adamant, and the teams were moved with celerity. When we reached that portion of our line in the rear of Falmouth, a part of the centre grand division not yet in motion, we found that the troops that were encamped in and around Falmouth, and in fact none of those whose camps were in view of the Confederates, had changed their position.

This expedition was evidently to be a surprise. It was declared that though there was a show of force upon the heights behind Fredericksburg, and apparently the same condition of things as had obtained for weeks was unchanged, yet Lee had despatched a large force down to Port Royal, eighteen miles below Franklin's Crossing, apprehending a Federal attack in that quarter, a feint having been made at that point. He was not deceived by the apparent inactivity of the Federals around Falmouth. Here now was the bulk of Burnside's army making for Banks's or Kelly's Fords above Fredericksburg.

It was a splendid day, and mounted and foot made good time over the firm roads. Auspices were favorable, and rank and file were hopeful of a successful result. The left grand division at night was in a position back from the ford, and as near as it was practicable to have so large a force and permit the speedy and safe crossing of the river. The corps were brought together as compactly as was possible and yet allow the unobstructed march of the brigades.

Scarcely had night arrived when a storm arose, a storm in earnest. It was as though the heavens first frowned upon our enterprise, and then poured wrath upon it. The rain fell in torrents, dissolving the firm crust which had borne us up faithfully all day. The winds rocked the trees spitefully. Wheels settled down into the oozing mud hours before an attempt was made to move a carriage. Morning dawned upon a dank, wet body of men in a cheerless wilderness of trees and mud; but with the light there was bustle and activity. The infantry were soon in column, and moved over the way with comparative ease. At the same time, by the most strenuous efforts of men and horses, the pieces and caissons, whose wheels were imbedded by their own weight in the camp, were moved to the road to take their places in column. Now was a desperate attempt to advance, down sank the wheels, down fell

the horses; the poor brutes would look over their shoulders, wondering what kind of burden they had to-day, would make a frantic effort to start the carriage, then subside into their tracks and stand motionless. Now a dozen, now fifteen pairs would be attached to a caisson to move it over a particularly bad place, the succeeding carriage waiting until the way was clear; then the extra horses being taken off, the former team moving on, the same tactics would be tried with the succeeding piece or caisson; but the ruts had been cut deeper and the mud had oozed in, and the augmented team, in spite of whip and imprecation, fails to move the burden one jot. The horses seem to reason among themselves, and to conclude that it is impossible to move the carriage up the hill this day.

It needs a train of stubborn mules to force through the mire the heavy caisson; so the mules are attached, they are spurred on at the outset, taken quite by surprise before they have time to contemplate the situation, and they hurry along the carriage through the mud, up the hill and on for a way, when they are relieved and the horses are reattached. In the meanwhile sections of artillery become separated on the road by long intervals. The teams of a company are scattered, a wagon will be struggling here, and half a mile away one belonging to the same command will be in the same predicament. Pontoon wagons were held fast, and at last only moved by half a hundred men pulling them out with the prolong-rope. The sole consolation in this wretched condition of things was the reflection that the Confederates, if they had discovered our plans, were equally unable to move through the all-hindering mud. After a day of such experience, horses detached from the artillery were ridden back to the quartermaster's wagons, and each driver, taking a bag of grain, conveyed it to his company, where it was distributed from point to point. On the following day, by slow and painful effort, the scattered detachments were gathered in column, and the procession moved back to the winter quarters of the various commands.

Three months of genuine winter, with storm and sleet, precluded further field operations during the season. Gen. Burnside was at his own request relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac on the 26th of January, six days after we entered upon the "mud march." Gen. Hooker assumed command. During the

dark period of depression that followed the battle of the 13th of December, desertions as well as disease and death were too common incidents. How much the numerical force of this army was decreased through this one agency will probably never be known, but the consequent demoralization was so palpable to the new commander that he applied himself with characteristic energy to its repair. Not only were the proper means employed to gather back to their commands those absent, but also rational methods of inspiring those present with patriotism and zeal, and with confidence in the commanding general; for example, a judicious system of furloughs was instituted.

As success crowned the efforts of Gen. Hooker in reorganizing by spring an effective army, whose self-confidence was restored, and whose strength was greater than on the ill-fated day in December when it crossed the Rappahannock, it ought to be recorded on every page that illustrates the splendid military achievements of Hooker, that he was the commander who knew how to inspire confidence in himself by considerately reposing confidence in others.

Few, indeed, were the desertions among those who enjoyed the privilege of a brief home visit during February and March, 1863. To our company it is a matter of honorable pride and everlasting satisfaction, that during those melancholy days no name upon our roster was sullied. On the 27th of April, our army had 12,000 cavalry, now for the first time organized in a corps under a commander of special distinction in this arm of the service. There were 120,000 infantry and artillery. On this day, to our company, as a representative of the last named arm, were read the general orders, which involved specific directions as to individual preparation for the campaign that was to open on the morrow.

We were to turn in our dress uniforms, all extra blankets and clothing, reserving only a change of shirts and stockings. We were to use knapsack or valise thus relieved to carry five days' rations of bread, (as many days' rations of meat were to follow us in shape of beef creatures,) and we were to take three days' supply of bread and meat in our haversacks.

ROSTER.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

December 13, 1862.

Right of the Left Grand Division.— MAJ. GEN. W B. FRANKLIN, Comm'd'g.
Sixth Corps.— MAJ. GEN. W. F. SMITH, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. W T. H. BROOKS, Commanding.

First Brigade.— COL. A. T. A. TORBERT, Commanding, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 15th, and 23d New Jersey Volunteers.

Second Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. J. J. BARTLETT, Commanding, 27th, 16th, 121st New York, 5th Maine, and 96th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.— COL. G. W TOWNE, Commanding, 18th, 31st, and 32d New York, and 95th Pennsylvania.

ARTILLERY.

Williston's D, 2d United States; McCartney's A, 1st Massachusetts; Hexamer's A, 1st New Jersey; Walcott's A, 1st Maryland.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. A. P. HOWE, Commanding.

First Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. C. E. PRATT, Commanding, 5th Wisconsin, 49th Pennsylvania, 6th Maine, 43d New York, 119th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.— COL. HENRY WHITING, Commanding, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Vermont, and 26th New Jersey.

Third Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. FRANCIS L. VINTON, Commanding, 20th, 33d, 49th, and 77th New York, and 21st New Jersey Volunteers.

ARTILLERY.

Ayres's F, 5th United States; Snow's B, 1st Maryland, Cowan's 1st New York Battery; Stewart's 3d New York.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. JOHN NEWTON, Commanding.

First Brigade.—BRIG. GEN. JOHN COCHRANE, Commanding, 23d, 61st, and 82d Pennsylvania, 65th, 67th, and 122d New York Volunteers.

Second Brigade.—BRIG. GEN. CHAS. DEVENS, Commanding, 7th, 10th, and 37th Massachusetts, 2d Rhode Island, and 36th New York Volunteers.

Third Brigade.—COL. T. A. ROWLEY, Commanding, 62d New York, 93d, 98th, 102d, and 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ARTILLERY.

Butler's G, 2d United States; McCarthy's C, 1st Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER IX.

THUS light-weighted, on the 28th of April, 1863, the Sixth Corps, now commanded by Gen. Sedgwick, was once more in column, moving toward the river, creeping through woods, through ravines, behind ridges, to conceal the march from the Confederates. The progress was not rapid. Evidently, it was not designed to bring the corps in sight of the enemy this afternoon, for at night the corps had been moved forward a couple of miles by a circuitous route, and lay in quite compact order, hidden from the observation of those on the south bank. It appears that the First and Third Corps were in motion on the left of the army, at this time, with us; Hooker had discarded the grand division organization. On the 29th, a division of the Sixth Corps was was thrown over the river, nearly at the point of crossing in December, and a division of the First, two miles lower down. Little opposition was made at Franklin's Crossing, there being a heavy fog, but down the river the sharpshooters in the rifle-pits were very troublesome, and it was necessary to bring several batteries to bear upon them before the pontoons could be placed. The remaining divisions of the First and Sixth Corps, and all of the Third Corps, remained upon the north side.

The Confederate lines extended twenty miles below Fredericksburg. Our movement had the effect of hurrying their troops from Port Royal and the vicinity. As the other Federal corps had moved up the river, northwest of the town, it was at this moment doubtful to Gen. Lee where the attack was to be made. He seems, however, to have deemed it necessary on the 30th to bring the major portion of his army to bear against the force which he learned was crossing the Rappahannock and Rapidan, at different points above Fredericksburg; one result of this determination of

GEN. JNO. SEDGWICK.

the Confederate commander was that only the corps of Early was left in defence of the heights of Fredericksburg. Now the Third Corps, Gen. Sickles, is silently withdrawn from our vicinity, whither it had accompanied us, and marches up the river to join Hooker.

On Saturday, May 2, while those divisions of the First and Sixth Corps which had crossed were lying upon the plain on the south side, the remaining divisions, by a series of marches and countermarches along the crests of the hills upon the north side, magnified their numbers to the enemy; and in the meanwhile the bulk of the First Corps departed from this vicinity, to join the force that confronted Lee. Through the afternoon of this day there was little change in our situation. We were lying in wait. Gen. Sedgwick was alone in command. In the meanwhile the bulk of the Federal army, consisting of the Eleventh Corps, Gen. Howard; a division of the Third, Sickles, which had arrived from our vicinity; the Twelfth, Gen. Slocum, comprising the right; and the Second, Gen. Couch, with the Fifth, Gen. Meade, on the left, had been engaged with the enemy, with varying fortune, at Chancellorsville, west of Fredericksburg, at the junction of the Gordonsville pike and the Orange, C. H., plank road.

The Eleventh Corps had been routed by a determined attack of Jackson's force, but his advance had been checked by parts of the Second and Third Corps, the artillery under Capt. Best, and 500 cavalry and horse artillery under Gen. Pleasanton. Stonewall Jackson had fallen in this latter engagement.

During the day, Lee had kept up a vigorous attack in front of Hooker, but was invariably unsuccessful in forcing the advanced line of Federal rifle-pits. During the night, Hooker contracted and reformed his lines. The First Corps arrived from below Fredericksburg, and was placed upon the right, where the Eleventh had been, previous to its discomfiture.

It was now, at midnight on the 2d of May, that Gen. Sedgwick received orders to cross the Rappahannock, carry the heights behind the town, and advance on Chancellorsville until he should come up with the rear of Lee's army. All of the available force of the Sixth Corps was on the south side before dawn; then Gen. Gibbon with a division 8,000 strong joins us, he having crossed this morning. Gen. Sedgwick must now have had under his command,

30,000 men. It was proposed to carry Marye's Hill, yonder before Early's corps, which held it, could receive aid from Lee at Chancellorsville.

The land immediately behind the town forms a smooth, elevated plain, extending back a quarter of a mile, then rises to a ridge which ranges east and west, abutting at the east upon a ravine; this is Marye's Hill, upon which guns were planted in every position to rake the plain at its foot.

At the foot of this ridge is the telegraph road, twenty-five feet wide, which in many places is cut in the side of the hill and is not visible above the surface of the ground. The road is flanked by the famous stone-wall, four feet high on the side towards the town, against which, in December, the heroic divisions of French and Hancock were hurled to certain destruction. This position was of such strength that, it is said, in December only 1,700 men were found necessary to occupy it, against an attacking force approaching the town. South of and behind Marye's Hill is another table-land, which emerges on its southern side into another range of hills, then bristling with cannon, as was the ridge below.

In the absence of any considerable Confederate force upon the east of this position, and with a heavy fire upon Marye's Hill from the Union heavy batteries on the superior heights upon the north side of the river, the storming of the position was practicable, and its capture by a determined assault upon its right flank, thus avoiding the direct and enfilade fire from its immediate front, was possible.

The Sixth Corps, and its gallant associate command, Gibbon's division, before noon had carried both Marye's and Cemetery ridges at the point of the bayonet, and, with the prisoners they had captured, were pressing on.

The line of battle of the Sixth Corps extended from the pontoon bridge at Franklin's Crossing, to the right of the town of Fredericksburg. Our First Division, Gen. Brooks, consisting of Torbert's New Jersey brigade, Bartlett's brigade, the Twenty-seventh, Sixteenth, and One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, Fifth Maine, and Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania, and the Third Brigade, embracing the Eighteenth, Thirty-first and Thirty-second New York and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, with the batteries of Williston,

McCartney, Hexamer, and Walcott, held the plain in front of the crossing. Howe's Second Division was on our right in front of Marye's Hill. On the right of Howe was the light division, consisting of the Fifth Wisconsin, Sixth Maine, Thirty-first and Forty-third New York, and Sixty-First Pennsylvania, commanded by Col. Burnham, and on the extreme right of the corps was Gen. Newton's Third Division. Finally Gibbon's division of the First Corps crossed from Falmouth and established itself on the right of Newton.

The force occupying the heights was said to be as strong as that which repulsed the divisions of French, Hancock, and Humphreys in December. And it is said that General Barksdale, commanding it, was confident that he could repulse any attack which our corps commander could make. The direct assault in front, which began after an unsuccessful attempt to turn the Confederate left, was commenced at ten o'clock, A. M., by the Seventh Massachusetts, and two regiments of Eustis's brigade. On the right and left of this force were respectively Shaler's and Spear's brigades, and the light division. The latter was to capture the "stone-wall at the base of the hill." The forward movement of all these was made simultaneously under a terrible fire from the Confederates. Spear's brigade was nearly extinguished; its brave leader was killed. The Seventh Massachusetts, advancing through a rocky ravine, swept by the enemy's artillery, twice wavered, each time rallied and pushed on over the Confederate works, reaching the crest of the hill at the same moment as the light division, which on the left of the road had swept through a storm of shot and shell, over the stone-wall. Now there is a conflict for the guns upon the crest. The enemy is completely overpowered. The Sixth Maine, of the light division, having lost six captains and its major and a proportionate number of brave privates, was the first to plant its colors upon the Confederate works.

Early, in retreating, moved south, leaving open to the Federals the plank road to Chancellorsville. Along this road our division, in advance, made an unimpeded march of four miles to Salem Church, where shells from Confederate guns gave us notice of their presence. Bartlett's brigade was formed in line of battle, with the Sixteenth New York holding the skirmish line in front, the Twenty-seventh New York on the right, the Ninety-sixth

Pennsylvania on the left, the Fifth Maine and One Hundred and Twenty-first New York in the centre.

Before this line was a dense growth of second growth wood; Gen. Brooks ordered the brigade commander to push on rapidly through the thicket. Advancing perhaps 500 feet, the brigade came upon the Confederate line, the men lying down in a bridle road. They suddenly fired a volley into the ranks of the Union brigade, which the latter returned with interest, driving the Confederates back to their rifle-pits in the rear of the road. The road was now filled with the dead. The Confederates kept up a galling fire from the rifle-pits for twenty minutes, during which time our loss must have been quite 600 men; the whole division was now in action, and Gen. Newton's Third Division was hotly engaged upon the right. Our First Division slowly retiring, the Confederates made a dash from the rifle-pits with great vim upon it. Now the artillery Companies D, Second United States, Lieut. Williston, First Massachusetts, Capt. W. H. McCartney, and First New Jersey, Capt. Hexamer, by excellent service and fine practice repulsed the momentarily successful Confederate lines, and saved the division. The engagement of our division with the force of Wilcox and McLaws commenced at four o'clock, P. M. and shortly after the Third Division of the Sixth Corps came to our support, the Confederates were pushed back and the church and schoolhouse were in the possession of the Federals. Continued reinforcement of the Confederate force, enabling them to rally, resulted in staying the progress of our divisions, and, but for the splendid practice of the Sixth Corps Artillery, the end would perhaps have been the destruction of the Federal infantry.

It was now quite dark, and both weary combatants rested upon the field. After a night of anxiety and suspense, on the part of the rank and file, of uncertainty in regard to the result of the engagement at Chancellorsville, came Monday morning, May 4. Our lines were again reformed, and such disposition of the corps was made as would enable it, if possible, to withstand the attack of an overwhelming force, for it was the superior portion of Lee's army which had now turned to assail the Sixth Corps. Early had in the meantime returned to Fredericksburg and retaken possession of the heights, and our devoted corps was hemmed in on three sides by the enemy.

To have withdrawn last night would have been disobedience of orders by our corps commander, since he had been directed by the commanding general to proceed to Chancellorsville. He had proceeded thus far on Sunday afternoon; the way thence was blocked by an augmented force of the enemy in a stronghold that commanded the route. The light of that day did not last long enough to permit the dislodgement of the foe, despite the skill of Sedgwick, and the spirited, persistent attack of his divisions.

He had no alternative as a soldier, other than to wait the morrow and resume his task. The corps was formed in the three sides of a square enclosing Banks' Ford. The Second Division faced east toward Fredericksburg, against Early, with its left on the Rappahannock; the Third Division, with one brigade of the First Division, faced west against McLaws, with its right upon the river; the remaining brigades of the First Division, Bartlett's and Torbert's, faced south, confronting Anderson, touching the other sides of the square.

The first movement on this Monday morn, May 4, was a Confederate attack upon Neill's brigade of the Second Division, on the left of our line. Here detachments of the Seventh Maine and the Forty-ninth New York, with Battery F, Fifth United States, Lieut. Martin, repulsed a whole brigade, captured two hundred prisoners, and the men of the first named regiment bore off the colors of the Fifty-eighth Virginia Infantry.

Thereafter through the day, however, until five o'clock, the situation was unchanged. Then began perhaps the most fearful struggle of this campaign, which lasted for three hours.

No time was spent by the Confederate commander in feeling the strength of the Federal force which yesterday had scaled the heights and driven before it their defenders. It is said that Gen. Lee personally marshalled the brigades. The initial movement of his troops was a furious onslaught upon our lines. This was repelled with equal vigor; another attack was made, and the advancing Confederate lines received a volley from our artillery that perceptibly thinned their ranks and stayed their progress.

Now a charge was made upon the batteries on our right, and they answer with canister, and the supporting regiments repel the assailants with the bayonet. Four times their lines were broken and driven back. Our company guns were twelve-pound Napo-

leons, smooth-bores, effective at 1,500 yds. We had exchanged for these at Harrison's Landing four Parrott rifles and two brass howitzers. We had employed these twelve-pounders at South Mountain and Antietam, but probably at no previous time had they been more serviceable than now, in aiding to check the advance of the determined masses that sought first by dogged onsets to break and scatter our ranks on the right, and later, to turn that flank with the hope of capturing a considerable number.

The vastly numerically superior force opposed to General Sedgwick rendered it a triumph of generalship that he should hold his ground for a considerable time, and then, when prudence required the gradual retirement of his troops, so admirably were they handled that what the enemy at first fancied a retreat, he having massed a large part of his force to turn our left, was a prolonged resistance with bold front and resolute defence.

The general seemed intuitively to perceive the mental condition of his troops, as to their confidence or lack of confidence in their ability to do, and he had, moreover, the gift of inspiring confidence when untoward circumstances might beget a temporary faltering in the disposition of some corps. One day, while engaged in exercising this faculty, which he possessed in an eminent degree, he lost his life, his prominent figure having been exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters.

Seven or eight miles above Fredericksburg is a crossing called Banks' Ford; as night approached, the movements of the corps, which the nature of things necessitated, had been in the direction of this crossing. Reaching the vicinity of the ford, in line, the corps intrenched itself in a position to cover the crossing in its rear. It seemed at first that it might be the general's intention to hold this position, but the disastrous fire of Confederate batteries near the Decker House, which were so posted upon higher ground at a bend of the river, as to be able to rake the rear of our force, plainly showed the situation to be indefensible, and it was with extreme difficulty that the corps was able to cross after midnight, one bridge having been destroyed by the Confederate artillery.

The loss of the Sixth Corps in this campaign reached 5,000 men. Our company mourned little Benny Daniels, a brave, smooth-faced, black-eyed lad, whom a casual observer would have

deemed to be of too tender years to endure the hardships of military life; but he had a man's courage and fortitude. He fell, nobly doing his duty, on the morning of the 3d of May

The Sixth Corps, on its return, held relatively the same position on the left of the army that it occupied previous to the 28th of April.

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May sped, without developing upon the surface of our existence anything of national importance. On the 4th of June, there were rumors of a flank movement below Fredericksburg. Whatever might have been the design of the commander-in-chief, certainly on the following day the Sixth Corps infantry and artillery, with pontoon train, was in the Rappahannock Valley below the mouth of Deep Run. The Confederates, having a picket line along the bank, were in force in the rifle-pits which our First Division had made at a former time; and they opened a lively fire when the engineers prepared to launch the pontoons. Now all of our artillery, Williston's, McCartney's, McCarthy's, Cowan's, and Harn's, opened upon the works from the plain upon the north side, firing by battery; the assault was terrific, the plain beyond the river being completely obscured by the smoke of bursting shells, and the clouds of dust; the men in the pits were unable to readily lift their heads to sight the Federal engineers and infantry Two regiments were thrown across in boats; the artillery cease firing as the infantry reach the opposite bank; the latter charge the pits and drive the occupants over the plain,—pursue them and capture prisoners. The bridge being laid, each of our divisions in turn crossed, one relieving another, so that during the five succeeding days, each command spent a day or more on the south side. There was an occasional exchange of papers between the Sixth Corps pickets and those of the enemy, but no further exchange of hostilities.

The first symptom of Lee's great northward movement, so ably did he manœuvre, was not perceived by the Federals until the 9th of June; when Pleasanton's cavalry struck the enemy's columns at Brandy Station, on the line of the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, east of Culpepper, C. H., this revealed in a degree the purpose of the Confederate general, but too late for preventive opposition; he had in effect, as De Peyster has said, gained

a week's march. The Federal commander was now compelled to hasten his army by shorter lines than those pursued by his adversary to positions between the Confederate host, and Washington and Baltimore; what conflict—and with what fruits—would eventually result from the ultimate meeting of these armies, so evenly matched in many respects, God only knew.

CHAPTER X.

THE great highway from Falmouth to Alexandria leads through Stafford, C. H., across Aquia Creek to the ford at Wolf Run Shoal on the Occoquan. North of the Occoquan, a road leads northwesterly from the highway, to the Fairfax Station on the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, eighteen or twenty miles west of Alexandria. This was part of the route traversed in June, 1863, by the Sixth Corps, in its transfer from the vicinity of the Rappahannock to the subsequent theatre of military operations in Pennsylvania.

Our company supped and slept, on the night of the 14th of June, on the north bank of Agwam Creek, south of Aquia. The next morning we were astir betimes, and moving through the fog a good two hours before the sun appeared to scatter it. Notwithstanding that dress uniforms and extra blankets, shirts, and stockings, had been turned in, in April, many of the infantry seemed to consider their overcoats and more than one blanket for two men, encumbrances, for these articles were plentifully strewn along the way, this morning, and must have afforded a considerable prize to the dwellers on this route, even though some thrifty soldiers exchanged inferior garments or blankets for excellent ones that had been cast away.

Arriving at Aquia Creek, where this road crosses, we found, as we were about to ford the stream, that a foot bridge of rails had been thrown across, on the lower side of the wagon road through the creek; but this was only wide enough for the passage of two abreast, and while the bridge would be continually lined with men passing over, there was a considerable crowd waiting on the shore, the men being naturally reluctant to plunge into the cold water before sunrise, and to wear their wet pants, stockings, and

shoes for an hour or two after, upon a hurried march. This hesitation, however pardonable, did not suit a newly-fledged brigadier, who, riding up at this moment, drove them headlong into the creek. We saw him brandish his sword about their heads and thrust and cut at their ears as if he were a cavalry recruit practising upon dummies with a sabre. Doubtless the wet feet and chills, conjoined to the sleeping in the open air, were among the causes of the "night blindness," with which during this season many were afflicted.

The ford of the Occoquan at Wolf Run Shoal, which we reached at mid-day, is a very difficult crossing on account of the slippery ledge and loose stones on the bed of the pathway; and for teams especially, because of bowlders of various size, among which the drivers must carefully steer, at the same time keeping a tight rein upon the horses lest they slip and fall upon the sunken rocks on the bed of the river. The passage of the corps was necessarily slow; but the approach to the water was rapid enough, being down a quite steep, though indirect pathway from the bank above; altogether, the gulf through which the Occoquan flows at this place is strikingly picturesque.

Our battery made a safe transit, and as speedily as any of the mounted corps, and a few hours later halted with the other regiments and batteries of our division, in the neighborhood of Fairfax Station. We bivouacked here, receiving in the course of the evening rations for ourselves and grain and hay for our horses.

Shortly after the indecisive battle of Chancellorsville, the term of service of nearly 40,000 men expired. Among these two years regiments was the Sixteenth New York, of the First Division, Sixth Corps. There being, in the several companies of this corps, men who had enlisted at different times subsequent to the mustering in of the regiment, these soldiers, as three years men, were distributed among various corps of the division, to serve out the remainder of their terms. Thirty of these were attached to the First Massachusetts Battery, and had marched with us to this station. These men were almost without exception from the west shore of Lake Champlain, a hardy, intelligent, and for the most part adaptable body of soldiers; therefore they were a desirable acquisition to our company; and it had, including them and other recruits which it had received during the past winter, on the 16th of June, a full complement of non-commissioned officers and privates.

Gen. Hooker had now brought his army into a position by means of which he could cover Washington, and could readily move to the defence of Baltimore from the threatened attack of the advancing and powerful army led by Lee. For the "skill, energy, and endurance" by means of which he accomplished this, he deserved and soon received the thanks of Congress. His headquarters on the 17th and 18th were in the immediate vicinity of our division at Fairfax Station. We saw him occasionally standing by a fire which burned near his tent, and remember seeing him light his cigar with a lighted sliver which his servant handed him. Our purpose now seems to have been to watch and wait for the further development of the enemy's plans. On the 15th, Ewell, who seems to have commanded the van of the Confederates, encountered Gen. Milroy west of Winchester. Ewell was apparently moving up the Potomac to some point above Martinsburg. The valley was swarming with Confederate troops, but the Army of the Potomac was so located that it could prevent their egress through the gaps of the Blue Ridge, or in the event of their crossing the upper Potomac, say at Martinsburg or Williamsport, could be in the valley of the Monocacy in a few hours, and ranging north and south of Frederick interpose itself between its adversaries and Baltimore, at the same time having the capital behind its protecting lines.

The superior portion of the Confederate army on the 19th and 20th was far up the Shenandoah Valley, beyond Luray, but gradually moving north. At this time Ewell's division, which routed Milroy's brigades defending Winchester, had moved to the Potomac, opposite Williamsport.

Now, in the further disposition of the Federal forces made necessary by the enemy's movements, the Sixth Army Corps was sent across Bull Run and along the line of the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, to occupy a position upon the plains, where it could observe and foil any attempt of the Confederates to cross to the east side of the mountains. As an element of this corps of observation and reconnoissance, our company crossed Blackburn's Ford on the 19th, marched over the rugged, broken ridge, the scene of the bloody conflict of July, 1861; over the knolls beyond; by the Brick Farmhouse so often mentioned in the annals of warfare in the Manassas region; by the junc-

tion, and over the site of the village of log huts where we tarried two days in the spring of 1862, when we came out with Gen. McDowell, previous to the organization of the Sixth Corps; crossed Broad Run at a point near where we had bivouacked in storm and sleet, fifteen months ago, and took position at Bristow Station, facing to the west. Here where the railroad embankment on the plain made an effective defensive field work, lay, four days, the infantry and artillery of our division. The cavalry vedettes of this section ranged along a line drawn through points perhaps three miles to the south and west of our position, and between it and our outposts was the infantry picket line. Cavalry was actively scouring the region in our front and on our left flanks. In the meanwhile Ewell, on the 21st, had invaded the narrow portion of Maryland north of Williamsport; a few hours' march will take his division into Pennsylvania. On the 22d a large part of the force yet in the valley move rapidly after Ewell toward Williamsport. These are now known to have been the troops of Longstreet and Hill; they cross upon the 24th and 25th. Now the Federal columns are moving toward the crossing at Edwards' Ferry. The Sixth Corps reaches the vicinity of the ferry, the evening of the 26th. A large part of the army and the general commanding are already in Maryland. We cross on the 27th, and on this day Gen. Hooker was in Frederick.

To arrive at an approximate notion of the relative situation and strength of the two armies at this moment, let the reader picture in his mind the map of western Maryland and Pennsylvania, or spread before his eye an actual map of that region. Find Chambersburg in Cumberland Valley; Lee, with Longstreet and Hill, had reached this place about the same time that Hooker came into Frederick. Early was thirty miles east and Ewell about thirty miles west of the main body of their army. Taking Frederick as a centre, the Federal corps lay east, south, and northeast, all within twenty miles of that town, except that a considerable cavalry force, commanded by Gen. Buford, which had been following the track of Lee, was yet in Cumberland Valley over the mountains from Frederick.

According to the estimate of Gen. Humphreys, Lee had at this moment 85,000 infantry, 8,000 cavalry, and a due proportion of artillery, though De Peyster says "this is a low estimate," and that

there is reason to think he mustered over 100,000 men, not over 83,000 of whom were in the actions of the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July. Gen. Humphreys states that the Army of the Potomac consisted of 70,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 300 guns.

It was now that Gen. Hooker requested that the troops at Harper's Ferry be placed at his disposal; not only were they needed for the active campaign which was in progress, but bitter experience had demonstrated the futility of attempting to hold that place for a defensive position. The opinion that it was vastly easier to capture it with a comparatively small force than to hold it with a large number, had been more than once expressed by generals of reputation on both sides.

In the present instance of invasion, for any impediment that it placed in the way of the Confederate entry into Maryland, it were as well not in being. But General-in-Chief Halleck refused to allow the withdrawal of the troops from this position, and Gen. Hooker tendered his resignation as commander of the Army of the Potomac. Strange to relate, his resignation was immediately accepted; and Gen. Meade, obeying as a soldier the orders of the general-in-chief, assumed command on the 28th.

We judge that this fact was not generally known by the rank and file of the Sixth Corps, until the night of the 1st of July; for then the general order of the new commander was read to our company in line, in which, after stating that he assumed command in obedience to orders as a soldier, he briefly reviewed the military situation, reminding his command of the momentous issues at stake, making an earnest appeal to their patriotism, and enjoining strict fidelity to duty.

If the reader will glance once more at the map of Pennsylvania, and note the situation of York and Columbia, and their position with reference to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and remember that on the 29th and 30th of June, and the 1st of July, the left of Lee's army, commanded by Ewell, was in the region in which these places are situated, he will understand why the Sixth Corps, at this moment the right of the Army of the Potomac, should have been at Manchester, forty-two miles northwest of Baltimore.

"Boots and saddles" sounded at half-past seven P. M.; the company was in line and ready for the road a few minutes later.

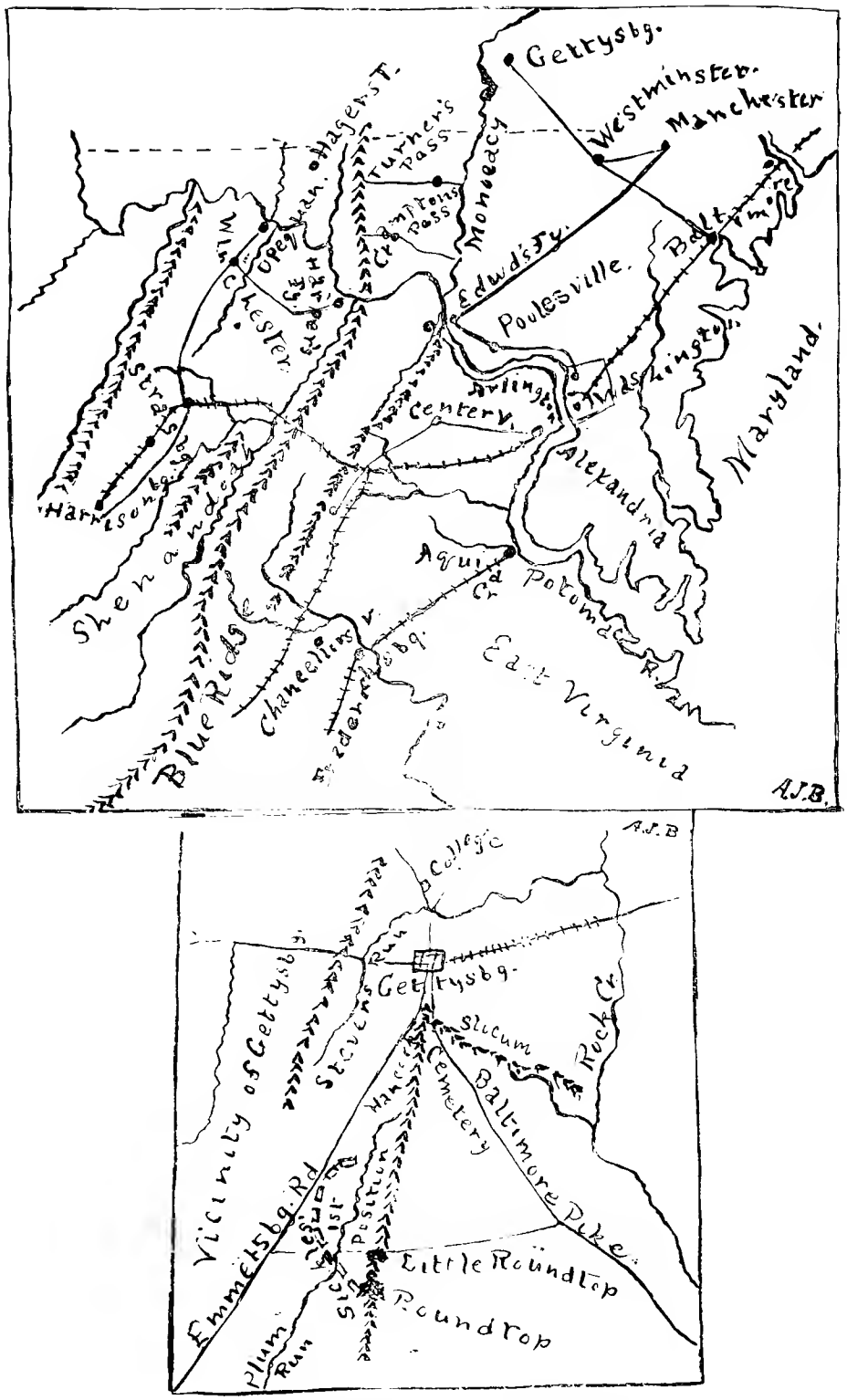
General orders were read, and in the too calm quiet of this summer night, this command waited for orders to move into column. Gettysburg was more than thirty miles away, and the route thither was not direct. A march of thirty-five miles was before us.

It was between eight and nine o'clock, twenty-four hours after our arrival hither, that we set out at a quickstep, that soon became a trot until it would be necessary to halt for little, till interval had been gained by ranks and teams in advance. Then rapid movement would be resumed. It was a typical July night; the sultry air retaining the mid-day heat, there was an uncomfortable closeness.

The march was made with unflagging energy all night, and there was no relaxation of effort when the scorching sun of the 2d of July appeared to light another day's conflict on that field to which we were hastening. Now was the test of physical vigor, — to keep the ranks and make the requisite time, wipe away the perspiration, grin, and endure. So, for an hour after sunrise, men and horses well stood the test. Then there was a brief rest to answer the calls of nature, after which regiments and batteries were speeding on. Now the column moved through Westminster, the town having been well waked up by the beat of hoofs and the tramp of feet.

Let us digress here a moment, to record to the honor of this town, that when once a Confederate force approached it with a demand for supplies for 15,000 men and the threat to destroy the town if they were withheld, the fathers asked for time to remove the women and children, as they declined to accede to the demand for supplies. Fortunately, Union cavalry appearing at this juncture, the Confederates withdrew. The passage of the Sixth Corps on the morning of the 2d of July, caused perhaps a pleasanter awakening of the townspeople.

The next five miles are traversed with scarcely a break in the steady, rapid, forward movement. The sun's rays strike fiercely. Countenances are begrimed with dust and sweat. Now the progress is slower; the road is ascending for a way. We are moving due north. Now we hear the sound of cannon, peal on peal. At length, at noon, we reach a plateau, over which the road passes on the Pennsylvania side; there away to the north is a portion of the Federal line of battle. We see distinctly the batteries working upon the crest of a ridge, as we are moving forward to the scene.



THE VICINITY OF GETTYSBURG.

CHAPTER XI.

EXAMINE now the map, "vicinity of Gettysburg." Note the position of the town. Observe the long, irregular, curved ridge south of it; the east and short arm of this curvilinear range is Culp's Hill. At the apex of the angle formed by the intersection of Culp's Hill with the longer arm of the range, is Cemetery Hill. South, along the long arm of the ridge, where the cross-road passes from the Baltimore pike to the Emmetsburg road, is Little Round Top. South of this, and the base of the map, is Round Top. The crest of this aptly termed, "fish-hook shaped ridge" was the Federal position on the 2d and 3d of July. Now with the town again for the point of view, observe west of it another ridge overlooking the village and extending by it from north to south. This is Oak or Seminary Ridge. On its crest and on the plain east of it, even into the village, was fought the disastrous battle of the 1st of July. From this elevation descended the Confederate force on the 2d of July, to attempt to turn the Union left near Little Round Top. From this ridge on the same day, they made the futile attempt to storm Cemetery Hill. From this same position at one P. M. on the 3d of July, their 150 guns belched forth their awful thunder, making the air demoniacal for two hours. This concentration of artillery fire upon Cemetery Ridge was intended, doubtless, to demoralize its defenders before the grand charge of their 18,000 infantry up its side. Back upon this Seminary Hill the remnant of the Confederate force retired after their repulse upon the 3d of July, and on this ground they were attacked by Meade, late in the afternoon of that day. Finally, from this ridge they retreated to Virginia.

On the 2d of July the Third Corps (Gen. Sickles), which had arrived during the previous evening, with a part of the First

Corps, occupied the left of the Union position, forming an advanced line extending through the Devil's Den, along the Emmetsburg road, across Plum Run to the spur of Round Top. This advanced line, Sickles's first position, has been the subject alike of adverse criticism and approval by military authorities. It was to turn this line and obtain possession of Little Round Top, the key of the Federal position, that Longstreet made the memorable assault, early in the afternoon, upon the lines of Sickles and Doubleday. The Third Corps was the extreme left, its infantry in front and behind it artillery,— several Massachusetts batteries, among them Bigelow's and Phillips's, and several companies under Capt. McGilvry of Maine. Later, the Fifth Corps arrived and were in position, and afterward the left wing was further reinforced by the infantry of the Sixth Corps. Before this line was a ravine, and beyond the ravine, sloping down to a stone-wall, was a wheatfield.

There was a skirmish at noon near the Emmetsburg road, for the possession of some cattle. This brought on the engagement of the day.

Nothing could exceed the vim, the terrible energy of the Confederate attack. Between two and three o'clock their legions, with that yell whose echo was infernal, poured over the wheatfield, over the stone-wall, past the ravine, striking with direful effect the divisions of the Third Corps, who fought with a valor never surpassed, realizing that a repulse at this point would result in yielding to the enemy the key of the Federal position — the Round Tops. Here Gen. Sickles lost his right leg while holding the heroic Third to the awful task that had devolved upon it and its associate corps. For two hours the conflict raged in this quarter, two divisions of the Fifth Corps having meanwhile arrived, and having been engaged upon the right of the Third. But the lines were scattered and driven back ; several thousand arms had been lost. A little after five o'clock, a Confederate charge upon the First Division of the Third Corps on the extreme left, drove back the Federal infantry and threatened the batteries to which we have alluded as being behind the divisions of the Third Corps. Orders were sent to Capt. Bigelow of Massachusetts, whose battery was upon the extreme left, to hold his position at all hazards until two other batteries should be sent to support

him. As the Confederates charged upon his guns, he opened with double charges of grape and canister, but he did not break their line, for they continually closed up their gaps and pressed on. After his canister was exhausted, he fired spherical case at short range. The enemy approach within six paces of his guns. He remembers the imperative order, and holds his place. They spring upon his carriages and shoot his horses; then Bigelow's cannoneers and he seize two of the guns and drag them by hand from the front line back to the position of the caissons, five out of six of which were saved. So the enemy fell upon Phillips's battery, its horses were shot down, its guns were drawn off by hand.

These scenes transpired in front and west of the ridge. Now from a new position on the slope, these batteries, and several that had reinforced them again, opened fire; the enemy, coming to attack these, were exposed to enfilading fires from the centre; whenever they came within this position, their punishment was terrible. Now the leading division of the Fifth Corps arrived to the aid of the left, advancing in line, Gen. Crawford leading, bearing the colors, as fugitives were rushing through his ranks. Crawford ordered a charge. Forward launched the division, pouring volley after volley into the Confederate ranks, which were driven back across the ravine, over the stone-wall and across the grainfield. The lost ground and quantities of arms were regained. Now arrived the other divisions of the Fifth and the infantry of the Sixth, strengthening the left and centre. On a dozen crests, points in the curved line extending from Round Top to our right centre, were batteries comprising, among others, all of the reserve artillery of the Army of the Potomac, whose fires crossed and murderously raked the paths of the advancing columns of the enemy, now turning his attention to the centre, breaking and shattering them, rendering their capture easy; and during the last hour of the combined effort of the Third, Fifth, and Sixth on the left and centre, it is said more prisoners were captured than in the whole previous time.

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The Sixth Corps was within supporting distance at two o'clock on the 2d of July, after its all-night march, and reaching the road which leaves the Baltimore pike on the west (see map), moved along this way to Little Round Top, ready to take part in

the action. The infantry was immediately ordered in at this place. But the reserve artillery having already entered the conflict, the artillery of our corps, for the time being, became the reserve.

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On the Union right, extending along the ridge over Cemetery Hill to Culp's Hill, were the Second Corps (Gen. Hancock arriving on the previous afternoon, "giving strength to the position and confidence to the forces by his presence"), the Twelfth Corps (Gen. Slocum having arrived in the evening of the 1st of July, being at that moment the senior general), the Eleventh Corps and Wadsworth's division of the First. Hill's Confederate corps, which was the centre of Lee's army, confronted the Second Corps and part of the Eleventh; while the Confederate left, Ewell's corps, was opposed to a part of the Eleventh and Wadsworth's division. The remainder of the First was on the left of our army, on the 2d of July, as, late in the afternoon, was the Twelfth, it having been despatched to the aid of the weakened Third.

Here Hill's corps made a vain attempt to storm Cemetery Hill, and Ewell gained some slight advantage toward Rock Creek. These movements commenced about six P. M., and continued into the evening, the moon having risen while the struggle continued. Ewell's movement developed to him the fact that our extreme right had been somewhat weakened, the Twelfth Corps, as has already been stated, having gone to the aid of the Union left, and he was able to make a slight lodgement on Culp's Hill. But when the strife ceased, upon the night of the 2d of July, all along the line, it may be said that the advantage lay decidedly with the Federals, for the left occupied an impregnable position, that which the commanding general first designed that it should hold, and on the right Ewell was dislodged on the morrow.

In the profound silence of this midsummer night there was no slumber for Gen. Meade and his lieutenants. The commander is even said to have contemplated a change in his plan of movements. In the council of war, however, the advice of his generals seems generally to have been in favor of maintaining the position held at dusk, as incomparably superior to any other that might be selected. Moreover, despatches from Richmond, which had been found upon a captured courier, showed that Lee could hope for no more reinforcements.

The short summer night sped, and at daylight, Gen. Slocum's corps having returned to the right, and with their return commenced the operation of dislodging the Confederates from Culp's Hill, this was accomplished before ten o'clock, by Gen. Slocum's troops and Wadsworth's division of the First Corps. Gen. Lee now withdrew his sharpshooters and all his infantry from the town. The retirement of these troops to Seminary Ridge was doubtless intended to allure Meade from his advantageous position. The stratagem failed. The Confederate retreat from the town was quickened by some parting shots from a knoll north of the cemetery At noon the frightened and bewildered inhabitants who were yet in the town, creeping out to ascertain the meaning of the silence, saw the Confederates falling back to the seminary.

It is said, that, on this eventful Friday, 3d of July, Gen. Lee did not desire to attack the Federal position; he saw its superiority, but he yielded to the appeals of his lieutenants.

At one P. M. the Confederate commander opened with 150 guns upon the eminence held by the Federals. For two hours the air was alive with shells. This was the tremendous artillery fire designed to demoralize the Federal troops before the grand charge of Longstreet's grand division.

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Our command, having been held in reserve, was, we believe, one of the last batteries to enter the conflict. But on this day, about two o'clock, passing in near Little Round Top, then running the gauntlet of the Confederate fire, we succeeded in relieving the First New Hampshire Battery, on Cemetery Ridge, and there did honorable service. Every shell from Seminary Hill seemed to be thrown at the cemetery. Amidst this terrible Confederate cannonade, scarcely a Federal shot was heard: the cannoneers with their implements lay low in the little ditches dug behind their guns.

Artillerymen declared that they had precisely the range of the ridge occupied by the enemy. One of our boys evidently thought differently, since he discharged one of our Napoleons. This brought hither an aid, for there had been no orders to fire. "I am directed to ask why that gun was fired," he said. H., who had held the lanyard and pulled the string, heard his chief of section reply, that the gunner was "getting the range."

Our infantry, with loaded guns, awaited the charge. At three o'clock the cannonade lulled; from among the rocks and the stunted woods of Seminary Hill arose an interminable, hideous yell. The tried soldiers upon the opposite ridge knew well what would be its sequel. In every portion of the line cannon were directed toward the valley in front of the cemetery. Down from Seminary Ridge swept the Confederate double battle line, over a mile long, skirmishers in front, the spectacle provoking the admiration of their foes. The yell had ceased. Silently and with military precision, 18,000 men moved through the valley toward the slope of the opposite ridge.

Now, a hundred guns tore gaps in their front. Volleys were poured into them, breaking their line. Yet on they came. Grape, canister, and spherical case fell thick among them. Still they pushed forward. They planted their battle-flags on the outer line of works. Thousands of Confederates rushed across, into the works and up to the cemetery. They were shouting and screaming. The Confederate shells flew over the field upon the Union gunners on the hill, and the latter directed all their fire upon the surging mass of desperate assailants. Every available piece upon Cemetery Hill, and every gun to the right and to the left, poured shot and shell into the valley. Still the indefatigable foe pushed up the hill. They fought hand to hand with the Federal infantry. The contest was terrible — so close that the exploding powder scorched their clothes. One moment the Confederates would beat the railings of the cemetery, then a Federal rally and rush would send them back to the base of the hill; then with a yell they would return, and there would be a fierce battle among the tombstones. Now upon this surging mass, the Union troops closed from every point. Here was the hardest fight of the day. Hundreds were slain there. Out of that terrible fire a swarm of prisoners rushed into our lines. The Confederate repulse was complete, absolute. They retired upon their own hill.

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Now Gen. Meade determined to drive the Confederates out of the seminary. His troops were marshalled. They charged down the hill, into the town, through the streets, and ascended the hill toward the seminary, under a heavy fire from that quarter. This

portion of the Confederate line had evidently been much weakened. After some resistance, they abandoned the hill and retreated from the seminary. The Federals did not pursue. During the night the Confederates retreated still further, abandoning their entire line of battle. It is a coincidence worthy of note and remembrance, that, at the moment the last Confederate charge was being repelled at Gettysburg, Grant was receiving Pemberton's sword at Vicksburg.

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Accounts of this battle have been singularly silent in regard to the influence of the Sixth Army Corps upon the fortunes of the campaign. After a march unsurpassed in military annals, our three divisions arrived at just the instant when the Confederates, spurred by success, were penetrating our lines to the right of Round Top. In three parallel lines then advanced our infantry. Gen. Wright, then commanding our First Division, he who was, during the Shenandoah campaign, and thence to the close of the war, the able and honored chief of the corps, says: "The volley from our front line was perhaps the heaviest I ever heard; and it had the effect, not only of checking the enemy's triumphant advance, but of throwing his ranks into the utmost confusion."

What would have been the final result of the second day's contest had the Sixth Army Corps failed to reach the field at that critical moment? Did it do but little fighting on that day? It did all that was necessary for it to do.

ROSTER.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

Engaged at Gettysburg, July 2 and 3, 1863.

Sixth Corps. — MAJ. GEN. JOHN SEDGWICK, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. HORATIO G. WRIGHT, Commanding.

First Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. A. T A. TORBERT, Commanding. 1st New Jersey, Lieut. Col. Wm. Henry, Jr.; 2d New Jersey, Col. Sam'l L. Buck; 3d New Jersey, Col. Henry W. Brown; 15th New Jersey, Col. Wm. H. Penrose.

Second Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. J. J. BARTLETT, Commanding. 5th Maine, Col. Clark S. Edwards; 121st New York, Col. Emory Upton; 95th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Edward Carroll; 96th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Wm. H. Lessig.

Third Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. D. A. RUSSELL, Commanding. 6th Maine, Col. Hiram Burnham; 49th Pennsylvania, Col. Wm. H. Irvin; 119th Pennsylvania, Col. P. E. Ellmaker; 5th Wisconsin, Col. Thos. S. Allen.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. A. P. HOWE, Commanding.

Second Brigade.— COL. L. A. GRANT, Commanding. 2d Vermont, Col. J. H. Walbridge; 3d Vermont, Col. T. O. Seaver; 4th Vermont. Col. E. H. Stoughton; 5th Vermont, Lieut. Col. Jno. R. Lewis; 6th Vermont, Lieut. Col. E. L. Barney.

Third Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. T. A. Neill, Commanding. 7th Maine, Lieut. Col. Selden Connor; 49th New York, Col. D. D. Bidwell; 77th New York, Col. J. B. McKean; 43d New York, Col. B. F. Baker; 61st Pennsylvania, Maj. Geo. W. Dawson.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. FRANK WHEATON, Commanding.

First Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. ALEXANDER SHALER, Commanding. 65th New York, Col. J. E. Hamblin; 67th New York, Col. Nelson Cross; 122d New York, Lieut. Col. A. W. Dwight; 23d Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Jno. F. Glinn; 82d Pennsylvania, Col. Isaac Bassett.

Second Brigade. — COL. H. L. EUSTIS, Commanding. 7th Massachusetts, Lieut. Col. F. P. Harlow; 10th Massachusetts, Lieut. Col. J. M. Decker: 37th Massachusetts, Col. T. Ingraham; 2d Rhode Island, Lieut. Col. A. W Corliss.

Third Brigade. — COL. DAVID NEVIN, Commanding. 62d New York, Lieut. Col. T. B. Hamilton; 102d Pennsylvania, Col. J. W Patterson; 93d Pennsylvania, Col. J. M. McCarter; 98th Pennsylvania, Maj. J. B. Kohler; 139th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. W. H. Moody.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

COL. CHAS. H. TOMPKINS, Commanding. Battery A, 1st Massachusetts, Capt. Wm. H. McCartney; Battery D, 2d United States, Lieut. E. B. Williston; Battery F, 5th United States, Lieut. Leonard Martin; Battery G, 2d United States, Lieut. G. H. Butler; Battery C, 1st Rhode Island, Capt. Richard Waterman; Battery G, 1st Rhode Island, Capt. G. W Adams; 1st New York, Capt. Andrew Cowan; 3d New York, Capt. Wm. A. Harn.

CAVALRY DETACHMENT.

CAPT. WM. L. CRAFT, Commanding. H, 1st Pennsylvania; L, 1st New Jersey.

CHAPTER XII.

A hard forced march from Gettysburg to Frederick, *via* Emmetsburg, Maryland, commenced on the night of the 5th of July; we encountered on the way Sisters of Charity, proceeding to the hospitals in Pennsylvania to minister to the wounded, as is ever their wont when the occasion for their services occurs. Our arrival at Frederick was in the midst of rain, that had been falling more or less through the previous twelve hours, and we were quite hungry After a brief halt in this town, where we saw the Tenth Massachusetts Battery and had the pleasure of greeting Capt. Sleeper, who had been our third in command, it became apparent that we were not to continue the pursuit down the Monocacy Valley, for we took the road leading over South Mountain to Boonesboro. One circumstance of our bivouac in the vicinity of the place, worthy of mention, was its nearness to a most remarkable spring, which was nothing less than a basin in the rock, perhaps twenty feet by thirty feet, whose outlet was a creek which a few rods thence entered the Antietam.

We soon moved to Williamsport, the inference being that Lee had crossed the Potomac near this town. But if this were the route of the retreating army, it is evident that its southward progress had been sufficiently rapid to render it necessary for us to march upon a more easterly line and one nearer the railroad communications with the capital, for we descended the north bank of the Potomac and crossed that river about two miles below Harper's Ferry, entering Virginia at the same point as in the previous year, six weeks after the battle of Antietam. It was during this week that news of the fall of Vicksburg reached us, — the complement of the encouraging report from our own army, which the press had already transmitted to the West. The military out-

look from a Union standpoint had never before been so promising. We moved up Loudon Valley, bivouacked one night upon the banks of Goose Creek, made yet another day's march southward, and halted. There was a demand for fodder for the horses; the following day, therefore, found us scouring the by-ways for sequestered barns where sizable haymows might be found, or for unmolested stacks. Seldom was a place visited in this part of Loudon County where we were not assured that the proprietor was a "good Union man," and were cautioned by the officers in charge of our little expedition, not to yield to any temptation that might present itself to plunder, as if such injunction were necessary in a command in which, as a rule, a Spartan diet was a matter of preference, and luxuries were despised. But one was forced to wonder why this section did not send its delegates to the West Virginia Convention, in order that it might, as a part of the new loyal state, receive the recognition and protection that its fidelity merited.

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What a network of blackberry vines covered the uncultivated tracts along the line of march, as we advanced over and beyond the height of land between the tributaries of the Potomac and the Rappahanock, and what a wealth of wild fruit there was! It is estimated that the free use of blackberries at this time saved the medical department thousands of dollars. We have seen a brigadier, during a few moments' halt by the way, filling with the luscious fruit the tin dipper which he usually carried at his saddle. This valley region which we were now traversing, together with both slopes of the eastern range of mountains, which bounds it, is known in geography as the Piedmont region, and covers an area of nearly 7,000 square miles; its northern boundary is the Potomac; its southern limit, the south state line of Virginia.

The upper waters of the affluents of the Rappahannock are a little north of the centre of this district. One of these streams, called Hedgeman's River, we crossed the third week in July, and moved over the east side of the mountains to the vicinity of Warrenton. The army headquarters were, we believe, at Warrenton; there is a branch of the great Midland line leading northwest to this place, which was our immediate base of supplies.

This county of Fauquier, where our forces lay in August, 1863, is a most beautiful region of undulation and plain, with fine tracts

of hard-wood growth ; there were grand old plantations of great extent, with ancestral manor house, the proprietor generally being absent. There would be here and there a rude house upon the domain, occupied by a negro family, the head of which had passed the meridian of life. The good wife would make a spread frequently for a knot of soldiers, at two and threepence a head, the boys patronizing the old dame for the sake of the then novel experience of sitting at table and looking at crockery in lieu of tinware.

The army now lay, principally, north of the north fork of the Rappahannock, stretching from the plains crossed by the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, south of Warrenton Junction, through Fauquier Springs, west to the valley that lies at the west slope of the Blue Ridge, and reaching back along the line of the railroad and the Warrenton pike, toward Gainesville.

The Confederate force lay south of the south fork of the Rappahannock, between that stream and the Rapidan, a part of their forces lying south of that river, and their front extending west to the Blue Ridge. Any flank movement at this time would be likely to be an attempt to march by our right, along the west base of the ridge, to Thoroughfare Gap and its vicinity, with the purpose of striking our railroad communications in the rear.

There was at this time a strong line of infantry and artillery ranged across the ridge three miles northwest of Sulphur Springs ; the guns of the artillery commanding the road that leads over Hedgeman's River, and generally guarding the approaches from the southwest, the main body of the infantry being upon the east slope of the ridge and reaching up to the crest.

Previous to the second week in August, the point on this ridge six or eight miles southwest of Warrenton and three miles northwest of Sulphur Springs, the most advanced artillery outpost on our right, was held by Company M, Fifth United States, which was then relieved by the First Massachusetts Battery. On our left and rear, upon the crest of the ridge, was the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiment, and upon our right, our guns being pointed to the southwest, was the Sixth Vermont.

The anniversary of the organization of the former regiment occurred while we were on this service, and the occasion was celebrated by that command with such festivities as our brethren

from the Middle States, especially those of Teutonic origin, know so well how to inaugurate and conduct. We should judge that the major portion of the line, rank and file, of the troops upon the ridge and of those upon the east slope and neighboring plain, were present to witness the climbing of the slippery pole, and the chasing of the pig, and to partake of the good things that might be afforded. So hilarious, not to say uproarious, was the returning crowd which streamed down the east slope to their camps, that a reverend chaplain of another Pennsylvania regiment, who was holding a meeting in a nook at the foot of the hill, felt constrained to criticise the unseemly actions of some of the revellers. It having been intimated that a soldier correspondent of a Pittsburg paper would write a glowing account of the afternoon's festivities, the reverend gentleman remarked with spirit: "If the affair is puffed in a Pittsburg paper, *it will get puffed.*"

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The otherwise sultry air of a Virginian August was at this place materially modified, both by the mountain breezes and the heavy thunderstorms characteristic of this region. What vivid flashes! what peals of thunder! what torrents of water streamed down the slopes, and wore gullies therein! How the trees groaned and cracked during the fury of the storm! Occasionally one would be demolished by a bolt, or another be stripped of a section of its bark, together with some of its limbs.

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One afternoon in the fourth week in August, the cavalry division of Gen. Gregg might have been seen moving north along the Sulphur Springs road toward Warrenton. This retirement of the cavalry was declared by the knowing ones who witnessed it to indicate an advance of our lines. We certainly did move on the following day, by way of Sulphur Springs, crossing the branch of the Rappahannock at that place, marching during that day across Hazel River and thence southwest to Stonehouse Mountain, at the north base of which we encamped. This lies northwest of Culpepper, C.H., and is a peak of that range to which we have so often alluded as extending east of the Blue Ridge, under different local names, through Virginia. This forward movement of the Army of the Potomac indicated the retirement of the main body of Lee's army, beyond the Rapidan. Our right was west of Culpepper, C. H.,

our left beyond Rappahannock Ford, the cavalry being busily employed upon the flanks of our long line, and also in watching our extended line of communication. We tarried here during the remainder of the summer, and into September. The continuance of the army in camp for so many weeks since its arrival in the regions of Fauquier and Culpepper Counties emboldened sutlers to venture to move out to the camps considerable stores, and daguerrotypists to come hither to ply their craft. Many a soldier had an opportunity to dispose of his hard-earned paper to the former and to procure a counterfeit of himself of the latter. Tintypes exhibiting full length portraits of the boys were common articles of transmission through the mails, in those days.

It was while at this place that a proposition was submitted to the boys to contribute ten cents each toward a testimonial to Gen. McClellan. When the scheme was explained to the non-commissioned officers and privates they were informed that it had the approval of Gen. Meade, and that all general officers would participate in the contribution; that colonels and subordinate field officers would give something less, and that line officers would generally contribute $1.50 each. The object of this enterprise was understood to be a vindication of Gen. McClellan. Whether it implied a criticism of the war department was not much considered. We think the true friends of Gen. McClellan, among whom the writer of this chapter counts himself, doubted the propriety of such a plan, judged from the standpoint of healthy military discipline. The scheme was nipped in the bud by the department, as it ought to have been.

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Back of the surgeon's tent a crowd was gathered. A comrade sat upon a cracker box. Along comes the steward with a pair of rusty forceps; he takes the soldier's head in his left hand, examines his mouth and applies the pincers to a bicuspid. The boys are intently watching the face of the patient. The tooth is firmly fixed in the lower jaw. The steward makes considerable effort before it is loosened, causing intense pain, but at length displays the tooth in the grip of the forceps, to the crowd. "He never flinched," said the boys, admiringly.

On another day, we were passing a hospital tent, and were drawn to the door by hearing dreadful imprecations within, which

had attracted the attention of other passers, who were peeping in. We perceived a soldier striking out lustily at a hospital assistant on either hand, each of whom was careful to keep out of range, at the same time watching his opportunity to close with the man. The soldier was giving vent to most wrathful utterances. "What would they do with the man?" we asked of a bystander. "Pull a tooth," he replied. We did not remain to witness the denouement. One would have thought that the two skirmishers might have endured the struggle the longer, as their prospective victim was exhausting his vitality by strokes in the air and abnormal exhalations. But the poor fellow had soon an opportunity to expend any surplus energy that he might possess, for the next week, it being the second in September, we moved beyond Culpepper, C. H., near where Cedar Creek makes its way to the Rapidan, through pawpaw bushes and other small wood growth.

We were now well on the right of the main line; if an advance were contemplated, we should be in the van; if a retreat, we should share the honors that pertain to the rear-guard in such a movement.

That our coming here was only the commencement of a more extensive enterprise, seemed evident from shadows cast before, or straws which indicated the course of the wind. For example, cavalry were retiring from our front and moving by our right, as if anticipating a flank movement of the enemy. Again, sutlers were ordered to Washington, and the prudent obeyed; but not a few greedy leeches clung to the body of the army, so intent upon absorbing its vitality as to be oblivious to repulse; so when the long Federal line moved by the left flank along the line of railroad between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, Lee having crossed the latter river and moved north, these fellows were literally on a hot gridiron, hopping frantically from one strip to another. It is a long plain which the railroad (and we followed its course) traverses from Culpepper to Rappahannock Station. And as our long train, moving at rapid pace, swept over the great waste, the extortioners were now sandwiching themselves between the mess and company wagons, then, being ousted, flying timorously along on parallel lines, again bouncing into a gap in the train, to be anon swept out and relegated to a side-track.

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Every one seemed instinctively to realize that we were making a race with the Confederates for Centreville. How did we know? No one could tell. How did we know time and again our destination, when suddenly set in motion forward, or hurried back to retraverse some route? And how was it that nine times in ten the conjectures or predictions of the rank and file, as to the result of a movement, would be verified or fulfilled?

It was an exciting race; for a good stretch of the way, past Brandy Station, we sped, sometimes at a trot, always at quickstep. It must have been past noon when our division, in the rear of the long, broad phalanx, neared Rappahannock Station, by Rappahannock Ford.

As we bowled over the plain to the bank, we came up with and broadened a large mass of troops waiting their turn to cross the pontoon; the river was not fordable at this time. Away over the sea of plain north of the river stretched the army toward Bealton, and beyond as far as an object was visible. When at length, after a long wait, we had gained the north bank, and were in the wake of the procession which was unmistakably moving on Manassas, the booming of cannon was heard in the northwest as at Warrenton. The head of our column must be at Warrenton Junction, nine miles to the southeast or beyond. It must be that Union cavalry and horse artillery have met similar Confederate troops up in Fauquier, these bodies being between their respective columns, with a broad interval on either hand.

The rival columns appeared to have made equally good time. Now the Federal commander availed himself of a clever piece of strategy. We countermarched. Our division became the head of the column; we were soon on the south side of the river and were rapidly marching toward Brandy Station, as though bent upon placing ourselves in Lee's rear. Now it was the turn of the Confederate column to countermarch, and back it turned, making progress toward Culpepper. Now the pace of our column is slackened perceptibly, and perhaps twenty minutes of slow movement succeeded, when we are marched right about, and at double-quick regain the river and recross; and the whole Federal army is on the wing over the plain and along the line of the great Midland track, having gained considerable advantage in respect to a start northward, although we have the outside track. Now was

a race in earnest for Centreville. A night march, dark and chilly; the sutlers crawled between the column and the railroad track, halting when the procession paused, and hastening along when it was again in motion, persistently wedging themselves into a niche when one presented itself. It was so dark that one could not see his best friend's face, but he could hear some evil genius asking for a wrench,—the nuts of the wheels were loose; a few moments later, a cry from the sutlers that they were breaking down; and one heard proffered assistance accepted, then shrieks and denunciations. Somebody was expressing disgust that a box contained "jacks" which he supposed filled with tobacco. Another complacently fondled a cheese. Thus was avarice punished, but morals meanwhile corrupted. How we crossed Broad Run beyond Bristow, passed Manassas and over Bull Run and climbed to the summit of Centreville, the All-seeing eye alone perceived. We were arrayed upon the height in the morning, and retained the position during that day and the following night.

On the morrow after we marched south, along the Warrenton pike, crossed Bull Run by the Stone Bridge, and pushed on to Gainesville on the Manassas Gap road; here a locomotive was standing facing the gap; it had probably brought cars with some supplies, possibly some men, from Alexandria, switching off at Manassas Junction. The enemy must have paused somewhere along their line of march, for after a very brief halt we marched along the pike to New Baltimore.

As at noon we rode into this decayed hamlet, and rested a moment at the junction of the pike with the road that leads over the mountains from White Plains, whence we came a year ago, memory reverted to our departure from this place in 1862, for Fredericksburg, and rapidly reviewed the thrilling history of that eventful year. What a long oval with a diameter of a hundred miles we had described since then! We had left comrades at many a point in the curve, because of disease or death.

We halted an hour south of the village on the east side of the pike, nibbled some hardtack, and speculated upon the events of the morrow. There was a very general dearth of tobacco in the ranks, and the commissioned officers who used pipes were not seen to take them from their pockets; it was ardently hoped that

some of the fragrant leaf might be found in Warrenton. We were not disappointed.

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The morning after our arrival at Warrenton was the beginning of a typical Indian summer day; the air was delightfully exhilarating. After water-call and stable-duty we hurried into the village, and found in the basement of a tavern a man in a gray coat dealing out figs of tobacco among a swarm of blue coats, who gave him great trouble to make change. It was "first come, first served," and there was considerable crowding, but we secured forty hands, which were soon distributed in camp to the satisfaction of those who received them. Others having found the source of supply, there was a general relighting of pipes, and a marked decrease of nervousness. This episode is only a vagary, — a whimsical incident of our return to the peninsula between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. Stern experience was in store for us, of a color like that already realized, but with new features. The Army of the Potomac had made its last retreat when it finally crossed these rivers. The Confederate army, retiring behind the Rappahannock in our front, left a detachment of Hoke's brigade in an earthwork on the north side on the plain, which could be approached on the run from the rising ground to the northwest by an attacking force. These brave men were to dispute the Federal crossing at this point just above Rappahannock Station, — a forlorn hope, indeed. Russell's brigade of Wright's division of the Sixth Corps carried the earthworks, Saturday, November 7. The stubborn resistance of that devoted band was sublime in its hopelessness; they would not surrender.

Sunday morning, those who did not escape lay in mathematically straight rows with their feet to the north; now a bayonet thrust in one's breast, or a fracture of the skull as from a clubbed musket. The countenances of these dead were stamped with an expression of grim resolution, which was unmistakably the seal of the courage of despair. The gallantry of the Federal brigade was duly noticed by General Meade, and its wounded commander, Gen. Russell, was selected to bear the captured battle-flags to Washington. (See Appendix.)

Crossing the Rappahannock, we marched up the peninsula to the farm of John Minor Botts, and made a camp north of Brandy

Station, perhaps three quarters of a mile from the mill on Hazel River. Recollections of this camp will be vivid, because it was the point of departure for the Mine Run expedition, the winter reconnoissance to Robinson's River, the memorable passing in review before General Grant, and for the entry upon the campaign of 1864 that culminated in the siege of Petersburg. These were the central and prominent features of our career during the fall and winter of 1863, and the spring of 1864; with what a tissue of reminiscences may the groundwork be clothed around and among them! Camp architecture at this place attained a degree of perfection never before equalled, whether exemplified in privates' quarters, officers' abodes, chapels, or depots. We recollect a facsimile of an omnibus without wheels, which two comrades, who have since gone over to the majority. cunningly constructed for their winter residence; also the commodious chapel of the Third Vermont, of our division, which was also lyceum and lecture hall, and of which more anon.

How thick the crows were in this section! As we used to ride every day to Hazel River, the fellows would throw out vedettes in a scanty line next us as we approached, behind which would be a somewhat more compact line, and some distance in its rear would be their main body Their pickets would saucily wait our approach, and as we neared them one would give a signal, "Caw!" as he arose from the ground; this would be echoed in the other lines, and away flew the whole army.

Speaking of Hazel River, some of the boys had the opportunity of noting the temperature of its waters during the season; some of the horses, hide-bound perhaps, since their flesh seemed to itch, as they manifested an insatiable desire to always lie down in the river when driven in, would gratify that passion, as soon as they had attained sufficient depth to handily immerse their drivers. Any sympathy that the comrade drivers undoubtedly had for the chilled ones was tempered with such chaffing as: "Well! you have washed yourself for once! You have had one good bath!"

The stable this season had some strongly marked equine characters, some execrable brutes with swell foreheads, wall-eyes, and heels that flew toward all points of the compass, without warning. Some of them were decidedly cannibalistic, since they would dart forward and bite a man who might be unconsciously within reach,

sometimes fixing their teeth in his arm, sometimes in his leg, generally, however, preferring his scalp. There was one fellow, known as "Old Joe Hooker," who was beyond comparison the most sensitive horse we ever saw. He would tremble with rage if a finger were pointed at him. One day, one of our lieutenants was showing the horses to visiting officers; he innocently called attention to "Hooker," accompanying the movement of his finger with some complimentary remark concerning the beast, when "Old Joe" darted forward, ears thrown back, mouth open, teeth set, and eyes flashing. The trio of officers jumped back more than Joe's length, for, failing to taste of them, he would present his heels.

There was one large black horse which never allowed the blacksmith to lift his hoof while he was standing upon the other three. It was necessary, when the smith would shoe this horse, to cast the animal; one day the blacksmith, procuring the aid of a half dozen men, proceeded to strap up one of the fore legs of the beast, having fixed a twister upon his nose and a collar upon his neck. Then the smith passed a rope from the halter, through the collar, back to the horse's hind legs, taking a turn of the rope round one of them. As soon as this ingenious device was perfected, one man holding the twister and the halter shank, another was to pull on the rope which passed around the horse's hind leg; the horse would naturally lift the other hind leg, and one fore leg being strapped up, inevitably the horse would fall prone upon the ground; the half dozen auxiliaries were then to pounce upon him and hold him to the earth. The scheme worked with complete success. The men were seated comfortably upon the body of the horse, watching the smith as he fitted the shoe.

After a while, however, the novelty of the situation wearing off, the men carelessly relaxed their hold; the horse, instinctively perceiving his opportunity, speedily arose, dexterously scattering the blacksmith and his tools, together with the smith's six assistants. The athletic fellow then stood upon the spot where he had just lain prostrate, and gazed disdainfully upon his discomfited assailants. It was necessary to repeat the experiment, and the assistants had to exercise unremitting vigilance until the last nail was driven.

While thus alluding to the humors of the camp at Brandy Station, it occurs to us to notice the curious mistakes that would

arise in conversation between parties, who, coming from different sections of our great country, spoke the peculiar dialect of the Northern, Middle, or Western States.

One of our comrades, named M——, was of French Canadian extraction. He was on the sick-list, because of chronic diarrhœa. O——, the surgeon, who was of Teutonic origin, and who hailed from one of the Middle States, said one morning: "M——, vat state your bowels vas in dis morn?" M——, who had much deference for the doctor, replied: "Orange County, New York, sir."

As November of 1863 wore away, the opinion gained ground among the rank and file that we were fixed for the winter, and we presume that this was the tenor of the story that comrades' letters bore to their loved ones at home; but Gen. Meade, knowing that Longstreet had been detached for service in East Tennessee, and counting upon a material depletion of the force then beyond the Rapidan, led the Army of the Potomac across that river on the 26th of the month.

During the severe cold weather of this period, some of our command were either on guard or on the march every night during the eight days that elapsed between our departure from this camp until we recrossed at Germanna Ford.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT eleven o'clock on the 26th of November, our corps, having been delayed since sunrise in the midst of the Third Corps camps at Brandy Station (that command having been ordered to precede us), moved with slow and tedious steps toward Jacob's Ford on the Rapidan. The movement was of that peculiarly irritating character which can only be appreciated by those who have experienced the effect of being prodded on through tanglewood, brush, and briar, and then suddenly pulled up standing, hungry, and cold, pushed forward anon, and again checked; have stood wearily in the bleak, wintry wind, longing for exercise that would quicken circulation, then advanced fifty feet to make another dull, chilled halt for minutes that the imagination made hours. This was the routine till eleven P. M. Then through the infantry column rang the cry of "Coffee, coffee!" The forest echoed the shout. It was hungry nature's appeal. The forest furnished the fuel, and during the next quarter of an hour the shadows of the trees were luminous with the glint and gleam of thousands of bonfires, the air was redolent of the mingled odor of commissary coffee and the fumes of dry brushwood. At midnight we crossed the bridge, part pontoon, part poles, and before one o'clock, save the guards, the boys were stretched upon the damp ground, as happily oblivious of the November frost as if in their cabins.

Early on the 27th, the Third Corps resumed the advance, and the Sixth, pursuant of orders on the previous day, was in line of march to follow the Third. Both were to proceed to Robertson's Tavern on the Orange plank road, seven miles from this crossing, southwest. The First, Fifth, and Second Corps, having crossed the river before noon on the 26th, were already in assigned positions, occupying a line that extended east and southeast from and

beyond Robinson's Tavern. Now as the Third Corps advanced, picket firing, and an occasional cannonade, told us that this command had found the way obstructed. Indeed, it seems that the leading division of the corps had mistaken the road to the tavern, having borne too far to the west; at any rate, lively skirmishing commenced, in which the corps was employed until the middle of the afternoon. Then the engagement became general. The First and Second Divisions of the Sixth Corps with their artillery were sent to the support of the Third Corps, which was vigorously pressed. The air in the woods was thick with the smoke of battle, and the trees echoed the din of musket shot and cannon peal, as the Sixth moved into the gap between the Second and Third Corps. A dense second growth of timber effectually precluded any view of the operations in the Third or the Second, but it enabled Confederate scouting parties to creep unperceived upon our flanks. Not a shot, however, was fired by us after reaching this position, though the Third Corps repeatedly repulsed determined charges upon its lines.

No demonstration was made in our front. The Second Corps and Gen. Gregg's cavalry were engaged near the tavern. The former drove back, under cover of the woods, a comparatively small force of assailants. Gen. Gregg was equally successful in putting to flight the body of Confederates which he encountered. This plan of Gen. Meade, of crossing the fords of the Rapidan which Gen. Lee had left uncovered, and pushing his force between those of Ewell and Hill, which Lee, relying upon the great natural strength of his position on the west side of Mine Run, had deployed respectively along the Orange, C. H., road and the railroad to Charlottesville for miles, was bold in its conception, and skilfully devised in its details. The First and Fifth Corps, crossing at Culpepper Mine Ford, were to move along the plank road to Parker's Store. The Second, crossing at Germanna, was to march along the wilderness pike to Robinson's Tavern, where the Third and Sixth were to join it. Here was to rest the right of the Federal line.

Gen. Meade might fairly estimate that an early start on the 26th would enable the corps to reach their assigned positions on the noon of the following day. The Sixth Corps was *en route* at sunrise; it was ordered to follow the Third. Who might be respon-

sible for the delay of that corps, which had not left its camps on our arrival at Brandy Station? It is not our province to determine; nor is any criticism implied upon that gallant command which bore the whole burden of the conflict, with the divisions of Ewell's corps at Locust Grove, and lost 400 brave men. But pursuing the wrong road after leaving the Rapidan, brought the right into collision with Ewell's corps, disastrously conflicting with the plans of Gen. Meade, for it enabled the Confederate commander to fathom the designs of his adversary, and withdraw his outlying corps behind Mine Run. Here he was found on the 28th, occupying probably one of the strongest positions that he ever selected during the war.

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During the night of the 27th, we marched to Robinson's Tavern; the air was extremely cold, the mud deep and plastic. With Sunday morning came a pelting November rain, during which brigades, regiments, and batteries were moving from east to west, and from west to east, now exposed to the bullets of Confederate skirmishers, now moving to the rear out of range,—all this incidental to the formation of the Federal line of battle through the wilderness of scraggy wood of the plateau, on the east side of the gulf, through which Mine Run makes its way between marshy banks. The Confederate army on the west side of the gulf extended north and south for six miles, along the crest of a ridge, this position being more or less masked, like that of the Federals, by thickets of second growth.

Saturday night, the 28th of November, was spent by both parties in intrenching and strengthening their respective positions, the exercise being agreeable on account of the severity of the weather. In the morning it was possible to obtain glimpses of parallel and ascending lines of earthworks on the western side of the gulf.

Arrangements for the assault seemed not yet to be perfected. Sunday afternoon we moved from our position in the centre to one which confronted the enemy's left. We marched three miles through the pines and scrub oaks, and finally took position upon the extreme right of the line. Sunday night found our lines satisfactorily established. Gen. Warren, with his Fifth Corps, supported by two divisions of the Third Corps and the Third Division

of the Sixth, held the Union left. Gen. French, with the remainder of the Third, and the Second Corps, the centre; Gen. Sedgwick with his Sixth Corps, the right, and the Third Brigade of the Second Division of our corps, consisting of the Seventh Maine, Forty-third, Forty-ninth, and Seventy-seventh New York, and Sixty-first Pennsylvania, was the right of Sedgwick's infantry line, and our company was the right battery of the light artillery of Sedgwick's corps. Our appproach to this place had been carefully concealed, and elevated ground in our front hid us from the view of the enemy, who were within range of our smooth-bores. Silence was enjoined upon the men of our command; it was forbidden to light fires, and that night a majority of the boys of the various corps were in active exercise, that the blood might not congeal in their veins. On Monday morning every Union soldier knew that an assault upon the Confederate position meant a frightful sacrifice of human life, but no man hesitated. The First Massachusetts Battery opened the ball on the extreme right, and soon the thunder of Sedgwick's artillery was heard by the other sections of the Federal line. Nearly an hour had the right been engaged, yet no sound had escaped the left. Gen. Warren had examined the Confederate position in his front, and finding that it had been so strengthened during the night as to render it certain that an attack upon it would result in the useless slaughter of the larger portion of his command, he assumed the responsibility of suspending the attack until Gen. Meade arrived, whose survey of the situation caused him to approve the course of Gen. Warren. We were ordered to cease firing.

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Then followed the night retreat of the 2d of December, in the earlier part of which men would leap from their horses to put their numbed feet into the blazing fires along the line of march, and in the latter part were dozing in the saddle, having succumbed to fatigue.

CHAPTER XIV

ONCE more established in winter quarters, the boys knew how to extract all the comfort and enjoyment of which the situation was susceptible; the leisure intervals occurring between times of regular camp duty, were employed by many in reading; papers, magazines, and books found their way to Brandy Station, furnishing pastime or food for reflection, according to the tastes and habits of the readers. In two neighboring regiments, the men had erected commodious chapels, the walls of logs and the roof of stanch canvas. These halls had each sufficient capacity to comfortably seat a regiment, and yet allow ample aisles and space around the speaker's desk. That built by the Third Vermont, which was right beyond our park of guns, was the weekly scene of devotional exercises and preaching, and on Wednesday evening, we believe, of each week between December and February, for a series of secular lectures by some chaplains of this corps. We were always heartily welcome to attend any and all services therein; and we have pleasurable recollections of the inimitable charm which pervaded the serio-comic discourse of Chaplain Bugle, of Rhode Island, who entertained us with a description and revelations of "Broad Top City," and the eloquently instructive lecture of Chaplain Perkins, of Massachusetts. Nor do we forget the spirited debates to which we used to listen, in the chapel of the Sixth Vermont.

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The alertness and suppleness of many of our boys was something wonderful; it was a spectacle suggestive of the athletic times of Greece and Rome, to witness their leaping, sparring, and racing.

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We had a half dozen men whose power of mimicry, conjoined with large mirthfulness, we have never seen surpassed. The

effect of their display of this power, after the five o'clock roll-call, was such as to tryingly exercise the intercostal muscles of the spectators. The familiar demon of the camp at this hour, was

"Laughter, holding both his sides."

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Vocalists we had, each with his special repertory of songs; and we had also a good strong chorus, to support each artist. Nor was anecdotal talent wanting. Talk about forecastle yarns! One should have heard those which were so deftly spun by our camp kitchen fire.

* * * * * *

The year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four was duly heralded by our comrades who kept watch on the night of the 31st of December, and by the sentries who had the second relief. The rattle of the turning of new leaves awoke the sleepers, who speedily wet their fingers and turned down the last old page. January rolled to eternity, leaving the Army of the Potomac still on the plains of Culpepper County. In February we went on a reconnoissance to Robinson's River in Madison County, seventeen or eighteen miles out on the right flank of our army. We were absent four days, having no remarkable adventure, but bivouacking at the river in a storm of sleet which turned to rain, which soaked boots, harnesses, and tarpaulins. The frost which followed rendered them quite clumsy for use. Gen. Custer drove back a force of cavalry which he encountered beyond Robinson's River.

We made the return march in a day, arriving in camp at sundown. The sun shining bright and warm, its heat thawed out and dried our clothing, boots, harnesses, and blankets, and the afternoon march was a pleasant journey. We remember passing through a quaint hamlet, called James City, to the west of Culpepper, C. H., and we remember seeing, as we drew near to Brandy Station, a venerable, hale old man standing on the piazza of his house. Here he stood once upon a time, when there was no considerable number of troops in that vicinity, and being accosted by a Federal cavalry officer, who had never seen him before, and who asked him which way a squadron of Confederate cavalry had gone, he replied: "Sir, my name is John Minor Botts, as good a Union man as there is in this country; but I am under

parole to the Confederate government, not to communicate any information upon either hand."

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One evening, after "retreat" (5 o'clock, P. M.), in March, orders of the war department, with reference to re-enlistment, were read, and the inducements which were offered to veteran volunteers were fully presented. Massachusetts soldiers who might re-enlist would receive $325, state bounty, $402 offered by the general government, and each man would also receive the one hundred dollars which was promised him at the expiration of his term of enlistment. His term would be considered to expire at the moment that he should be mustered as a veteran. Each man who should re-enlist was to have thirty-five days' furlough. This supplementary offer was the controlling influence which effected the immediate re-enlistment of our boys, who doubtless, without other incentive than the patriotism which prompted them to volunteer, the most of them, at the first call (three months), would have joined the service again at the expiration of their term. In the chapter supplementary to our main narrative, we shall speak of the later experience of these brave men, serving in other commands, and drop a tear for the lamented comrades who fell at Cedar Creek.

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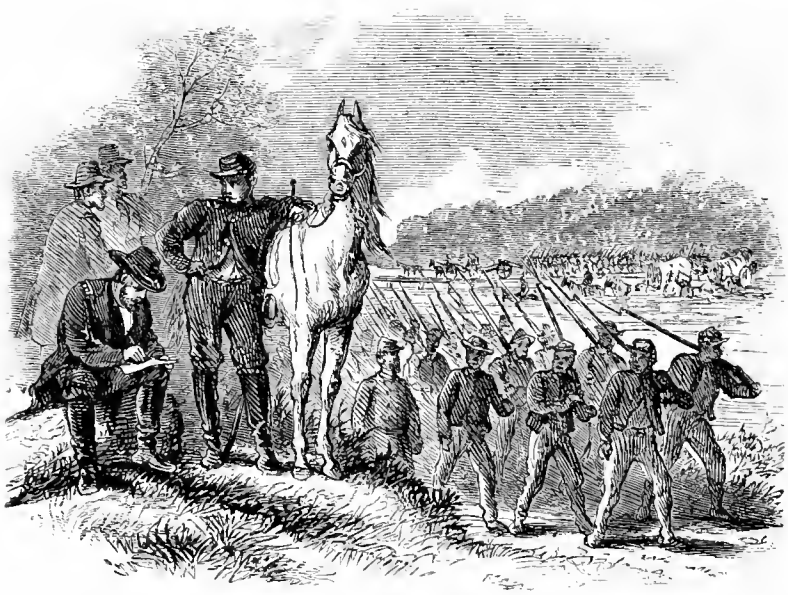
When the company broke ranks after "retreat," a considerable number of the boys assembled around the cook-house fire to discuss the "inducements." Opinions naturally varied somewhat, but the preponderance of verbal expression of view was in favor of early re-enlistment.

After a goodly number of our most fluent comrades had ventilated their views, both from the economic and the patriotic standpoints, there was a brief lull in the conversation. One of our comrades, who was a humorist of the first water, had been silent from the first, but his prominent nose, which at the end had the faculty of turning to the right and left, and which was eloquently expressive of certain emotions, had been actively commenting upon the arguments which had been offered upon the economic side (for there were none more patriotic than he). He walked up to a meat block, and daintily lifting one of several pieces of rankly fat pork which lay thereon, upon the point of a huge carving-



THE ARMY CROSSING THE RAPIDAN. GRANT WRITING HIS DESPATCH.

knife, his nose and his tongue said, "There is inducement to re-enlist."

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During this month, March, 1864, Gen. U S. Grant, commander of the Union armies, took up his headquarters with Gen. Meade. The whole army, soon after his arrival, passed in review before the renowned captain, Gen. Meade being by his side, pointing out to the self-contained, silent soldier the various corps, and the commands of which they were composed. It was an inspiring spectacle, the steady movement of the veteran corps of the Army of the Potomac, which were thenceforth to proceed from victory to victory, passing under the eyes of the captains of Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

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At midnight, May 3–4, the Army of the Potomac broke camp. The Fifth and Sixth Corps, forming the right, crossed at Germanna Ford. It was a novel sight to see heavy trains crossing a bridge of canvas pontoons; but the driveway was as firm as that over the heavy wooden bateaux on which we had crossed in December. The cavalry, under Sheridan, and the Second Corps, Gen. Hancock, crossed six miles below.

Before sundown, the army was in position in the Wilderness. This was the gold region of old Virginia, a country of low hills with underlying quartzite rock, the timber having been cut off to feed the smelting and reducing furnaces. A thick and tangled second growth of pine and other trees had sprung up in the clay soil of this section. It is a country very difficult in which to control the movements of a large army. Artillery can be used to little advantage in this section, and, indeed, the battle of the Wilderness (proper) was essentially an infantry engagement. At six o'clock, Gen. Grant ordered an advance the next morning; and early on the following day, the Confederates also being in motion, the Fifth Corps and the advance of Lee's army met, some 25,000 men being engaged; now the desperate campaign, which culminated in the battle at the North Anna, commenced.

The Sixth Corps was soon in line; at intervals during the day, others of the opposing columns participated in the fight with much bravery, and with much loss of life. Toward evening, there was a furious attack on the extreme right of our corps; our company

wheeled into position. Gen. Sedgwick, riding down between our guns, rallied and reformed our infantry line, and hurled back the enemy. The Ninth Army Corps arrived during the night of the 5th of May; and it is said that Longstreet's corps on the other side also reached the field. The battle was renewed with vigor at dawn. There were shifting movements and attacks all day long, much loss of life, but an indecisive engagement from the standpoint of either contestant; we remember that about five o'clock there was a considerable number of Confederate prisoners within an enclosure bounded by a picket-rope; this was to the rear and left of us; a Confederate charge, with the characteristic yell, was made in their front, and the boys in butternut suits within the picket-rope set up a responsive yell, which was somewhat disagreeable, not to say exasperating, so that, in the excitement of the moment, some one shouted to the guard, "Bring your guns to bear upon them!" The guard had sufficient sense to perceive the foolish excitability of the speaker

During the night of the 6th, the line was intrenched, and all day on the 7th, the position of our force was unchanged. Both armies were evidently sufficiently exhausted to preclude a renewal of hostilities. These hours of inaction were only the calm before a storm, or a breathing spell, during which the combatants tacitly agreed to briefly relax their hold, that they might renew it with fresh advantage.

After dark, we were again in motion by the left flank for a way, and then by the right; in brief, we marched to the east, and then south. If the Confederate commander anticipated a retrograde movement on our part, such as he had become somewhat familiar with, and had thrown any troops toward Germanna Ford, it would only show that he had yet to learn the tactics of Gen. Grant; for the great Federal commander led his army by and beyond the right of the Confederate force, and advanced ten miles farther south. Incidentally he secured a short base of supplies by way of Fredericksburg; and it is fitting to notice at this juncture the wonderful capacity of the great general to grasp and provide for the minute details of the gigantic task that had been allotted to him. We received three days' rations on leaving Brandy Station, and at the end of each day and a half received three days' more, until, we believe, we arrived at Cold Harbor. That is to say, hav-

ing cut himself loose from his base of supplies, burning his bridges behind him, he was able, by a wonderful foresight, to so direct the management of the commissiarat, that, during a campaign of unusual severity of twenty-one days, double rations were given out to the soldiers.

When Gen. Lee saw the purpose of the Federal movement he hastened forward, having the advantage of a shorter route. When the Fifth Corps, the Federal advance, reached the vicinity of Spottsylvania, C. H., the van of the Confederates was at that place. Our cavalry occupied it early on the morning of the 8th, but was compelled to retire before the advance of the Confederate infantry. The Fifth Corps forced back the advancing infantry, until it found itself opposed by a solid line of battle, evidently the front of the main body of the enemy. Now followed severe fighting.

It was past noon when the Sixth Corps crossed the tributary of the Mattapony, beyond which the Fifth was contending with a superior force, although an uninterrupted, forced march had been made hither. Our corps immediately joined the Fifth. At dark a combined attack was made by both corps, but with slight result, other than to confirm the record for persistent courage and fidelity which the Fifth Corps, the old First, which had been united with it in March, and the Sixth, had previously won.

Due south of the positions held in the wilderness by the Confederate right and Federal left, less than a dozen miles, are the head waters of the Mattapony Glancing at the map facing page 152, four streams are seen uniting to form that river, the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ny. It was between the two latter most northern forks and near the banks of the Po, that the engagement of the 8th of May occurred; we passed the night at a spot to the northeast of Laurel Hill, where the road falls off from the hillock to the ford of the Ny. On the morning of the 9th, we moved to the southwest and took position in line, our corps on the right of the Second. We had been perhaps two hours in position, there having been a more or less continuous interchange of artillery shots, as if both were employed in getting the range, and there had been considerable skirmishing in our front; and during this time the sharpshooters on both sides were busy in the trees, picking off officers, when our corps commander, Gen. Jno. Sedgwick, came

between the guns of our right section, evidently to superintend placing them in a different position. Seeing a man dodging a ball, he said: "Pooh! they can't hit an elephant at this distance." These were the last words he ever uttered on earth.* He fell between the guns of the right section of the First Massachusetts Battery. His body was borne from the field in an ambulance.

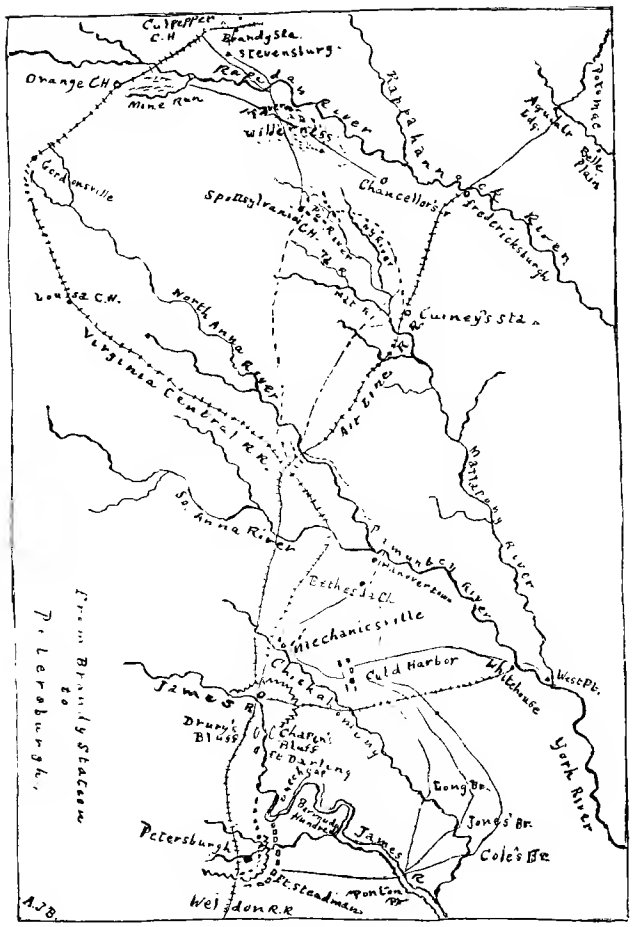
Soon after, Gen. Meade was seen to approach Gen. Wright, commander of our First Division, having a paper in his hand, which doubtless contained instructions to the corps commander, for Gen. Wright succeeded Gen. Sedgwick. There was rapid firing from this part of our line, and continuous reply through the major part of the day.

The position of the artillery remained unchanged. The brigade commanded by Gen. Upton, of the Sixth Corps, consisting among others of the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers, drove in a large detachment of Confederates under the cover of our guns. The night of the 9th was passed in the same position as that which we occupied on the previous night. On the 10th, our place in the line was farther to the left, the position of the corps having been changed. The action on this part of the line this morning opened with a brisk artillery fire. There was a fearful loss of life upon the Federal side, and doubtless a similar decimation of the Confederate ranks directly opposed to the Sixth. It was on this day that Lieut. Federhen of our company fell, as we supposed, mortally wounded, but careful nursing so far restored him that, though his wound was but partially healed, he was again with us before the Valley campaign in the fall. Comrade John Burnham was wounded in the head. The situation on the 11th was relatively the same as upon the previous day, a bloody conflict, without being decisive.

The name of Laurel Hill, which is borne upon the banners of many regiments, has been applied to the series of manœuvres and fights on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of May. On the last of these days, as the battle raged in the afternoon, heaven's artillery thundered above the contending hosts, the lightning vividly flashed, sharply reflected by the steel and brass of arms and equipments, and the rain poured in a torrent.

The morning of the 12th found the branches of the Mattapony

* Our commander had remonstrated with the general for thus exposing his life.



FROM BRANDY STATION TO PETERSBURG.

swollen by the flood, and, as the waters subsided, the accumulated firm gravel of the beds at the fords, it was found, had been displaced, disclosing to the horses' hoofs treacherous quicksands. Early on this morning, Gen. Grant having ordered a general assault on the Confederate position, a spirited attack was made by the Sixth, which was met with obstinate resistance. The Second Corps (Hancock's), upon our left, captured a "salient" with twenty cannon; the Federal corps was hidden by a thick fog; it broke the abattis, surrounded a division, and took three thousand prisoners, including Generals Edward Johnson and Vodges. This was a complete surprise: these officers were at breakfast. The subsequent experience of our troops through the hours of the 12th was that of a desperate contest with uncertain result. Ten thousand men had fallen upon both sides. It was during these days that Gen. Grant sent his famous despatch to the department, from which was derived the oft-quoted, characteristic declaration, "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

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The following week was spent in demonstrations and manœuvres, involving much marching; it is said that we were waiting for reinforcements.

On the 18th we were at Chesterfield, on the line of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad; another flank movement had evidently commenced. We were proceeding southward, by the right of the Confederates. The immediate execution of this plan was delayed on the following day by an attack upon our right, but after a sharp conflict the strong Confederate force was driven back. Both armies, on the 20th, occupied lines nearly at right angles with their positions on the 8th, 9th, and 10th,— that is to say, their backs were respectively to the east and to the west, with another race to the southward in prospective.

On the 22d of May, we were marching through the brown, sandy loam of Caroline County, a region famous in plantation minstrelsy.—"Dandy Jim of Caroline,"—and one that seemed hitherto to have been unvisited by invading troops. All along the route, negroes were packing their simple effects and following the army; now and then a woman was seen expostulating with a colored servant who was about to depart to the visionary land of freedom and fortune, to which, in his simple intelligence, the route

pursued by our army led. We recollect that, as we were rounding a curve in the road, about noon, a mulatto girl, perhaps seventeen years old, stood on a hummock waving her sun-bonnet in her hand, exclaiming: "I'se right glad to see you, gen'l'men; I'se right glad to see you,"—a picturesque sight, and one quite suggestive.

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Some sleek and handsome saddle mules, that served for transportation of light baggage, were captured in this section.

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We recollect a phrase that used to be often upon the lips of some comrades at this time, and was uttered more than once upon the route from Spottsylvania to the North Anna, "Only five and a few," a reference to the expiration of the three years term of enlistment, in the coming fall. Comrade David S. Morse, a man of large frame and great strength, having a vice-like grip, would occasionally forcibly remind one of the future event, by a healthy grasp of his arm, at the same time repeating the phrase. This recollection of him is forced upon us at the time, interwoven with the memory of our approach to the North Anna. He never in the flesh saw New England again; a bullet pierced his brain at Cold Harbor.

The inside track this time, as before, was held by the Confederates, and starting, as they seem to have, on the same day as the Union advance, they hastened to place themselves in an intrenched position beyond the North Anna.

On the 24th, the Sixth Corps crossed the difficult ford of that river above Lee's army, and placed itself upon the right of the Fifth; Gen. Warren had repulsed a violent attack, with great loss, the evening before; and Gen. Hancock, who had effected a crossing at Chesterfield Bridge, below, after some fighting, had taken position upon Warren's left. An attempt of Gen. Burnside on the centre was repulsed. It was not until this day that the Ninth Corps was formally united to Meade's command.

The enemy's position upon the North Anna was stronger than those at Wilderness or Spottsylvania; and Gen. Grant, realizing that the loss of life entailed in the dislodgement of the Confederates would be greatly disproportionate to the temporary advantage that might be gained, withdrew on the night of the 26th to

the north bank, and moved to turn the Confederate position by its right.

Jericho Ford of the North Anna is above the crossing of the Fredericksburg Railroad, and perhaps ten miles above the confluence of this river with the Pamunkey. Down the left bank of this river, at rapid pace, the Sixth Corps marched, on the 27th of May, now in advance, and moving to the support of the cavalry,— which, during the battles of Spottsylvania, had passed in the rear of the Confederate position, and destroyed miles of railroad,— recaptured hundreds of prisoners who were *en route* to the pens at Libby or Salisbury, and captured the outer defences of Richmond. Gen. Sheridan in command had reached the vicinity of Cold Harbor on his return. We crossed the Pamunkey at Hanovertown, and moved across the peninsula, the old campaign ground of 1862, toward the Chickahominy.

As we remarked in an early chapter, we struck camp on the 29th on the road from White House to Cold Harbor, on the same ground where we bivouacked in the summer of 1862 when marching up the peninsula under Gen. Franklin. We moved forward on the 30th, preceded by two divisions of cavalry under Gen. Sheridan; such portion of the enemy as had gathered in this region was pushed steadily back, after more or less resistance, as upon the previous day.

On the 31st of May the cavalry divisions entered Cold Harbor. On the morrow, as we lay east of Cold Harbor, where we had come to a halt, upon an open tract of very irregular surface, — hummocks and knolls abounding, interspersed with ravines, bare, save a straggling mulberry tree,— an occasional shot came shrieking overhead, and elicited the proposition from a comrade, that "the man who said he was not afraid of one of those, lied." Attention was drawn to a corps which was apparently arriving from White House; its corps flag was unfamiliar, but the leader's form and features seemed not strange to us, nor were they It was Gen. "Baldy" Smith, with the Eighteenth Army Corps. Both corps (Sixth and Eighteenth) moved forward to take the position gained and held by the cavalry, which they now relieved.

At five o'clock, both corps, under Gens. Wright and Smith, opened fire with all their infantry and artillery in an attack upon Lee. Such was the vim of this onset, that they succeeded in

carrying a large part of his first line. Forced back from the position which they had held upon the retirement of our cavalry on a new line, the Confederates maintained a stubborn and sullen resistance; nor did the effort of the Union corps relax,—the attack was continued with relentless energy, and with the natural result of great loss of life. It was estimated at nightfall that 2,000 men had fallen during the second attack. Subsequent reports show that the other corps repulsed repeated assaults upon their ranks, during the time of the engagement of the Eighteenth and Sixth corps.

Last night brought in, with the odor of the dewy grass and the foliage of the swamps, mingled with the cries of night birds, the summer of 1864. To-night brings a series of ineffectual attempts of the enemy to recover the ground which our sleepless and watchful troops have wrested from them during the day.

After daylight, June 2, the Second Corps was placed upon our left, while the Fifth, which had been to the north of the Eighteenth Corps at considerable interval, was extended to connect with the latter, which was upon our right. At the same time the Ninth was drawn in to Bethesda church. Reports of these last two movements show that they were not accomplished without opposition from the enemy, with the loss of prisoners. So this day was occupied in reforming and redisposing the Federal army. Meanwhile the air had collected much moisture, and there was a storm a few hours distant; in fact, a smart summer rain preceded the four o'clock in the morning assault, which the Second, Sixth, and Eighteenth Corps, in pursuance of Grant's plan to keep constantly hammering Lee's army, made upon the Confederate intrenchments. This lasted but a half-hour, but the sanguinary character of the contest was probably never surpassed during the campaign. Barlow's and Gibbons's divisions of the Second carried a part of the enemy's line. This success was not, however, permanent, nor was any decided advantage gained by the gallant action of the Eighteenth and Sixth. The Sixth and its companion corps intrenched themselves close to the enemy's main line of works. This, with the exception of an attack upon Gibbons's division of the Second Corps, at nine o'clock at night, which was repulsed, was the last important engagement in this campaign north of the Chickahominy.

Two days later we were still lying behind these fortifications, the evenings in the interim being enlivened by interchange of brief, brisk musketry fire; and just after dusk, a comrade who was beside Comrade David S. Morse in a little shelter which they had pitched, heard the latter groan; striking a match, he perceived that comrade Morse had been shot through the head, his brain protruding from the skull. Our unfortunate companion was borne to the artillery brigade hospital, mortally wounded. We were assured at the hospital that in his condition, in the nature of things, he was insensible to pain; but it was horrible to hear the death-rattle through the night, for such a fund of vitality had he that life became extinct only a little before dawn. "What a powerful man he has been," said the steward, as he touched the large, broad thumb, that was no more to cover the vent of his gun.

A grave was dug beneath a mulberry tree in a little vale south of the hospital, and not far from the spot whence his company departed to move to the front on the 1st. As his comrades were about to deposit the remains in their last resting-place, a chaplain was seen riding into the little glen; the messmate of the departed comrade, saluting the clergyman, besought his services, and the chaplain, responding, officiated in a manner that won the hearts of the boys who stood around him.

Comrade Morse was killed June 5; just one week later, the two armies in their fortifications having been grimly confronting each other the while, the Army of the Potomac moved by the left flank rapidly down the Chickahominy, and passed over by its lower crossings, speedily through Charles City County to the James.

CHAPTER XV

THE march through the bottom lands of the Chickahominy, and over the fields of Charles City County, was uneventful, and, except that the weather was less sultry, and it was an advance movement, would remind one of the march down the peninsula, in the summer of 1862.

It was, we believe, on the 15th of June, that, begrimed with dust and perspiration, we reached a point opposite Charles City court-house, where the James burst upon our view, glistening in the sun like polished steel. What a spectacle met our view! A seemingly endless, living, moving mass, of which we were a part, reached across the broad river skirting the far-off southern shore, then stretching to the southwest over the plateau toward the Appomattox. Never before had this historic river witnessed such a sight, or held on its bosom such an array of craft. Its rapid tide forbade the anchoring of the hundred pontoons; they were firmly attached by their cables to vessels above and below the bridge. Their anchors lay in the mud more than fourteen fathoms below. Over this driveway, 2,000 feet long, for forty hours, with ceaseless step, moved the vast train, composed of the three arms of our service, having in its wake 3,000 head of beef cattle, and it is said fifty miles of wagon train.

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The drought of 1864, unsurpassed in meteorologic annals, had commenced in earnest; there was a continued scarcity of even that impure, brackish water that we were able to procure by sinking wells in naturally moist spots, during the months which we spent south of the James. The water of those wells which we scooped out in the swamp on the line of the Weldon Railroad, used to have a curious flavor of weeds and roots.

From the 17th to the 29th of June, during the first two days of which period there was assault after assault upon the Confederate defences, we lay in a fort in the right section of the line of redoubts occupied by the troops that were investing the place in its front. The first week s experience may have produced a grave doubt, in the minds of Federal military authorities, whether these defences could be carried by direct assault. At all events, attempts were made at the end of that period to turn them by the south; then 8,000 cavalry, under Gen. Wilson, were dispatched to the line of the Weldon and Danville Railroad. Raiding along that road, he was hotly engaged at Stony Creek on the 28th.

It was on the night of this day that we werc sent to the support of this cavalry force, and on the following day occurred the affair at Reams Station. It is stated that no mention of this event was made in the military report, and it has received no specific name. This must be due to the fact that the war had assumed such gigantic proportions that an engagement which in 1861 would be termed a battle, in 1864 was regarded as incidental by-play; nevcrtheless, this was an important link in the historical chain which was forged by destiny during the summer of 1864. We were in reserve upon the left in this vicinity, on the eighty-eighth anniversary of our national independence, and during five consecutive days following.

It was now that the Sixth Corps was selected to intercept and chastise the Confcderate army of the Shenandoah, which advices said was menacing Washington. An all-night march to City Point, a speedy embarkation on the 10th, and we were steaming down the James. No senseless tarry in Hampton road, nor lingering in the Chesapeake. Sometime in the small hours of the night of the 12th, we debarked at the Navy Yard.

It was in the second week of July, 1864, that Gen. Hunter's command, which had made an almost unparalleled march up the valley of Virginia to Lynchburg, and had fiercely assailed it, was obliged to retire before a superior Confederate force hastily sent by rail from Lee's army; outnumbered and short of ammunition, it retreated over the Alleghanies into West Virginia, whence it regained the Potomac by a circuitous route.

There was now no Federal force of any moment in the valley, and Early, with 20,000 Confederate veterans, sped unobstructed

down the Shenandoah, and over the Potomac, scouring the country beyond even to Pennsylvania, for horses, cattle, and provisions, having defeated at the Monocacy near Frederick, a handful of Federal troops, comparatively considered (there were only one fourth of his own number, under Gen. Wallace). Among the troops at the disposal of Gen. Wallace, were one brigade of the Eighth Corps, some hundred days men, and militia, but, on the night of the 7th, Ricketts's division of our corps began to arrive at Baltimore from City Point, and was hurried out to the Monocacy by Gen. Halleck. Gen. Wallace placed the division of the Blue Greek Cross upon his left, the main point of attack covering the Washington pike and its wooden bridge. Of the 1,959 lost in this affair, nearly 600 were of this division. Gen. Wallace telegraphed to Gen. Halleck: "I am retreating with a footsore, battered, half demoralized column. I think the troops of the Sixth Corps fought magnificently."

While Wallace was retrograding toward Baltimore, that night, Early, having buried his dead, and placed his wounded in the hospitals of Frederick, moved twenty miles east unopposed, along the Georgetown pike, and on the night of the 10th camped near Rockville. It was clear that he was at least going to make a demonstration against the capital. The Confederate cavalry in the meanwhile, holding by detachments the fords of the Potomac, were gathering a vast amount of plunder and sending it back in the shape of breadstuffs, livestock, and horses, to be transported across the river into Dixie.

Sabbath morn, July 10, 1864, in the capital of the nation, was a season of feverish excitement. Gen. Augur, commanding the defences of the capital, had collected heavy artillery, hundred days men, convalescents, invalids, sailors, marines, militia, clerks. According to Gen. Barnard, "there was in the defences of Washington a total of 20,400; of that number, however, but 9,600, mostly raw troops, constituted the garrison of the defences. Of the other troops a considerable portion was unavailable, and the whole would form an inefficient force for service on the line."

But if the nation's capital were at this time seriously in danger when menaced by Early's force of invaders, succor was at hand; early in the afternoon of the 11th of July, 1864, Abraham Lincoln was on the Sixth Street wharf to greet the veterans of the First

and Second Divisions of the Greek Cross Corps, which had left the James soon after the engagement of their Third Division at the Monocacy. "These are the men who captured Marye's Heights," said the citizens who thronged the way and the clerks who were doing guard duty, as the infantry of the corps marched up Seventh Street, along toward the west Maryland defences of Washington, passing fleeing families from the country, who were seeking shelter in the town, reporting that their houses were burned, or that their household goods had been plundered. Hard by Fort de Russy, the Sixth Corps Infantry bivouacked that night.

"On the 11th of July," said Gen. Early in a despatch to the Confederate commander-in-chief, "when we reached the enemy's fortifications, the men were completely exhausted, and not in a condition to make an attack.

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"I determined to make an assault, but before it could be made it became apparent that the enemy had been strongly reinforced.

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"After consultation with my division commanders, I became satisfied that the assault, even if successful, would be attended with such great sacrifice as would ensure the destruction of my whole force before the victory could be made available, and if unsuccessful, would necessarily have resulted in the loss of the whole force."

From the tenor of this despatch, it is fair to infer that this general had no serious intention of attempting anything so foolhardy as to carry by assault the western fortifications, and that probably his demonstration at this point was to cover the escape of his mounted plunderers across the Potomac. From the facts within our knowledge, viz. that the Sixth Corps, and a portion of the Nineteenth, had arrived upon the 11th, having made equally good time with less fatigue than the Confederate troops from the Kittoctin Mountains, it is evident that a genuine attack would have resulted in the destruction of the Confederate force.

In the forenoon of the 12th, Gen. Getty's division of the Sixth Corps was placed on picket in front of Fort Stevens; at the same time the sharpshooters of the enemy, concealed by the orchard near the Rives House on the Silver Spring road, began to be active in attempting to pick off the Federal skirmishers. Between

three and four o'clock, the path having been opened by the guns of Fort Stevens, by order of Gen. Wright, Bidwell's brigade of the Second Division, in two lines, advanced on the orchard and grove by the Rives House, and cleared out Early's skirmishers, sweeping them back to a ridge beyond, whence, after a stout resistance on the part of the latter, they were driven back one mile. This affair was witnessed by the president and members of his cabinet. At midnight a message from the lieutenant general of the armies of the United States to the chief of staff at Washington, said, "Maj. Gen. Wright should get out of the trenches with all the force he possibly can, and should push Early to the last moment." To the assistant secretary of war, he said: "Boldness is all that is needed to drive the enemy out of Maryland in confusion. I hope and believe Wright is the man to assure that."

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It was in the first faint gray of dawn, July 13, that we hurried through the capital and out on the Seventh Street road. Clerks and counter-jumpers were doing guard duty in the streets, otherwise scarcely a citizen was visible. Passing the fortifications, where we are joined by the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, from Louisiana, we proceed toward Poolesville, reaching this place, twenty-six miles from Fort Stevens, on the evening of the 14th. The wagon train was yet stretched along the road behind us. On the morning of this day, at this place, our cavalry had overtaken that of the enemy acting as rear guard, and had fired upon it as it crossed White's Ford after the infantry. So there was artillery firing later from this side upon the Confederate pickets who held the ford upon the Virginia side.

During the 14th, while moving along the Poolesville road, we noticed at times the provost guard with prisoners who were under sentence of court martial, which had been imposed south of the James, but which was still in abeyance, because the exigencies of the service had not permitted time for execution.

There was one man under sentence of death, who had a rope attached to him, the end of which would sometimes be in the hand of a guard, and sometimes trailing on the ground. Once while it was dragging, a German, an artilleryman, picked it up, and, making a noose on the end, tossed it to the prisoner, saying,

"Tam you, I hung you for a draitor." A comrade who witnessed this, retorted: "If I were the guard, I would prod you with the bayonet, for tantalizing an unfortunate man with a rope around his neck."

By a curious coincidence, the German's captain had been the judge advocate in the court martial of this prisoner who bore the rope, a convicted deserter; and when at night, the train having halted near Poolesville, the question arose among the powers that were, as to who should be the man's executioner on the morrow, the judge advocate is reported to have said that he had a man in his company for any duty that might be required, and that he would furnish a hangman. And sure enough, the next day the German was detailed to launch into eternity the man at whom he was jeering the day before.

We remember seeing Snyder return to his camp from the fatal tree, with a bunch of rope in one hand and a canteen in the other, and we remember a chorus of tongues asking, "Well, Snyder, did you get your fee?" and the same chorus uttering a deep groan. But Snyder's mould was of a cast too phlegmatic to be warped in the least by such demonstrations. "I hung my vater, if he vas a draitor," said the Teuton.

On the night of the 14th, Gen. Hunter had reached Harper's Ferry, on his return through the Kanawha region, from his memorable raid, to Lynchburg. He received orders from Gen. Wright to join the latter at Leesburg, for Wright had been given, "supreme command of all troops moving out against the enemy, regardless of the rank of other commanders." Yet, on the 15th, the lieutenant general declared to Gen. Halleck: "There can be no use in Wright's following the enemy, with the latter a day ahead, after he has passed entirely beyond all our communications. I want, if possible, to get the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps here, to use them here, before the enemy can get Early back (to Petersburg). As soon as the enemy is known to have passed Hunter's forces, recall Wright and send him back here with all despatch, and also send the Nineteenth Corps."

Early was now at Leesburg; Gen. Hunter, immediately upon receiving Gen. Wright's notification, had despatched infantry and cavalry, some 9,000 men under Mulligan and Duffie, eastward toward that place; this was on the morning of the 15th. On the

evening of this day, Gen. Wright received Gen. Halleck's orders to continue the pursuit, "but with caution."

There were now 15,000 men before White's Ferry, near Poolesville, and several thousand approaching that place from Washington, with 9,000 men sent by Gen. Hunter, moving on a route that would enable them to strike Early's flank, as he marched from Leesburg to the gap in the Blue Ridge. It would seem that if Gen. Wright had been unhampered by conflicting and doubtful orders, having had a definite understanding with the commander of the force which Hunter had sent east, Early might have found great difficulty in reaching the valley. That the directions of General Grant at this time, and until Sheridan's arrival on the scene, seem always to have been filtered through the office of the chief of staff at Washington, before reaching the commander of the forces on the upper Potomac, appears to have continually prevented that commander, whoever he might be, from acting with anything like decision.

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Early on the 16th, the Sixth Corps and its associate troops began to cross the Potomac at White's Ferry. Meanwhile, Gen. Crook, who had assumed command of the forces of Mulligan and Duffie on the Virginia side, had reached Purcellsville, midway between Leesburg and Snicker's Gap; a small brigade under Tibbets, falling upon Early's train, captured 117 mules and horses, and 82 wagons. We do not know if there were pontoons with the Sixth on that day, but we are sure that we plunged into the Potomac without ceremony, the water reaching to the armpits as we gained the middle of the river, and splashed through the shallower depth on the other side to the steep Virginia bank; so came artillery carriages and wagons, grinding the bed and tossing the water to the right and left. The weather being warm and a bath quite grateful, horses and men were supple enough as they emerged from the river, and climbed the heights with alacrity. We moved rapidly through Loudon Valley, passing through the village of Leesburg, after giving our horses a fodder of green aftermath which we remember had been cut in the little burial-ground of that village. The pursuit was steadily continued toward the base of the Blue Ridge, over the ridge by Snicker's Gap, to the Shenandoah.

So vigorously indeed was the invader followed and pressed, that of the 2,000 horses that he was reported to have hurried into Virginia among other trophies of his raid, very many were found hidden here and there in the mountains, doubtless to be recovered after the expected departure of the Federals. We saw many a fine steed which had been intended to replenish the stock of the Confederate squadrons.

On the 18th, Gen. Wright instructed Gen. Crook to move through Snicker's Gap, where his advance was, and the Sixth Corps was in motion for the same mountain pass. On this afternoon, from the summit of the ridge, the enemy could be seen on the high ground beyond the river. How strong in position there, and what part of his force remained, was yet uncertain. Gen. Crook sent Thoburn's division to a ford below Snicker's, and one of the brigades of this division did charge across Island Ford, capturing some skirmishers. From this party it was learned that Early's whole force was within a couple of miles. Sending back this intelligence to Gen. Crook, Gen. Thoburn was directed to form a line with his brigades and await the arrival of a division of the Sixth Corps Infantry. Before its arrival, however, the cavalry was attacked by Breckenridge and Rodes, and forced back upon the east side of the river with a loss of over 400. When the Third Division of the Sixth came up, the division commander did not think it prudent, under the circumstances, to cross his men, and the remaining troops fell back in good order.

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It was as dark as Egypt as we threaded our way through the trees and among the stumps and rocks to a bivouac ground on the crest, having climbed the east slope about sundown and passed through the gorge. We left the rough, winding road by the north side, and traversed the side of the mountain for a mile or more before we halted for the night. The moon at length rose soft and clear above the summit of the Blue Ridge, its light disclosing a high, rugged wilderness overlooking the valley of the Shenandoah. Here we remained during the day and night of the 19th. During the day, as we have previously remarked, many horses which had been stampeded across from Maryland or Pennsylvania, having been sought out in the mountains where they had been hidden, were appropriated by our troops. That night the Confederates

retreated toward Strasburg. The next day (20th) we crossed the Shenandoah at Snicker's Ferry, moving thence toward Berryville. But before reaching Berryville, we turned back, retraced our steps through Snicker's Gap to Leesburg, encamping that night on the east side of Goose Creek. The next night was spent at Dranesville; thence we moved by rapid stages *via* Falls Church to Georgetown. We hurried on toward Arlington Heights, passing the highly-cultivated government plantation, where freedmen were employed in the culture of corn and vegetables; and reaching one of the numerous forts in the southern chain of defences, not far from Chain Bridge, we made a brief halt. Rumor said we were on our return to the James, to further participate in the siege of Petersburg.

We were a travel-stained, dusty set of fellows, and we have no doubt, from an æsthetic point of view, unsightly looking soldiers; but we heard a comrade say as he viewed the soldiers in the fort, with their clean raiment, polished boots, and shiny breastplates and shoulder scales, that he "much preferred the feverish excitement of a campaign to the humdrum life that was evidently led by the men of this garrison." In less than an hour, the bugle said, "Drivers, mount!" and following our leaders we proceeded to Tenallytown in Maryland.

But transports were positively waiting off Washington to convey the Sixth Corps to the James. Indeed, our return from the Blue Ridge was in accordance with Gen. Wright's construction of the orders given by the commander-in-chief through Gen. Halleck,—"to go only far enough to verify the enemy's retreat, and then be ready to return speedily to City Point." We went into camp, but there was an evident feeling that we were only waiting our turn to embark. There were the most stringent orders in vogue, forbidding any private to enter the capital, and the strictest injunctions to be always within call.

Nevertheless, a good representation of each command might have been found in the city on any day during this tarry at Tenallytown. Even in the Capitol, venturesome privates were seen inspecting the paintings, and alas! too many others, victims of the venders of bad whiskey, who would later come straggling to their companies, weak and enervated, when marching orders should be received. Four days of suspense dragged by; on

the 26th our corps and the Nineteenth were again in motion, westward.

Gen. Early, on the 23d, at Strasburg, having learned that the Sixth Corps had returned to Washington, and that only Crook's forces were at Kernstown, the Nineteenth Corps also having departed, he fell with his combined force upon the commands of Crook and Averell at that place. Of this affair Gen. Hunter wrote: "It was only owing to the steadiness and good conduct of the infantry which came with us from the Kanawha, that the army was saved from utter annihilation. The refuse force sent from Washington, representing twenty-seven different regiments, is said to have done more injury than service." It was the receipt of the news of the misfortune at Kernstown that caused the hurried march of the Sixth Corps on the 26th; now, the soldiers who had been enjoying self-granted furloughs in the city, were hurried beyond the barriers, some of them reaching their commands just on the eve of their departure, some dropping in in knots on the first, second, and third days after. Some came to their camps outside the fortifications just as the corps were moving out in column, looking a little worse for wear; others smiling and serene; some haggard and spiritless, dragging themselves wearily along; some alighted from hacks, quite stylish turnouts, which the soldiers had chartered to convey them to the outposts. We made, in the next day and a half, another of those forced marches for which the Sixth Corps was memorable in the annals of the Maryland and Northern Virginia campaigns.

Reaching the vicinity of Frederick on the 28th, we advanced to Jefferson, halted there at midnight, rested there until dawn, then through Sandy Hook to the foot of Maryland Heights, into the gap where the Potomac had some day cut its patn through the monntain rock and made an awful gateway with frowning columns of dizzy height on either hand, and between them a rugged channel for its torrent, and a long, irregular shelf for the mountain road. A halt in the deserted, half-obliterated hamlet of Harper's Ferry, under Bolivar Heights; later, a march to Halltown, where we bivouacked.

The following afternoon we countermarched; infantry and artillery were sweltering for hours in the motionless, heated,

stagnant atmosphere of the gorge, between Bolivar and Loudon Heights, pending the exasperatingly slow crossing of the single pontoon bridge at the ferry. The poor, panting beasts that drew the cannons and caissons were bathed in perspiration and tortured by flies; standing harnessed for hours in the dust of this hot pen, they suffered more than on the march hither, when prodded to the utmost. At dark (and the darkness was thick) a huge fire was kindled at the shoulder of the great rock that overhangs the village; and when in the course of the night our artillery column, in its turn, began to round the bluff to march down onto the bridge, our drivers, having been for a long time in the glare of the light, now coming suddenly into the deep shadow of the rock, were blinded and utterly unable to discern the steep bank within the swing of their whips, on their right hand; "Bear hard to the left," officers shouted, standing at the bend in the road; and the drivers instinctively obeyed, blind as moles. Across the river, and through the pass, and on, up Pleasant Valley, all night and all day following we were afoot. On the evening of the 30th of August, we were again in the vicinity of Frederick. Our existence at this time was peripatetic. We were on the wing all day, and after we had made some preparations at nightfall, for tarrying, "assembly" would be sounded, and we either were directed to move at once, or notified that "first call" would be at three A. M. During the next three days our corps held the South Mountain passes, and the Nineteenth Corps was sent to Frederick.

During this time Gen. Grant was at the Monocacy, although the fact was unknown to a private of the Sixth Corps; also had Sheridan arrived at Washington. This was a strange fortnight of marches and countermarches, inexplicable to the average private. "Six men fell dead yesterday in one of our smallest brigades," wrote Gen. Hunter, on the 29th. Horses and men by scores fell by the wayside, the latter succumbing to the heat, intense even for the season.

On the 5th of August we were returning to Halltown, Virginia, *via* Harper's Ferry. This was in pursuance of orders which Gen. Grant had given Gen. Hunter, "to concentrate all the forces, consisting thus far of Wright's Sixth, Emory's Nineteenth, and Crook's Eighth, in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry; and if it

should be found that the enemy had moved north of the Potomac in large force, to follow and attack him wherever he goes."

There was to be some new material for history obtained in the valley,—a change of tactics by and by, quite as novel in its way as that wrought in the heart of Virginia during the previous spring. Sheridan had arrived from the James to assume command of an army, composed of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, of the "army of West Virginia," or Eighth Corps, and the cavalry of Torbert and Wilson, to operate in the region of the Shenandoah. The words of Grant at this time were significant, and indeed savor of prophecy: "What we want is prompt and active movements after the enemy, in accordance with the instructions you already have. I feel every confidence that you will do the very best, and will leave you as far as possible to act upon your best judgment, and not embarrass you with orders and instructions."

Four days we tarried at Halltown, a period of recuperation. On the 10th of August we were marching through Charleston, to the air of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! The institution against which old John Brown warred was in ruins, a crumbling shell, like the jail yonder whence he was led to execution. A few months more, and the ruins of this social fabric shall be as unsubstantial as those of the old court-house, in which he was condemned.

The Sixth Corps moved through Charlestown to Clifton, occupying the right of the line, the Nineteenth, along the Berryville pike; the Eighth Corps was on the left of the Nineteenth, Lowell's cavalry was upon our right, and Merritt's upon the extreme left of the army. This was a movement which covered the northern passes of the Blue Ridge, through which reinforcements were to come.

There were three fords on the Opequon, in front of the three corps respectively; there was an interval of three fourths of a mile between the right, on the Berryville pike, and the next higher, and the third was one mile south of the second.

These crossings were occupied on the 11th. Early, in the meanwhile, had retreated from Bunker Hill and had taken a position before Winchester, which held the junction of the roads which led respectively from Manassas Gap *via* Front Royal, and the Millwood pike. His force was in line of battle, but his expected

reinforcements had not arrrived. He did not intend to stand at this place, and while the Federal corps were reaching the crossings of the Opequon, the Confederates were, as Torbert discovered by encountering their cavalry in a severe skirmish on the Millwood pike, hastening toward Strasburg.

The Sixth Corps was now moved up the right bank of the creek to the Millwood Ford, where it spent the night; the Nineteenth was between our corps and the Front Royal road, and the Eighth was five miles east of Middletown. Now Middletown is nearly east of Strasburg, and unless Early retired beyond the latter place, a battle on the 12th was inevitable. On the morning of that day, the Confederates moved across Cedar Creek, occupying the southern bank; later, their lines were established to extend from Little North Mountain, the west wall of this part of the valley, over Fisher's Hill, to the west fork of the Shenandoah, which flows along the west base of the rugged Massanutten range,—a triple interloping spur that extends northward from the vicinity of Harrisonburg half a hundred miles, terminating east of Strasburg in grim old "Three Top," around whose foot the west branch of the river breaks away to Front Royal, there to join the east fork.

On the morning in question, the three Federal corps were pushed forward to the north bank of Cedar Creek, our corps being on the right of the line. A skirmish line of the Sixth and Eighth Corps at once crossed the creek on either side of the valley pike, menacing the enemy's pickets until evening. The following morning the cavalry reconnoitred the neighborhood of the town, by moving along the back road which runs west of and parallel with the great valley pike, and found that only pickets occupied Hupp's Hill; so Gen. Wright was ordered to move his skirmishers into Strasburg, which he did, and occupied Hupp's Hill in force.

The enemy was now signaling from Three Top, where he had a station; something of unusual importance was in progress. What was it? A message from the commandant at Harper's Ferry to Gen. Sheridan will perhaps explain. "I have information from a source always found reliable, that reinforcements under Hill and Longstreet are moving up the valley that if attacked in his present position, Early proposes to show fight and retire until a junction can be formed with the advancing forces."

Sheridan, deeming the position on Cedar Creek untenable, resolved to retire to the Clifton-Berryville position which we had occupied on the 10th. Besides, reinforcements were on their way through Snicker's Gap to join us. The subsequent glorious successes of the Federal Army of the Shenandoah justified this last retrograde movement. The enemy perceiving from Three Top that Sheridan had retired, pursued. A sharp engagement occurred on the 21st. Our cavalry pickets on the Opequon having been driven in, the divisions of Rodes and Ramseur fell upon the Sixth Corps, gaining, however, no permanent advantage, while Anderson, who had later moved from Winchester, was repulsed by Merritt and Wilson.

The next day the army was established at Halltown, with one flank on the Shenandoah and the other upon the Potomac, the best *defensive* position in the valley Early now spent several days in demonstrating against the Federal position, and then moved off to the northwest, as if designing to cross the Potomac. Had he commenced such operation, an opportunity to strike his divided forces would have been eagerly embraced by Sheridan. The enemy, however remained on the south side of the river, and posted his forces west of the Opequon. On the 26th and 27th he had resumed his old position occupied by him prior to his retirement to Strasburg on the 11th and 12th ; i. e. at Bunker Hill and Stephenson, with his cavalry on either flank. This was the signal for us to move forward to re-occupy the position which we left on the 11th to reach the crossings of the Opequon.

Marching early on the 28th we made a gradual advance by easy stages, and with commendable caution, the enemy's designs yet unknown, while the character of the face of the country readily betrayed our own. We gained the old line on the 3d of September, within a week after our departure from Halltown ; i. e. the Sixth Corps was at Clifton on the right of the line, the Eighth at Berryville on the left, and the Nineteenth between them.

The time thenceforth until the battle of the 19th of September, was employed by Gen. Sheridan in reorganizing his army and in preparing for a campaign that was practically to end the war in northern Virginia.

A remarkable coincidence, illustrating that the thoughts of great minds flow in the same channels, here looms up to the

observer. About the 8th of September, in a despatch to Anderson, Gen. Lee said: "I have been desirous for some time of recalling you to me. But my unwillingness to diminish the force in the valley has prevented. A victory over Sheridan would materially change the aspect of affairs."

On the 8th of September, Sheridan telegraphed to Gen. Grant "I have not deemed it best to attack the enemy, but have watched closely to press him hard so soon as he commences to detach troops to Richmond. This was the tenor of your telegram to me after I took up the defensive."

On the 9th, Gen. Grant replies: "I would not have you make an attack with the advantage against you, but would prefer just the course you seem to be pursuing; i. e. pressing closely upon the enemy, and when he moves, follow him up, being ready at all times to pounce upon him, if he detaches any considerable force."

Now in our command there was a general recollection that the nucleus of our company was mustered upon the 29th of August, 1861, as the third anniversary of that day approached. Our captain was absent, but our second in command called the attention of the corps commander to the matter of the expiration of the term of service of the company. Now the question was raised, whether our service as United States troops commenced when we were mustered in Massachusetts, or when we departed for the seat of war. If at the latter moment, then we were to remain until the third of October. This question seems to have presented no grave difficulties to the mind of the corps commander, for he directed that all those men who were mustered on the 29th of August, 1861, should be discharged on the third anniversary of that day, and that men who were mustered at different subsequent dates should be discharged as fast as their terms of service expired. Accordingly, forty men of the first group departed from camp on the 29th, for New England. But before there was any further discharge of members of our company, an order was received at corps headquarters, to hold the balance of the three years men, until the third of October.

This unquestionably meant another campaign. No man sent by Grant to the valley to direct military affairs in that quarter was destined for a lay figure, and certainly not when that man was Phil Sheridan. If we remained inactive eighteen days longer, it

was because he meant, when he moved, to push Early up the valley, and was preparing to do so.

During the next nineteen days, foraging was the leading industry of the mounted troops; after guard mounting, almost invariably, of a morning, we sallied forth for provender for the horses, now east, now west, now to the rear, scouring the farms by the cross roads, and now out upon the wings of the army, even passing sometimes with an infantry guard, the cavalry picket line, with its motionless riders, sitting with carbines at aim. What a region of diverse natural gifts is this valley of the Shenandoah,—a land flowing with milk and honey! Such mutton as the slope of the mountains produced, we believe could be found nowhere else; no need of strips of pork in the frying-pan, to facilitate the cooking of this fine, juicy meat. In all that portion of the valley north of the interloping Massanutten Range, twenty odd miles south of Winchester, the farms present about every variety of surface, with uniformly excellent soil, and consequent adaptation to every variety of stock raising and cereal culture.

We found that much of the fruits of that section had been left untouched by the Southrons, and we came in for a fair share of those things that the quartermaster's and commissary department of an army may properly appropriate in an enemy's country.

CHAPTER XVI.

OPEQUON CREEK rises five or six miles south of Winchester, and flows northeast from three to four miles east of the city, into the Potomac. Beside the three fords, to which we have alluded in a previous chapter, there were several nearer the mouth, notably one near Summit Point. There, Torbert was to cross, early on the 19th, and form a junction of Merritt's and Averill's cavalry, near Stephenson's Depot, on the Winchester division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, north of east from Winchester. Wilson's cavalry, on this morning, was to move across the creek by the Berryville pike; the road thence for a couple of miles passes through a wild gorge called Berryville Cañon. Through this, Wilson's cavalry was to charge, to clear the way for the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps. The Eighth Corps was to approach this crossing and take position in reserve. The Opequon receives two tributaries from the west, one flowing a mile south of Winchester,— Abraham's Creek; the other, Red Bud Run, about the same distance north of the town. Between these branches of the Opequon, on its west side, two miles from the town, commenced the battle of the 19th of September.

The Sixth Corps was astir by two o'clock; it moved along Berryville pike, the infantry on either side, the artillery following the road. Two miles from the crossing, which is near the mouth of Abraham's Creek, we passed the Nineteenth Corps; the head of its column was halted by Gen. Wright, to whom its commander had been ordered to report. The Sixth Corps, reaching the earthwork across the creek, which Wilson's cavalry had captured and occupied early in the morning, about two miles from Winchester, was formed in line, the Third Division on the north side of the

pike which runs east from the ford to Winchester, the Second Division on the left. The First Division was in reserve. While this line was being formed, the enemy in front, half-way between our position and Winchester, kept up a heavy fire of artillery The cavalry took position on the left of our Second Division of infantry. Now our corps artillery coming up, four batteries, one of which was A, First Massachusetts, were placed on the corps front, under our chief of artillery, Col. Tompkins; this was to respond to the enemy's guns, which were annoying our infantry while establishing itself on either side of the pike. Before noon, the Nineteenth Corps had formed upon the right of the Sixth; and soon after the whole line moved forward across the uneven ground toward a belt of woods, whence proceeded the enemy's cannonade during the formation of our lines.

In front of the Nineteenth Corps was Gordon, and before the Sixth, Ramseur and Rodes. Confronting Wilson's cavalry on our extreme left was the Confederate cavalry of Lomax. Here the Federal troop first held its adversary in check, and then forced him back.

From the first onset of our infantry, the struggle for the possession and defence of the ground became desperate. The Sixth Corps drove back the divisions of Rodes and Ramseur, and the Nineteenth, having attacked Gordon's force, pressed it back through the wood, following to within musket shot of Braxton's Confederate battery, which was placed unsupported behind the belt of trees through which the infantry had advanced.

This battery, however, firmly held its ground, concentrating its fire upon the ranks of the advancing Nineteenth. Now a fresh brigade of Confederates, just arrived on the scene, with lately discomfited troops of Gordon supporting it upon its flanks, charged through the woods on the Third Division of the Sixth and the Second Division of the Nineteenth, at their junction, causing a temporary wavering of our line, and gaining a temporary advantage, purchased, however, with the loss of the brave and able Gen. Rodes.

Now the first division of the Sixth was brought into the front line. The brigades of Edwards, Campbell, and Upton moved into the gap caused by the Confederate charge, the movement being facilitated by the artillery of the corps, which did good execution

under an annoying fire. Upton's brigade,* moving forward into the woods, delivering heavy volleys into the lines of the advancing ranks of the enemy, caused him to fall back; so the whole division was enabled to gain a position which it held without difficulty till late in the afternoon. During this last action fell the gallant commander of the First Division, the hero of Rappahannock Station, Gen. David Russell.

There was now a period of seeming inaction, a lull, but only on the surface. Crook's corps was now sent to strike the Confederate left, which it did simultaneously with the cavalry of Averill and Merritt. The latter charging around the enemy's left flank, he began to give way. The brigades of Thoburn and Duval charged, by the direct command of Sheridan himself, through the woods in their front, and broke Gordon's division, which was at this point. In the meanwhile the Sixth and Nineteenth, as soon as firing in the rear of the enemy's left was heard, advanced on their fronts, driving the force before them wellnigh into the town.

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The exposure of our infantry line was such, at the outset, that the ranks were fearfully thinned, and the movement forward to fill the gaps in the line was attended with considerable loss of officers and men. But such was the vim of the regiments, seemingly inspired by the presence, here and there, of the little dark man on horseback, that the enemy were driven steadily westward. The advance of our lines showed that a serious loss in killed had been sustained by the Confederates, and in wounded who were prisoners, not less than one thousand.

They now seemed resolved to contest the ground between this field and Winchester; and with that dash and energy so often previously exhibited by them, even sought to recover the line they had yielded. Now for an hour the contest raged upon the plateau east of Winchester, artillery sweeping the enemy's flanks, and a steady infantry fire from our side. Now and again a dropping of infantry lines, and a discharge of cannon shot over their heads. During this time their loss must have reached a thousand more, and there was a gradual, but sure, retrograde movement of their lines. Then, Torbert's cavalry coming in upon their left flank with a sweep, drove in several hundred prisoners, and caused a

* Aided by the Fifth Maine Battery.

general stampede of their army. Their loss in prisoners, including the wounded, was not less than 3,000. Gen. E. O. Upton, commanding the Third Brigade of Russell's division of the Sixth Corps, was wounded. We had noted the progress of this officer from a first lieutenant of light artillery, which he was in 1861, in the artillery brigade of Franklin's division.

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We spent the night of the 19th in the outskirts of Winchester. These were busy hours for the surgeons, and when morning came, the task of caring for the wounded being still unfinished, and the army about to advance, medical details were left to complete it. A brigade of the First Division of the Sixth was detained in Winchester to hold the town and guard the prisoners.

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When we moved through the town, one could perceive the varying sentiments of the women of that place, as evinced by the colors displayed, for there were matrons and maids who wore Union emblems.

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The Sixth Corps was the infantry advance on the 20th; the march of twenty miles over the splendid macadamized pike which leads up the valley from Winchester, was made between daylight and three P. M. The cavalry in three portions had preceded us, respectively taking the Front Royal, valley, and back roads, the latter extending south, nearly parallel with and west of the valley (macadamized) road. The valley road crossed Cedar Creek not far from its junction with the west fork of the Shenandoah, which here turns abruptly round the north foot of the Massanutten Mountains, an interloping chain which divides the Shenandoah Valley from this point south for thirty miles. The river makes its way through a gulf along the west base of this mountain spur to the north foot of a dark, lofty peak, around which it sweeps on its way to Front Royal.

On the west bank of the river, in the shadow of the mountain, was the little village of Strasburg. The land rises from Cedar Creek southward to a ridge over which the valley pike and the Manassas Gap Railroad passed, and this village is on the crest, and in the gateway between Hupp's Hill on the west and the river gulf on the east. The valley proper at this place is not more than five miles wide. Its western wall is the Little North Mountain,

a spur of the Alleghany; its eastern, the triple-ridged Massanutten. For a couple of miles above Strasburg, the surface gradually falls, by hardly perceptible descent, to the banks of Tumbling Run, the next tributary which the west fork receives above Cedar Creek. Overhanging Tumbling Run is a high, steep bluff, which seems here upheaved for the purpose of yet further narrowing the valley; this is Fisher's Hill. Along the run, westward to the foot of Little North Mountain, the land is hilly and broken, a rugged stretch of land for four miles. Here, the flanks guarded by two mountains, the Confederates were found on the 20th. They had intrenched the position from Fisher's Hill, toward Little North Mountain, and as the valley pike, passing over the hill by a zigzag course, was exposed for a mile to the fire of their artillery, they might reasonably regard their situation one of great strength. Between three and four o'clock our corps crossed Cedar Creek, as did also the Nineteenth, and the two corps occupied the high ground just north of Strasburg, the Sixth upon the right of the line, and the Nineteenth extending toward the Front Royal road. The Eighth Corps was approaching upon the north side of the creek, but was halted there when it reached the banks of the stream.

The picket line of the two corps that evening extended across the northern edge of the village. The enemy's skirmishers were within easy hailing distance. During the next day these skirmishers were driven back to their defences at Fisher's Hill. It was now determined by the general commanding to seize and hold a strong line on the front and right of the Sixth Corps, looking across Tumbling Run, confronting the main position of the Confederates. This was effected, after several temporary checks, by selected troops of the Second and Third Divisions, Sixth Corps. Immediately the trees at this place, which in a degree hid the Confederate position from sight, were cut down by the pioneers, who also prepared the way for the batteries of the corps. The corps was firmly established on this important line along Tumbling Run. This task having consumed the night of the 21st, owing to the broken surface of the ground, the ravines, knolls, and ledges, which are features of this section, in the morning the Nineteenth Corps was placed in the position the Sixth had occupied on the 21st. Now Ricketts's division of our corps, which was on the right of the command, was moved farther to the front, having,

with the aid of the three rifle batteries of the corps, driven in the enemy's skirmish line. The other two divisions of the Sixth, with their artillery, were now moved to the right and front, being closely connected, our battery being in the centre of the line of artillery of the Sixth Corps. The line thus gained on the ridge overlooking the ravine was less than 3,000 feet from the trenches on the slope of Fisher's Hill. But our commander-in-chief designed to repeat the tactics so successfully employed upon the 19th of September, and to flank the Confederate position by its left, in spite of the argus eyes on Three Top looking down on both camps. Having sent Torbert with his cavalry up Luray Valley with the design of crossing the Massanutten, and gaining the enemy's rear, he had directed Crook with his Eighth Corps to move along Little North Mountain under cover of the woods, till he should gain the rear of the Confederates. This required for its accomplishment nearly all day; but at six o'clock, having reached, without the Confederates having the faintest suspicion of his presence, the rear of their left flank, his divisions swept along, taking the Confederate line "in reverse," drove the astonished cavalry, which was dismounted, before them, and rushed into the intrenchments.

Says one of Crook's officers, "Had the heavens opened, and had we been descending from the clouds, no greater consternation would have been created."

Now the Nineteenth and the Sixth (Ricketts having joined his right to Crook's left), took up the charge, descended into Tumbling Run, made a precipitous dash over rocks and walls, and scrambled up the height which an hour ago seemed impregnable. Sheridan and his staff were ubiquitous, the general shouting: "Go on! Don't stop! Go on!" The whole Confederate line broke from its trenches. They had not time to get their guns which commanded the pike out of position; sixteen of them were captured by our forces. Our loss was not more than 400; the Confederate loss, over 1,300. Comrade Longley of our battery received a scalp wound.

In his report three days afterward, Gen. Early said: "My troops are very much shattered, the men very much exhausted, and many of them without shoes." In his report, the Federal commander spoke in the highest terms of his lieutenants, Generals Crook, Wright, and Emory. On receipt of the news of this victory, Gen. Grant ordered a salute of 100 guns, in the Army of the Potomac.

ROSTER.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

September 19 *and* 22, 1864.

MAJ. GEN. HORATIO G. WRIGHT, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. DAVID A. RUSSELL.

First Brigade.— COL. WM. H. PENROSE, 4th, 10th, and 15th New Jersey Volunteers.

Second Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. EMORY A. UPTON, 2d Connecticut Heavy Artillery, 65th, 67th, and 121st New York Infantry, and 95th and 96th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.— COL. OLIVER EDWARDS, 7th, 10th, and 37th Massachusetts Volunteers, 23d, 49th, 82d, and 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers, 2d Rhode Island Battalion, and Wisconsin Battalion.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. GEO. W. GETTY

First Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. FRANK WHEATON, 62d New York Volunteers and 93d, 98th, 102d, and 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Second Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. L. A. GRANT, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 11th Vermont Volunteers.

Third Brigade.— BRIG. GEN. D. D. BIDWELL, 7th Maine Volunteers, 43d, 49th, 77th, 122d New York Volunteers, and 61st Pennsylvania Volunteers.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. JAS. B. RICKETTS.

First Brigade.—COL. WM. EMERSON, 14th New Jersey, 106th and 151st New York, 87th Pennsylvania, and 10th Vermont.

Second Brigade.—COL. J. W. KEIFER, 6th Maryland, 9th New York Heavy Artillery, 110th, 122d, and 126th Ohio, and 67th and 138th Pennsylvania.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

COL. CHARLES H. TOMPKINS.

Maine Light Artillery, 5th Battery; 1st Massachusetts Light Artillery, Battery A; New York Light Artillery, 1st Battery; 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery C; 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery G; 5th United States, Battery M.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN immediate pursuit commenced,—the Federal infantry and artillery hastening along the pike, from Strasburg up the Shenandoah, through Edenburg, onward, the livelong night, reaching Woodstock at early morning. What a solid mass of troops was here, drawn into the field on the east side of the pike,—artillery in close order, and regiments likewise.

The men were somewhat tired, we judge, as riders would be seen to throw themselves down, drop to sleep, and anon jump to their feet when some lead or swing horses would vigorously shake their chains.

It would seem that the Sixth must have had the lead on the night of the 25th, for just before we again drew out into column, we saw infantry arrive, men of which we recognized as belonging to the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, which was in the Nineteenth Corps.

When we resumed the march, it was at a trot, and this continued through the forenoon, on through Lacey's Spring and Sparta. If less rapid in the afternoon, all day on the 26th, a steady pursuit, so also was it on the 27th, reaching, we believe, at the close of that day, Newmarket, where we rested till the following dawn. We went into camp somewhat before nightfall on the 28th of September, being then something like a hundred miles up the Shenandoah.

During the three delightful autumn days that remained in September, we continued in Harrisonburg. Hospital tents were pitched, meanwhile, and those of the wounded and sick whom it had been practicable to bring forward from Strasburg were cared for therein. The cavalry was sent to Staunton, to the southeast, near a pass in the Blue Ridge, destroying provisions and munitions, then to Waynesboro.

On the 1st of October, the first division of the Sixth Corps made a ten mile expedition to Mount Crawford. Southwest of Harrisonburg our company bivouacked on the banks of the Shenandoah in that hamlet. What a dreamy life one must lead, up here, in the time of peace. Our boys answered their last evening roll-call the next night at Harrisonburg.

The long supply train from Martinsburg, with its cavalry and infantry escort, had arrived at this place during our absence, had unladen, and was ready on the 3d of October to retrace its long, toilsome, guerilla-infested route to Winchester and beyond. We were to pack our simple effects, shake hands with our comrades, who were thenceforth to be attached to Company M, Fifth United States Artillery, or other batteries of this corps, — those brave men who had elected to continue in the field, — and join the three mile procession down the valley. Many a message and token we received to be transmitted to the loved ones at home, from their heroes whom we left here, — many an exchange of good wishes. If we were too old to cry, we yet looked passing grave.

'T was a curious cavalcade that wound down the valley road that October afternoon: cavalry, army wagons, infantry, Confederate prisoners, refugees, contrabands, destined to receive accessions along the route. The motion of the immense train was like the lazy crawl of a huge serpent just before he enters the comatose state, and is still able to devour and bolt another kid; it could halt easily, with slight reaction, to absorb a contraband's cart loaded with a hen-coop, kettles, and bedquilts, and shiny little elves packed among the truck, or a carriage bearing the wife and children of a refugee, or a knot of Dunkers or Mennonites, who were *en route* for Maryland or Pennsylvania.

The necessary work of destruction of barns and stacks, the country wide, had now commenced, and of an evening, if we happened to camp upon a rise which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, one could mark a line of blazing heaps on either hand and before him. Clean work was done. "If a crow should fly up the valley he must carry his rations with him." The camp at night, we fancy, must have resembled that of an emigrant train on the plains, in ante-Pacific Railroad times, — the wagons forming the barriers; the horses and drivers, the prisoners, contrabands, and refugees within the square; the guard properly

posted without and around. We believe it was on the third day of the march, and between Mount Jackson and Edenburg, that there were signs of irregular troopers following our trail; they seem to have come up on the west side of a low range of hills some distance to the left of our road as we were moving north. The train had halted, and Gen. Dudley, who had ridden to the ridge, shouted to send up a company of infantry. These soldiers had only to exhibit themselves, to cause a stampede of the bush-whackers. The latter or any of that ilk did not afterwards appear.

Late on the evening of the 6th of October, we drew into Winchester and learned upon the following morning that we were to spend the day in the town. We sallied forth on a round of inspection of the place. Entering an old time Virginia warehouse to which some show of trade seemed to have survived, we found a portly gentleman, a citizen unmistakably, communicating some intelligence to the clerk, which importantly concerned his employer. "Tell Mr. —— immediately" said he, and departed. A moment later, a couple of buxom lasses entered. One of them said to the other, a healthy looking blonde: "So this is your store," to which the blonde assented. Then the old clerk, leaning over the counter, addressing her in a low tone, but audibly to us, informed her that "Alf was brought in a prisoner." "He is n't!" said she. "Yes, they have him at the court-house; go tell your ma."

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The clerk could not change a greenback, having only Virginia bills. So we passed along the street to a sutler's shop, which like many another was located in some warerooms which had been without a tenant, and then we hurried off to the court-house. There, on the green, before the institution, were the Confederate prisoners who had arrived with us on the previous evening. Conspicuous among them was Alf, a lad of sixteen or seventeen. He was being caressed by the blonde and by an elderly lady, evidently his sister and mother. Happy Alf! he seemed not to regret his captivity. He looked remarkably cheerful the next morning, fresh, wholesome, and contented, when we resumed the march to Martinsburg. We were all day upon the route, never having, all things considered, made a more tedious jaunt.

After soft-tack and coffee, on the morning of the 8th, being yet in Martinsburg, we learned that there was no available means of transporting the company to Baltimore. Our coaches would be freight cars, when there should be any empty. So we lingered here till near night, when through our captain's efforts, the post-quartermaster promised us some cars, provided we would unload them. This we proceeded to do with alacrity; then the quartermaster said, if we were so anxious to depart that we were willing to perform this labor, he would find us some cars without imposing the task. This was queer, but cars were pointed out to us, and by lamplight we were steaming over the Baltimore and Ohio.

The old baggage car rang the night long with army songs. No one was disposed to sleep, no one, we believe, had slept when the frosty morning found us on a side track perhaps fifty miles from Baltimore. We remember of accepting an invitation to drink a cup of coffee, and eat some boiled cabbage and brown bread, hospitably offered by a section hand in a cot near the track whereon the train halted. It was Sunday morning, and the good man was breakfasting at his leisure. We made sundry halts of greater or less length during the day, so that it was evening when we entered the station at Baltimore. We passed the night at the Soldiers' Rest, where were many wounded soldiers who were perhaps at such a stage of convalescence as permitted of their going home a short time to recuperate. We departed betimes on the morrow for Philadelphia, crossing the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace in the same huge railroad ferry-boat that brought us over from Port Deposit in 1861.

At Wilmington, certain signs of lively festivity attracted our attention from the car windows, and some of the boys who were engaged in the affair told our captain, who inquired from his seat as to the nature of the demonstrations, that it was a McClellan jubilee.

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There was a delay of several hours in Philadelphia, during which the boys wandered at will in the town, the captain giving the passes to Sergeant ——, that we might be able to get conveyance at the appointed time in case our commander should be longer detained. But when we were in waiting a moment

before the departure of the train, our captain was with us, but the sergeant was wanting; when he appeared, just as the train was about to move, the captain observed that there would have been some tall swearing had not the "non-commish" put in his appearance at that critical moment.

All "boys in blue" who came from east of the Hudson, remember the "New England Rooms" in New York City; and opposite the Astor House, Col. Frank Howe's rooms in three stories of a house, we believe, were devoted to the reception and entertainment of soldiers of the Eastern States who were passing through the metropolis. A comfortable resting place we found it for a day and two nights, previous to our departure by the inside line for Boston *via* Stonington.

On our arrival at the Hub, those who lived in its vicinity repaired to their homes, and the other comrades whose abodes were at a distance remained in town, all having received orders to be at the old armory of the Boston Light Artillery in Cooper Street, at one o'clock, P. M.

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We were received on the common by Battery A, M. V M., and escorted to the armory in Cooper Street, a reception by the city there being accorded us. Mayor Lincoln presided, welcomed the company to the hospitality of the city, which was tendered upon this occasion, spoke appreciatively of the service of the battery, and thanked officers and men. Capt. McCartney fittingly responded, feelingly alluding to the departed comrades and to our veterans who were yet at the front. At the close of the exercises, we separated for our homes, to meet but once more as a company, — on the 19th of October, when we were mustered out.

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This command left the old Bay State with five officers and one hundred and fifty-two men, whose average age at that time was twenty-five years. Of our original number, we lost during more than three years, thirty-three and one third per cent, by death in action, or from the effects of disease brought on by hardships or exposure, or on account of wounds received in battle, or of disabilities contracted in the line of duty. During its term of service, our company carried on its rolls eleven commissioned officers, forty-five non-commissioned officers, and two hundred and sixty-

three privates. During the hardships, privations, and dangers incident to the long service shared by the battery, we know of no man ever shirking the duty assigned him. We are sure that the conscience of each comrade is clear, in realizing that he was faithful, in the hour of peril, to the most beneficent government on earth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE left at Harrisonburg, October 3, 1864, not only those men originally recruited for our company, whose terms of service had not expired, and those who belonged to the Sixteenth New York Volunteers and had been attached to our command since the departure of their regiment, but also our veterans who had re-enlisted at Brandy Station in the spring. This roll of honor embraced the names of Charles Appleton, Joseph H. Marea, Henry Smitherman, Richard J. Isaacs, Wm. Hanscom, Martin V Cushing, Nicholas G. Lynch, Joseph Barnes, George Barnard, Alonzo Sackett, Chester Ellis, Jno. H. Burnham, Jno. Carter, David Covell, Matthew Adams, R. P Charters, Jno. W Chase, Daniel Benham, Willard Chaffin, Chas. Edwards, T. F Longley, Henry S. Marsh, Jno. Magee, Wm. F Ward, Wm. White, Geo. Howes. The first named comrade was killed in the memorable fight of the 19th of October, the second was mortally wounded, and it is said he was borne from the field upon the back of Comrade Lynch, who ministered to him in his last moments.

During the next fortnight after the departure of the long train from Harrisonburg, Sheridan, having pursued the remnant of the enemy to Port Republic, and having sent his cavalry east and west destroying provisions and munitions, retired down the valley burning all the grain and forage that remained, as he passed, so that the enemy should find no subsistence there. He had reached Cedar Creek and encamped upon its banks on the 15th of October, and, apprehending no danger, had gone upon a visit to Washington.

Early, reinforced, having stealthily followed down the valley, determined to surprise the unsuspecting army before him. In this he succeeded perfectly, flanking the Eighth Corps on both

sides in the dense darkness, and rushing into the camps with a fearful yell, just before daylight, October 19; and in less than a half hour, this Federal corps was fleeing, panic-stricken, having lost 24 guns and 1,200 prisoners. Sheridan was at Winchester on his return when the disastrous tidings met him, and, riding at full speed, reached his beaten army at 10 o'clock, A. M. He spent two hours in reviving the spirits of his men, and after repulsing a fresh attack on his left, ordered at 3 P. M. a general advance, which was successfully made, followed by a second charge, which was still more successful,—though the Confederates opposed to them nearly all the cannon of both armies,—facing the foe to the rear and driving them through Staunton, recovering the 24 guns lost in the morning and taking 23 others, with 1,500 prisoners.

The following sketches, which we believe to be authentic, were contributed, the one in 1878, and the other six years earlier, to the history of the Shenandoah campaign. We regret that we cannot give the names of the authors, but are pleased to present them here, as descriptive of the action in which our comrades, Charles Appleton and Joseph Marea, were killed.

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"The Federal Army of the Shenandoah was encamped October 19, 1864, on Cedar Creek ; during the absence of its commander it was surprised at daylight at Alacken, by the Confederate army, under Gen. Early, its left flank turned and driven in confusion, the remainder of the army retiring, yet in good order. Gen. Wright, in command at the time, after having succeeded in restoring something like order among the surprised troops, seeing that the position they had fallen back to was an exposed one, ordered a general retreat to enable him to restore communications. The retreat was conducted in good order, and Gen. Wright had halted and restored his lines, when, at 10 A. M., Gen. Sheridan, who had heard of the disaster at Winchester, arrived on the field. He was informed by Gen. Wright of the dispositions made by him, of which he approved. The pursuit by the Confederate army had ceased, the men being occupied in plundering the camps of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps. Gen. Sheridan arrived there to find that his army had been surprised and routed, but he found that the worst was over, the line reformed, and the army not demoralized. His presence lent an inspiring effect, so that,

making his line as compact as possible, an attack made upon it at one P. M. was successfully repulsed. At three P. M., after making some charges with his cavalry, he attacked the Confederates with great vigor, driving and routing them, and capturing 50 pieces of cannon, including 20 pieces of his own lost in the morning, with about 2,000 prisoners, besides releasing many of our men who had been captured in the morning. The cavalry drove them yet further the next day. During that night Early retreated, and the military operations in the valley of the Shenandoah were at an end."

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"Early's attack was made under cover of a dense fog, and the darkness of early morning. The troops were driven four miles. Gen. Wright, the Union commander, though wounded, still remained on the field, and managed to get his troops in a new position in the rear. Sheridan heard the cannonading thirteen miles away, at Winchester. Knowing the importance of his presence, he put spurs to his coal-black steed, and never drew rein until, his horse covered with foam, he dashed upon the battle-field. Riding down the lines, he shouted: 'Turn, boys, turn! We 're going back.' * Under the magnetism of his presence, the fugitives rallied and followed him to the fight and victory."

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Just one month after the battle of Opequon, or the commencement of Sheridan's campaign in the valley, the campaign certainly unsurpassed in brilliancy by any other of the war, was brought to an end. The Confederate army of the valley was in effect destroyed; Maryland was never more invaded or the capital again menaced.

The old Sixth Corps returned to the James to participate in the closing scenes of the war. Its record thenceforth was a continuation of that story of faithful and honorable service which had justly given it distinction from the date of its institution in the spring of 1862.

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* One of the panic-stricken, that day, says: "What Sheridan really said was, 'Turn about, you d——d cowardly curs, or I 'll cut you down! I don't expect you to fight, but come and see men (referring to the Sixth Corps) who like to.' He was recognized, and there was a shout, 'It is Sheridan!' The effect was electrical; we turned and moved southward with even more alacrity than we had displayed in retreating"

GEN. WM. FARRAR SMITH

Was born in St. Albans, Vt., February 17, 1824. He graduated at West Point, July 1, 1845, and was immediately appointed brevet second lieutenant of topographical engineers; he performed important work incident to that branch of the military service. Subsequently Lieut. Smith was assistant professor of mathematics at West Point. In 1848, he was engaged in surveys upon the Mexican frontier, and later in Florida. Thus occupied until 1855, he was again instructor at the Military Academy.

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Five days before the battle of Bull Run, Smith was commissioned colonel of the Third Vermont; was engaged on the 21st of July, 1861, serving on the staff of Gen. McDowell. August 13, Col. Smith was made brigadier general of volunteers, and during the winter of 1861, commanded the Vermont brigade, then in Sumner's division. He led this command at Lee's Mills, the most important incident of the siege of Yorktown. He participated in the battle of Williamsburg, as commander of a division in Sumner's corps.

Upon the formation of the Sixth Army Corps, Gen. Smith's command was transferred to that organization. His division was engaged at Savage's Station, and at White Oak Creek it was the stubborn resistance of Smith's artillery and infantry that prevented Jackson from crossing and uniting his forces with those of Longstreet, at Charles City Cross Roads. Gen. Smith participated in the affair at Malvern Hill. He was promoted to a major generalship in July, 1862. Gen. Smith led the Second Division of the Sixth Corps, at Crampton's Gap, in Maryland; and at Antietam his division, coming to the relief of Sedgwick and Crawford, in the afternoon of the 17th of September, made the memorable successful charge that drove back the Confederates upon their left. In the battle of the 13th of December, 1862, on the Rappahannock, Gen. Smith commanded the Sixth Corps, the right of the Left Grand Division. After the Fredericksburg campaign, he was transferred to the command of the Ninth Corps.

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Gen. Smith was chief engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, in the fall and winter of 1863, and directed the work of capturing

the heights overlooking Brown's Ferry below Chattanooga. He subsequently participated in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

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Returning to the department of Virginia in March, 1864, he was placed in command of the Eighteenth Corps; rendered important service at Cold Harbor, June 1 to 3, and was conspicuous in the events incident to the siege of Petersburg. Gen. Smith resigned his commission in the volunteer service in 1865, and in the regular army in 1867. He is at present president of the police commission of the city of New York.

GEN. JNO. SEDGWICK

Was born in Cornwall, Ct., September 13, 1813. Graduated at West Point, July, 1837. In this year, as a junior second lieutenant of artillery, he made a campaign against the Seminoles in Florida. Subsequently he served upon the northern frontier in the Canada border troubles. Young Sedgwick accompanied Scott's expedition to Vera Cruz, and participated in the battles that followed the surrender of that port, winning for gallantry displayed at Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, the brevets of captain and major. He was present during the assault upon the Mexican capital, and at its capture. He was made lieutenant colonel of cavalry in the Second United States; afterward, in the same year, was commissioned colonel of the First United States Cavalry; this was in August, and in the latter part of that month, he was made brigadier general of volunteers. During the fall and winter of 1861, Gen. Sedgwick commanded a brigade of Heintzelman's division. In the Peninsula campaign, he was at the head of a division of Sumner's Corps, which participated in the siege of Yorktown, and the battle of Fair Oaks, where their arrival after a toilsome march largely contributed to the favorable ending of that engagement. His command distinguished itself at Savage's Station, June 29, and at Fraser's Farm, June 30, where its general was wounded, as he was also three times, severely, at Antietam. The wounds received at this place deprived the nation of his services until the following December.

The changes of corps commanders which resulted from the change in the chief command of the Army of the Potomac, after

the winter of 1862, found Gen. Sedgwick at the head of the Sixth Corps, as the commander of which he is known to fame. In May, 1863, he was ordered by Gen. Hooker to carry the heights of Fredericksburg, and form a junction with the main army at Chancellorsville. The town was occupied on Sunday morning, May 3, with little opposition, but the storming of the heights behind it cost the lives of several thousand men. The advance of the Sixth Corps was checked at Salem Heights about four o'clock in the afternoon, by a superior force detached by Gen. Lee, from the main army confronting Hooker. The force opposing Gen. Sedgwick was further strengthened the next morning, May 4, and it was only by great skill and hard fighting that the general was able to hold his ground during the day, and to withdraw at night across the Rappahannock.

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On the evening of June 30, 1863, the Sixth Corps, the right of the army following the movements of Lee, was at Manchester, northwest of Baltimore, thirty-five miles from Gettysburg; the events of the hour demanding the concentration of the army at the last place, the Sixth Corps made the march thither in twenty hours, arriving before two P. M., July 2. The corps participated thenceforth in the action of the 2d and 3d of July.

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Gen. Sedgwick commanded the right of the Army of the Potomac at Rappahannock Station, November 7; also at Mine Run, November 26 to December 7, 1863.

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Gen. Sedgwick was conspicuous in the battles of the Wilderness, and those at Spottsylvania. On the 10th of May, 1864, he was killed by the bullet of a sharpshooter. He was universally beloved. In the Sixth Corps he was known as "Uncle John," and his death cast a gloom over that command which was never dispelled. A monument wrought of cannon captured by the Sixth Corps, was erected to his memory at West Point.

JOSIAH PORTER

Was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1830. He graduated from Harvard College in 1852, and we believe was a classmate of the

lamented Col. Paul Revere, who fell at Gettysburg. After graduation Porter studied law and was admitted to practice in the courts of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. He early evinced great interest in military affairs, becoming in 1852 a member of the Boston Light Artillery. In 1861, when the Massachusetts militia was called to the defence of the capital, Porter was first lieutenant of the Light Artillery Corps, with which he had early connected himself; he accompanied that command as its second officer, and served with honor during the term of enlistment of his company. The scene of its operations was central Maryland, being in the department commanded by Gen. Butler. Lieut. Porter, whose urbanity made him ever popular with officers and men, seems to have been a local authority as a tactician, when the battery first entered the service, and this fact, doubtless, had due influence in causing his selection for the command of the First Massachusetts Light Battery. Capt. Porter evinced great executive ability in the arduous work of recruiting, mustering, equipping, and instructing his command, and the condition and appearance of the corps at the moment of departure for the South furnished ample confirmation of this. He was at the time the recipient of an elegant sword from the Harvard class of which he had been a member. Thenceforth, until after the battle of Antietam, in 1862, his history is that of his company. When family affairs necessitated his withdrawal from the army, and finally compelled his resignation, an excellent officer was lost to the service. After the war he resumed practice in his profession in New York City He continued to have the liveliest interest in military affairs, and was colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment New York S. V M. He is at present adjutant general of the state of New York.

(*New York Evening Express, Aug.* 23, 1879.)

The resignation of Colonel Josiah Porter, Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., is a topic of conversation just now in the regimental lines and throughout the First Division, where he has the well-earned reputation of being one of the most successful and accomplished regimental commanders in the service.

The colonel joined the regiment in 1865 as captain of Company G; was commissioned major May 10, 1867; lieutenant colonel January 30, 1869, and colonel October 11, 1869, since which time the regiment under his command has made steady progress in strength, discipline, and efficiency. Although he has proved himself a first-class infantry officer, Colonel Porter's fame is associated with his war record as an artillery officer.

Colonel Porter is a graduate of the class of '52, Harvard University. Prior to the war he was a member of the Boston City Council, having been also a member of the First Massachusetts Volunteer Artillery, joining it at its organization, and rising to its command with the reputation of being one of the most accomplished artillerists in the State. In April, 1861, the battery, under command of Captain Porter, took the field at the first call to arms, proceeding to Baltimore by the way of Annapolis, arriving there on May 8, just in time to save the magnificent viaduct of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from threatened destruction. This was the first important service rendered by Porter's battery. On an adjacent hill, above the railroad station, the famous Bouquet battery was built, under the direction and supervision of Captain Porter, for the protection of the road, and here the battery remained during the greater part of its three months' service, perfecting its gunnery practice and making occasional demonstrations in Baltimore to keep the enemy in check. On June 20, 1861, the battery was ordered into Baltimore, and formed part of the force then occupying the city.

On its return to Boston, at the expiration of its three months' service, it was immediately reorganized by Captain Porter as the First Massachusetts Light Artillery, and mustered in for three years' service. It then consisted of six guns — two rifles, two smooth-bores, and two howitzers — and two hundred men. Their departure from Boston and passage through New York, on their way to the front, was marked with great enthusiasm. Shortly after their arrival in Washington a grand review of cavalry and artillery took place, on which occasion General Barry, chief of artillery, complimented Captain Porter on the drill and discipline of the battery, which he placed on the right of line of twenty full batteries assembled. President Lincoln and General McClellan were also present, the President remarking to the general, "That," pointing to Porter's battery, "is the best battery on the field."

When the Union army advanced into Virginia, Porter's battery was assigned to Slocum's division of the grand old Sixth Corps, with whose glorious record the history of the battery is inseparably connected. It subsequently took a prominent part in the siege and fall of Yorktown, and in the battle of West Point. After the retreat of the enemy beyond the Chickahominy Porter's battery took position at Mechanicsville, within view of the steeples of Richmond. During the seven days' battle (which marked the celebrated change of base) the battery had hot work to perform. At the battle of Gaines' Mills it was ordered to reinforce General Porter's Fifth Corps, and at the close of the day was left in an exposed position. Captain Porter was without orders to retire, and held his position, stubbornly and alone, for an hour, while the lines were closing in upon him, and little hope of retreat left. At length the command to fall back at full speed came, and, after delivering a parting volley into the advancing lines, the battery leisurely retired under a fire which ended only at the increasing darkness.

On June 30, the battery participated in the battle of Glendale, or Charles City Cross Roads. Porter's battery and Upton's battery of regular artillery went into action together on the most exposed part of the line, and did fearful

execution. The battery on this occasion threw 600 shells and spherical case, sometimes within 200 yards range. An attempt by a determined charge, with massed columns of infantry, to capture the position, was repulsed with great slaughter, Porter's howitzers making wide gaps in the enemy's lines. There is a good picture of this fight in *Harper's Weekly* of July, 1862. The battle of Malvern Hills was fought next day, in which, also, the battery participated. This was the sixth of the seven days' fighting. Upon the defeat of Pope's army the Army of the Potomac marched to his support, and Captain Porter came up with his battery after the crushing defeat of the Second Bull Run, or Manassas, or Gainesville, as it is variously called, and subsequently held a covering position in the works at Centreville. The battery subsequently took part in the advance into Maryland, and participated in the action at Crampton's Gap, where the Sixth Corps, under cover of the artillery fire, charged up the slopes of the Blue Ridge. Following close upon this came Antietam, where Porter's battery had position in the open fields in front of the woods and close to the cornfield where such terrible slaughter took place.

After this battle, urgent private business compelled Captain Porter to apply for leave of absence, which being returned disapproved, with the flattering endorsement that so able and brave an officer could not be spared, he was forced to resign, and, turning over the battery to the next in command, returned to Boston. Subsequently, strong efforts were made to induce him to resume command, but without success. He was reappointed to fill the vacancy created by his own resignation, but declined to accept a commission requiring immediate service. His retirement was much regretted. It is hoped, for the good of the Twenty-second and the service, that Colonel Porter will be induced to withdraw his resignation. Action is being taken toward this end in all the companies of the regiment, and by the board of officers.

WM. H. McCARTNEY

Was born in New Hampshire, 1832. Was educated in the public schools, studied law, and was admitted to practice. Several years before the outbreak of the civil war, he was located in Boston, diligently employed in his profession. McCartney, during these years, was an active and enthusiastic member of military organizations, was an officer in a regiment of infantry, and later a member and then an officer of light artillery. He served during the three months campaign, in response to the first call for troops (75,000), as junior first lieutenant of the Boston Light Artillery. He seems in this campaign to have acquired reputation both as a disciplinarian and tactician ; and immediately on the return of the battery to Massachusetts was commissioned senior first lieutenant

of the First Massachusetts Light Battery, about to be raised. Lieutenant McCartney was an energetic, zealous officer, in character original and strongly marked,—possessed of a keen sense of justice. It would have been impossible for him to be a routine officer. It therefore goes without saying that popularity would not be the prime purpose of his life in camp, but his ability was conceded by all, and his friends bear the strongest testimony to his fidelity to duty as it presented itself to him. As captain of the First Massachusetts Battery, he was recognized in the army corps to which that command was attached, as one of the ablest artillery officers in the volunteer service. He led his company at Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, Gettysburg, Mine Run, 1863; in the campaigns from Brandy Station to Petersburg in the spring and summer of 1864, he handled his command with admirable judgment and consummate skill. In August, 1864, the Sixth Corps, having been detached from the Army of the Potomac and been sent to the defence of the capital, it afterwards constituted a part of Sheridan's Army of the Shenandoah. Capt. McCartney's battery participated in the battles of Opequon and Fisher's Hill. The term of enlistment of the command expired while it was at Harrisonburg, Oct. 3, 1864, sixteen days before the battle of Cedar Creek, and it was mustered out in Boston, on the very day on which that conflict occurred. The captain was then made provost marshal of Boston, and before the close of the war was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers. He was prominent as a speaker in the political campaign of 1864, and he was in the following year appointed collector of internal revenue for the fourth district. McCartney is at present practicing in his profession in central eastern Pennsylvania.

NOTES.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

Russell's brigade consisted of the Sixth Maine, Fifth Wisconsin, Forty-ninth and One Hundred and Nineteenth Pennsylvania. The first two, charging, seized the fort without firing a gun; then followed a hand-to-hand fight, and in ten minutes, before the other regiments of the brigade had been brought forward, the Maine and Wisconsin regiments had each lost nearly half of its members.

Then the remainder of the brigade, with the survivors of the first two regiments, who had fallen back, leaped over the embankments, capturing hundreds of prisoners.

Mention should be made of Upton's brigade of the same division, occupying the left of the Sixth Corps, which charged the Confederate rifle-pits on the right (facing north) of the fort carried by Russell's brigade; carried them at the point of the bayonet, capturing 1,600 prisoners, eight pieces of artillery, and four battle-flags.

* * * * * *

While these events transpired at Rappahannock Station, Gen. Birney, in command of the Third Corps, led the advance of his column across at Kelley's Ford, where as at Rappahannock Station the Confederates had left a force to obstruct the passage of the Federal troops. While pontoons were being laid, Union artillery of the Third Corps, on the north bank, were to shell the fields on the opposite bank, and thus prevent the reinforcement of this advance detachment of the Confederates. This they did, and under cover of the fire, a division crossed before the bridge was built, and a select assaulting force, consisting of Berdan's sharpshooters, Fortieth New York (Mozart), One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, First and Twentieth Indiana, carried the rifle-pits, capturing several hundred prisoners. During the infantry assault the artillery on the north bank rendered effective service. This exploit of the Third Corps was almost the last performed by that noble command under its corps name, it being before spring distributed in other corps.

NOTE TO THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Artillery duel at Mechanicsville. We saw Lieut. McCartney aim the guns, and saw the apparent result of the shots as related in the second chapter. In justice, however, to Comrade J. W Kenney, then gunner in the centre section, it should be said that his gun also sent a shot with similar effect.

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